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125TH REG. PENN. VOLUNTEERS.

(See description and inscriptions pages 249, 250, 251.)

HISTORY

OF THE

One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers

1862—1863

BY

THE REGIMENTAL COMMITTEE

PRINTED BY
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
1906

PREFACE

To the Survivors of the 125th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Friends.

At the reunion of our Regimental Association, in the year 1893, we were appointed a Committee to prepare a Memorial Volume by which to transmit to coming generations a faithful record of the services rendered to the nation by the 125th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, when rebellion threatened its life.

To preserve the Union and maintain the supremacy of the government and law, many regiments of loyal and heroic citizens promptly responded to the appeal of President Lincoln, and were mustered into the service of the United States, and performed their part well. Some of them had longer terms of service, but probably none rendered more effective service, at a more critical period of the war, than did the officers and privates of the 125th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, who left peaceful homes and avocations in civil life, and attested their *loyalty* and patient endurance in weary marches, through summer's heat and winter's storms, and their bravery and devotion to their country's cause as shown by the heavy losses sustained by the regiment on bloody battlefields.

The lamented death of one of the Committee (Comrade J. Fletcher Conrad) while actively at work in collecting materials for the history, and other unexpected contingencies, delayed the work; but now, after much time and patient effort gratuitously given, your Committee has finished its labors, and the result is before you. The volume is not all that the Committee could wish it to be; many things are omitted that you perhaps would have had recorded; some things perhaps inserted which you would have excluded, but nevertheless the book is now submitted with the

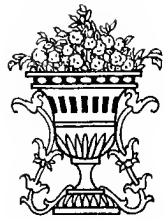
hope that you will generously overlook its faults and indulgently accept it as the best that we could produce from the material at hand.

Yours in fraternal regard,

Wm. W. Wallace, (Chairman)
Thomas McCamant,
Josiah D. Hicks,
J. Randolph Simpson,
Committee.

Members deceased:

J. Fletcher Conrad,
Robert Cozzens.



To the Memory of the Deceased Officers & Privates of the One Hundred & Twenty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers (Infantry)

(WHO LEFT THEIR HOMES FOR THE TENTED FIELD, AND HEROICALLY ENCOUNTERED HARDSHIPS, PERILS, AND DEATH IN PATRIOTIC RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL OF —— ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, FOR THE AID OF LOYAL CITIZENS, IN THE SUPPRESSION OF REBELLION.)

This volume is fraternally dedicated by The Committee

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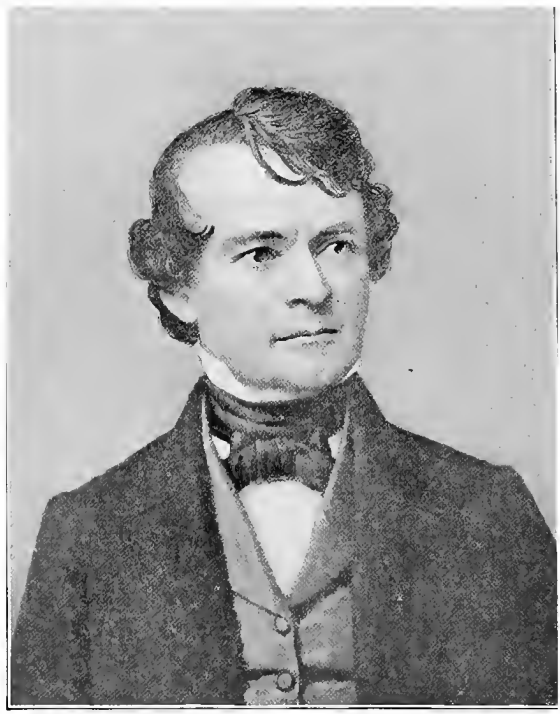
Your friend as ever

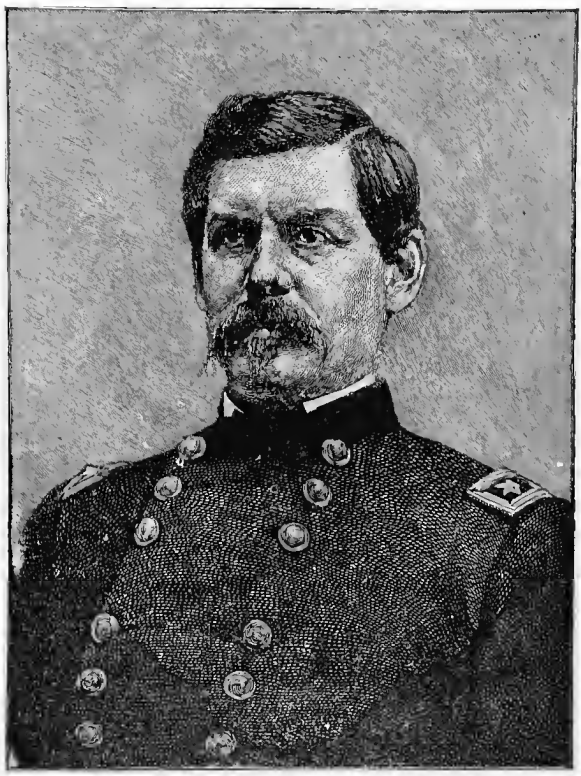
A. Lincoln



A. G. Curtin

THE "WAR GOVERNOR" OF PENNSYLVANIA AND SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

(See pages 31, 32, 40, and 188.)



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN,
In Command of the Army of the Potomac at the Battle of Antietam.
(See pages 46-58, 79.)

MAJ.-GEN. JOSEPH E. HOOKER.

Commanding the Army of the Potomac at Chancellorsville, May, 1863, and Army of the Cumberland, September, 1863. Born in Hadley, Mass., November 13, 1814. Died October 31, 1879.

MAJ.-GEN. HENRY WARNER SLOCUM, N. Y.

Cadet M. A., July, 1848; 1st Lieutenant, July 1, '55; Col. 27th N. Y. Infantry, May 21, '61; Brigadier-General, Volunteers, Aug. 9, '61; Major-General, Volunteers, July 4, '62. Died, April 14, 1894.

GENERAL JOSEPH KING FENNS MANSFIELD.

Born New Haven, Conn., December 22, 1803. Entered Military Academy, West Point, at 14 years. Graduated second of 49 in 1822. 1832, First Lieutenant. 1835, Captain. For gallantry in Mexican War brevetted Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel of Engineers. 1853, Inspector-General of the Army. 1861, April, summoned from the Northwest to command forces at Washington, D. C. May 17, 1861, promoted Brigadier-General of the Regular Army. Rendered valuable service at Fortress Monroe, Newport News, Suffolk, and mortally wounded at Antietam, September 17, 1862.

BVT. MAJ.-GEN. JOHN WHITE GEARY.

Captain 2nd Pennsylvania Infantry, December 21, 1846; Lieutenant-colonel, January 7, 1847; Colonel 23rd Pennsylvania Infantry, June 28, 1861; Brigadier-General Volunteers, November 25, 1862; Brevet Major-General Volunteers, January 12, 1865. Died February 8, 1872.

BVT. MAJ.-GEN. SAMUEL WYLIE CRAWFORD.

Assistant Surgeon, March 10, 1851; Major, 13th Infantry, May 14, 1861; Brigadier G neral, Volunteers, April 25, 1862; Major-General, March 18, 1865; Died, November 3, 1892

BRIG.-GEN. THOS. LEIPER KANE.

Lieutenant-Colonel 13th Pa., 1861; Brigadier-General, Volunteers, Sept. 7, '62 Brevet Major-General, Volunteers, March 13, 1865, for gallantry and distinguished service at Battle of Gettysburg. Died, Dec. 26, 1883.

COL. JACOB C. HIGGINS.

Colonel Jacob C. Higgins was born March 7th, 1826, in Williamsburg, Huntingdon County, Pa., now Blair County, Pa. (Son of John and Mary R. Higgins.) He served in the Mexican War in Company M, Second Regiment, Pennsylvania Infantry, under General Scott, and was severely wounded inside the gates of the City of Mexico, at its capture. Was mustered out July 21st, 1848. At the outbreak of the Rebellion, in 1861, he was at Portage Iron Works, at Duncansville, Pa., and promptly responded to the first call for troops by Governor Curtin, who telegraphed him to come to Harrisburg at once. He was then Colonel of the First Regiment, Fourth Brigade, Eleventh Division, Pennsylvania Militia. On April 20th, 1861, he was commissioned Captain and Quartermaster of the Second Brigade (General Wynkoop's) under General Patterson. In July, 1861, he was mustered out of service, and at once recruited Company G, First Pennsylvania Cavalry, and was commissioned Captain August 1st, 1861. On September 27th, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, and commanded five companies. At the battle of Drainesville, December 20th, 1861, he led the first charge into the town. He resigned in 1862, and helped to recruit the "125th Regiment," Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, and was commissioned its Colonel, August 16th, 1862. He was at South Mountain, but not engaged in battle; was at the battle of Antietam, September 17th, during the whole day, the regiment sustaining a heavy loss. Was with the regiment *en route* to Fredericksburg, and was at Chancellorsville, Va. In that five days' battle he commanded the left wing, Second Brigade, Geary's Division, Twelfth Army Corps, and while General T. L. Kane was temporarily disabled, he was in command of the Second Brigade. When the term of the regiment expired, he was mustered out at Harrisburg, May 18th, 1863.

In June, 1863, just before the Battle of Gettysburg, he was ordered by Major General Couch and Governor Curtin to take command of all troops in southwestern Pennsylvania, to head off General Imboden, who was at Hancock with orders from General

Lee to move on Altoona, burn up the shops, tear up the Pennsylvania Railroad and gather supplies, which a large force of volunteers and militia prevented. Colonel Higgins then assisted in recruiting a battalion of five cavalry companies, which formed part of the Twenty-second Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry.

As Colonel of the Regiment he participated in the Shenandoah Valley and mountains of West Virginia, and commanded the Brigade most of the time, also General Stahl's Division for some time, and after the surprise and capture of the post at New Creek he was ordered by General Sheridan to march at once to New Creek, assume command and put it in fighting condition. His command was the Second Brigade, Second Division, Department of West Virginia, with three field batteries, one fort, and 3,000 or 4,000 troops, covering Hancock, Md., to Piedmont, W. Va., with headquarters at New Creek.

He remained there until the close of the war, and was mustered out July 21st, 1865.

He was a member of the U. V. L. No. 60, and Emery Fisher Post No. 30, G. A. R., Johnstown, Pa., until his death, which occurred June 1, 1893. He was buried in the cemetery of Johnstown, Pa.

LIEUT.-COL. JACOB SZINK.

JACOB SZINK.

Jacob Szink, Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment, was born in New Cumberland, Cumberland County, Penna., July 24th, 1824, and removed to Altoona, Penna., in 1852, to take charge of the blacksmith department of the Pennsylvania Railroad shops then being built there. He continued as Foreman of the blacksmith shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. until the date of his death on August 1st, 1872. Colonel Szink was a very patriotic citizen and, at the outbreak of the war, secured leave of absence from the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., and recruited company "E" of the Third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, for the three months' service. He afterwards was active in encouraging enlistments, and when President Lincoln issued his call July 1st, 1862, for 300,000, volunteered for nine months' service. Captain Szink again secured leave of absence from his employers, and recruited company "D" of the 125th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers; he being very popular with the working men of Altoona, his company was filled to overflowing, and many who could not secure enlistment in his company joined Captain Gardner's company "K" that was being recruited for the same regiment at the same time and place. On the organization of the regiment at Harrisburg, Captain Szink was made Lieutenant Colonel and took an active interest in promoting its efficiency, rode at the head of the regiment at Antietam and acted gallantly on the occasion of the charge of the regiment from the west woods to the cornfield and where the regiment relieved the Pennsylvania Reserves. Shortly after the Regiment had marched from the cornfield Colonel Szink's horse was shot and the Colonel was disabled by the explosion of a shell and by reason of that disability he could not participate further in the action at Antietam. After the discharge of the regiment from service he resumed his place as foreman of the blacksmith shop of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and again in 1864 he re-entered the service and was elected Major of the battalion of 100 days men and was with the battalion near Chambersburg in the fall of 1864 when that place was destroyed by fire. Colonel Szink was active as a citizen after the close of the war and was prominent in Altoona and Blair County as a leader among men, and as one of the prominent officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He died at the age of 48 years, mourned and respected by a large circle of friends.

Major John J. Lawrence.

MAJOR JOHN J. LAWRENCE.

Born March 27th, 1827, in Washington County, Pa. At the time of President Lincoln's call for troops, in July, 1862, Colonel Lawrence resided in Huntingdon, Pa., and was superintendent of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad Company. Feeling it was his duty to aid in suppressing the rebellion, he volunteered, not expecting any higher position than carrying a rifle and knapsack in the ranks. The wires on the railroad announced to the employés and others that their superintendent had decided to join the army, and in a few days he was joined by a hundred brave men, willing to leave wives, families and homes to battle for their country. At a meeting of the volunteers in the Court House at Huntingdon a company organization was effected, and he was unanimously elected captain, August 1st, 1862. At the organization of the 125th Regiment, at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, on August 16th, 1862, he was chosen and commissioned major, which position he held until honorably mustered out at the expiration of service, May 18th, 1863. He was never absent from his post, except for four weeks in the Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, D. C., owing to injuries he received while on a reconnoissance at the time of the battle of Chantilly, and as soon as fit for duty he rendered efficient and conspicuous service in the subsequent movements and record of the regiment until mustered out with it on May 18, 1863. Very soon thereafter came the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania and a report of an attack on Mt. Union, Pennsylvania Railroad, as their objective point. This resulted in a prompt reassembling of the rank and file of the 125th Regiment at that place, and on receipt of a despatch from General McDowell (or Couch) Colonel Lawrence took command and speedily made preparations for a gallant defense. He subsequently was appointed colonel of the 46th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Militia, which was finally mustered out after the Gettysburg campaign had ended with the expulsion of the Confederates from Pennsylvania soil. He then became superintendent of the Allegheny Valley Railroad Company, and later in life was engaged in business with his sons in Pittsburg, Pa., until his death, on March 27, 1893. He was a man of culture, of fine personal appearance and of sterling character, patriotic, public-spirited, hospitable and generous. Being widely known and esteemed, he died lamented by a host of friends.

HON. THOMAS MCCAMANT.
Of Company "G"

FROM ORGANIZATION TO THE CLOSE

OF THE

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM

BY

LIEUTENANT THOMAS McCAMANT

Born, July 29th, 1840, at Antis Forge, in Antis Township, Huntingdon County (now Blair County). His father, Graham McCamant, was a prominent iron manufacturer. Lieutenant McCamant was educated at

the Tuscarora Academy, in Juniata County, and at Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., where he graduated in the class of 1861. He was mustered into the service of the United States as second lieutenant of Company "G," on August 13, 1862, and was mustered out with the regiment on May 18, 1863, having participated in all its marches and battles. He was on the skirmish line at Antietam, and was complimented by Generals Knipe and Kane for efficiency as an officer. He commanded a company of returned soldiers at Bloody Run (now Everett), Bedford, Pa., during the invasion of June, 1863, having participated in all its marches and battles. He was admitted to the practice of law in the several Courts of Blair County, in October 31, 1864; served as chief clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth under Governors Geary and Hartranft, also as Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth under the latter; then for two years as chief clerk under Governor Hoyt; then chief clerk in the Auditor-General's department under Auditor-Generals Lemon, Niles and Norris. In 1888 he was appointed Auditor-General of Pennsylvania, on the death of Auditor-General Norris, and was elected to the same office at the general election that year. At the expiration of his term of office in 1892 he resumed the practice of law at Harrisburg, where he still resides, and is a member of the Dauphin County bar.

W. W. W.

The Battle-Field of Antietam September 17, 1862.

(SEE MAP ON OPPOSITE PAGE)

On the afternoon of September 16th, Hooker's corps crossed at the two fords and the bridge north of McClellan's headquarters.

A.——From near sunset till dark Hooker engaged Hood's division (of Longstreet's corps) about the "East wood," marked A on the map. Hood was relieved by two brigades of Jackson's corps, which was in and behind the Dunker Church wood, C.

B.——At dawn on the 17th, Hooker and Jackson began a terrible contest which raged in and about the famous corn-field, B, and in the woods. A and C. Jackson's reserves regained the corn-field. Hartsuff's brigade of Hooker's corps and Mansfield's corps charged through the corn-field into the Dunker Church wood, Mansfield being mortally wounded in front of the East wood. Jackson, with the aid of Hood, and a part of D. H. Hill's division, again cleared the Donker Church wood. J. G. Walker's division, taken from the extreme right of the Confederate line, charged in support of Jackson and Hood.

C.——Sumner's corps formed line of battle in the center, Sedgwick's division facing the East wood, through which it charged over the corn-field again, and through Dunker Church wood to the edge of the fields beyond. McLaws's division (of Longstreet's corps) just arrived from Harper's Ferry, assisted in driving out Sedgwick, who was forced to retreat northward by the Hagerstown pike.

D.——French and Richardson, of Sumner's corps, about the same time dislodged D. H. Hill's line from Roulette's house.

E.——Hill re-formed in the sunken road, since known as the "Bloody Lane," where his position was carried by French and Richardson, the latter being mortally wounded in the corn-field, E.

F.——Irwin and Brooks, of Franklin's corps, moved to the support of French and Richardson. At the point F Irwin's brigade was repelled, as described by General Longstreet on page 313.

G.——D. H. Hill, re-enforced by R. H. Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps, fought for the ground around Piper's house.

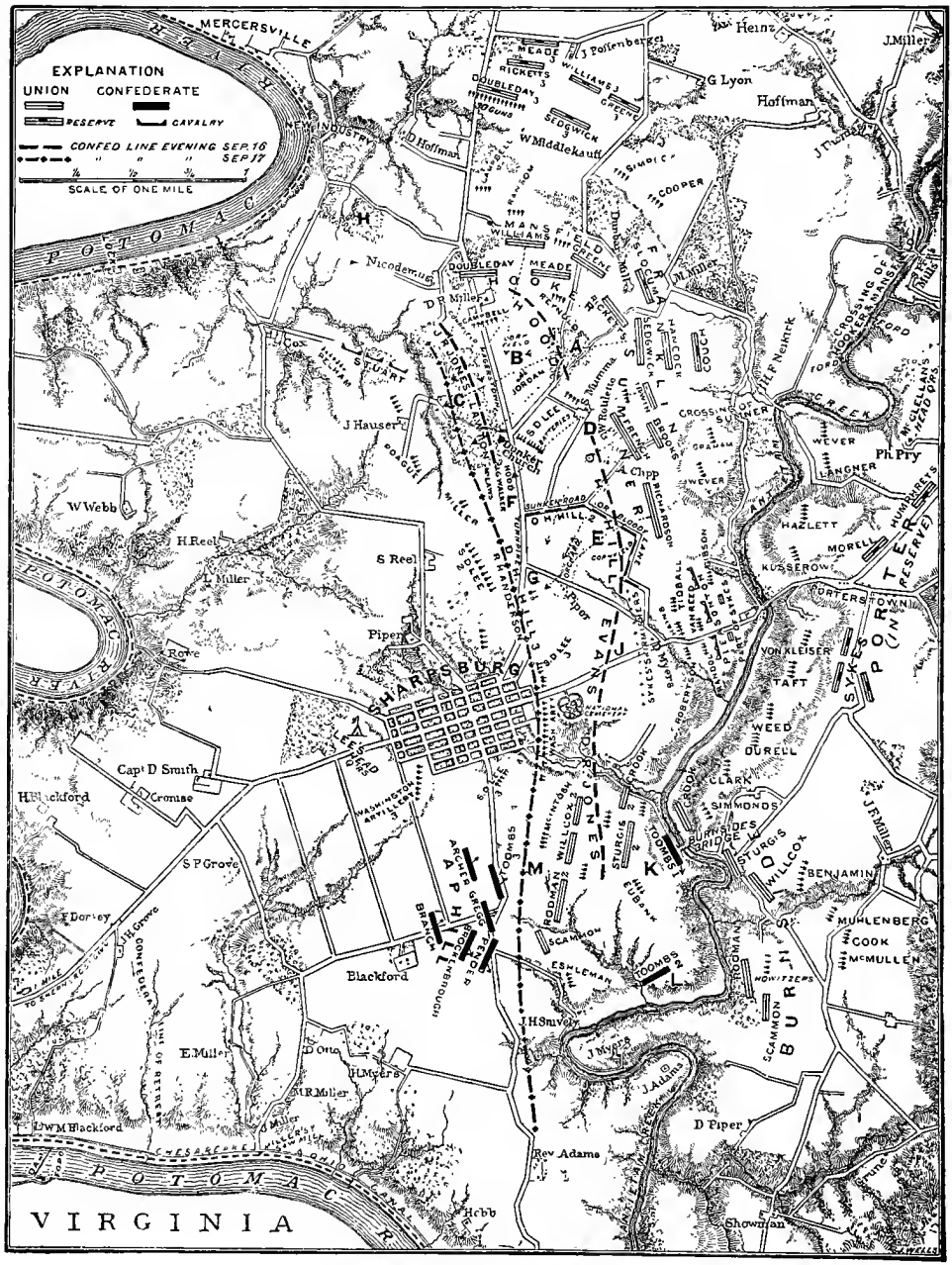
H.——Stuart attempted a flank movemeot north of the Dunker Church wood, but was driven back by the thirty guns under Doubleday.

J.——Pleasanton, with a part of his cavalry and several batteries, crossed the Boonsboro' bridge as a flank support to Richardson, and to Burnside on the south. Several battalions of regulars from Porter's corps came to his assistance and made their way well up to the hill which is now the National Cemetery.

K.——Toombs (of Longstreet) had defended the lower bridge until Burnside moved Rodman and Scammon to the fords below.

L.——Then Toombs hurried south to protect the Confederate flank. Sturgis and Crook charged across the Burnside Bridge and gained the heights. Toombs was driven away from the fords.

M.——After three o'clock, Burnside's lines, being re-formed, completed the defeat of D. R Jones's division (of Longstreet), and on the right gained the outskirts of Sharpsburg. Toombs, and the arriving brigades of A. P. Hill, of Jackson's corps, saved the village and regained a part of the lost ground.—EDITOR. (*From the Century Magazine.*)


EXPLANATION
UNION
CONFEDERATE
RESERVE
CAVALRY
CONFED LINE EVENING SEP 16
" " " SEP 17
SCALE OF ONE MILE
POTOMAC
RIVER
MERCERSVILLE
Heinz
J. Miller
Hoffman
G Lyon
J Poffenberger
MEADE
RICKETTS
DOUBLEDAY
SEDGWICK
W Middlekauff
D Hoffman
Nicodemus
D R Miller
J Hauser
W Webb
H Reel
L Miller
S Reel
Piper
Rowe
SHARPSBURG
Capt D Smith
H Blackford
Cromise
S P Grove
F Dorsey
Blackford
E Miller
D Otto
H Myers
M R Miller
L W M Blackford
J H Snively
J Myers
J Adams
D Piper
Rev Adams
Hebb
Showman
VIRGINIA
CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL
BURNSIDE
SYKES
PORTER
RESERVE
HAZLETT
MOREL
KUSSEROW
VON KLEISER
TAFT
WEED
DURELL
CLARK
SIMMONDS
BURNSIDES BRIDGE
STURGIS
WILLCOX
BENJAMIN
MUHLENBERG
COOK
McMULLEN
SCAMMON
HOWITZERS
TOOMBS
ESLEMAN
ROBERTS
ROBINSON
SCAMMON
ROBERTS
WILLCOX
STURGIS
CROOK

FROM ORGANIZATION TO THE CLOSE

OF THE

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM

By LIEUTENANT THOMAS McCAMANT.

At the close of the year 1861, almost nine months had elapsed since the beginning of the great rebellion that divided the states of the North and the South, and though comparative quiet then reigned, both Federal and Confederate armies were busy in swelling their ranks with recruits for the conflict of arms soon to be resumed.

Activities began in the west sooner than in the east, and in the month of January, 1862, we had the battle of Mill Spring, which was a victory to the Federal arms, and resulted in the death of the Confederate General Zollicoffer. This was followed in February by the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, with many prisoners, after a stubborn contest in the case of the latter Fort that brought to the front the subsequent great commander, General Grant. During the same month General Curtis drove the Confederate General Price out of the state of Missouri, but the only movement of importance in the east was the capture of Roanoke Island by General Burnside.

The great victory at Fort Donelson stimulated other operations, and in the month of March there was the battle of Pea Ridge, the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, the capture of New Bern and the battle of Winchester, all of which were Federal victories, and had the effect of making people of the North impatient at the Army of the Potomac lying motionless. This feeling of unrest caused the President to order a movement of the said Army on the enemy, which resulted in the discovery that Manassas Junction, that had been occupied all winter by the Confederates, was evacuated.

After the discovery thus made, it was determined to transfer said army to Fortress Monroe, and it was accordingly done in the month of April, and the siege of Yorktown was then

begun. During said month there took place in the west the two days' battle of Shiloh, the capture of Island No. 10, on the Mississippi river, by General Pope, and in the far South the fall of the city of New Orleans, and the opening of the mouth of the Mississippi river.

In May, Yorktown was evacuated by the Confederate Army, and the pursuing Federals advanced and fought the battles of Williamsburg and Hanover Court House; but when within five miles of the city of Richmond and in sight of its spires, disaster befell it at Fair Oaks, and about the same time General Banks' command was stampeded down the Shenandoah Valley to Harper's Ferry.

The defeat at Fair Oaks and the stampede of Banks' command made the people of the North anxious for a great and decisive victory in the east, that would equal what had previously been accomplished in the west; and this period of anxiety was followed by one of depression and gloom during June, caused by the raid of the Confederate General Stuart around the Army of the Potomac and the destruction of its base of supplies, and by the seven days' battle that ended at Malvern Hill on July 1st, and the subsequent retirement of said Army to Harrison's Landing, on the James river.

The Army of the Potomac, though defeated, was not dismayed, and the gloom that existed in the North was a dark cloud with a silver lining, for it created there a greater determination than ever to subdue the rebellion that had been inaugurated by the South more than a year previous, and to speedily furnish the Government with all the men and means necessary to accomplish that end.

Governors of the majority of the states loyal to the Federal cause, knowing the feeling of their people, and knowing also that the numerical losses of the armies in the east and the west rendered large additions necessary, addressed a communication to the President, urging him to call upon the several states for additional men to aid in the suppression of the Rebellion, which communication is found published in the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Series 3, Vol. 2, page 180.

The Governors of other states true to the Union subsequently joined in this request.

To the said communication, the President made the reply,

which is found published in the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Series 3, Vol. 2, page 187, and constitutes the call of July 1, 1862, for 300,000 additional men to aid in the suppression of the Rebellion.

An order was issued the following day, fixing the quota of troops to be furnished by the several states. The quota of Pennsylvania, under said call, was fixed at 45,321, as is shown by note at the foot of page 188, Official Records, War of the Rebellion, Series 3, Vol. 2.

C. P. Buckingham, Brigadier-General and Assistant Adjutant-General, sent a dispatch to Governor Curtin on July 7th, 1862, requesting him to raise, as soon as practicable, twenty-one new regiments of volunteer infantry, to be part of the quota under the call of the President. This dispatch is found in Official Records, War of the Rebellion, Series 3, Vol. 2, page 208. After receiving said dispatch, Governor Curtin issued the following proclamation, to wit:

Pennsylvania, SS:

In the name and by the authority of the State of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the said Commonwealth.

A PROCLAMATION.

To sustain the government in times of common peril by all his energies, his means and his life, if need be, is the duty of every loyal citizen. The President of the United States has made a requisition on Pennsylvania for twenty-one new regiments and the regiments already in the field must be recruited. Enlistments will be made for nine months in the new regiments and for twelve in the old. The existence of the present emergency is well understood. I call on the inhabitants of the counties, cities, boroughs and townships throughout our borders to meet and take active measures for the immediate furnishing of the quota of the state. I designate below the number of companies which are expected from the several counties in the state, trusting the support of her honor in this crisis, as it may be safely trusted, to the loyalty, fidelity and valor of her freemen.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Commonwealth the eighty-seventh.

A. G. CURTIN.

By the Governor:
Eli Slifer,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Two companies were designated to be furnished from Blair County and two from Huntingdon County, but this must have been subsequently changed, as more were furnished by each county for different new regiments.

Recruiting that had previously begun, became more active after the issuing of the Proclamation of Governor Curtin, and the patriotic spirit of the citizens of Blair and Huntingdon counties was aroused to its utmost extent. War meetings were held at all principal points in the said two counties, which were addressed by leading citizens, several of whom gave examples of their courage and patriotism by forming companies or enlisting as private soldiers; and it was not long until the said two counties furnished more than the full quota of men assigned to them, and no draft had to be resorted to, as was the case in many of the other counties of the Commonwealth.

Under this call of the President, of July 2d, 1862, and the proclamation of Governor Curtin, of July 21st, 1862, the 125th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers was raised, mainly in the counties of Blair and Huntingdon, during the latter part of July and early part of August, of the year 1862. Some of the companies were being recruited originally for three years' regiments, but, owing to the urgency of the Government for troops and the shorter term of service for which enlistments would be made, as announced in the Proclamation of the Governor, said companies at once decided to connect themselves with the 125th Regiment, and were soon filled with their complement of men. Other companies were quickly recruited and made themselves a part of said regiment.

The men composing the regiment were not militia nor was the regiment ever treated and regarded by the United States Government as a militia regiment, as has sometimes been erroneously asserted. The Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Series 3, Vol. 2, page 291, will show that on August 4th, 1862, under General Orders 94, a draft for 300,000 militia was ordered by the President, and was to be enforced in any state that did not by the 15th day of August, 1862, furnish its quota of the 300,000 volunteers included in the call of July 2, 1862, but at this date the men of the 125th Regiment were all in Camp Curtin, at Harrisburg, and had been mustered into the United States service; and the said Official Records of the War of the Rebellion,

Series 3, Vol. 2, show, on page 758, that Pennsylvania raised eighteen regiments of volunteer infantry for nine months, under the call of July 2, 1862, and the names of the regiments so raised are given on page 760 of the said records, same series and volume, and the 125th is one of said regiments. This same page 760 gives the numbers of the drafted regiments, and Bates' History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, Vol. 4, page 834, also pages 1084 to and including 1298, not only gives the numbers of the drafted regiments, as aforesaid, but also the counties of the state from which the drafted men came, but none whatever were from the counties of Blair and Huntingdon, where the 125th was principally raised. The note at the foot of page 188, Vol. 2, Series 3, of the said Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, shows that the quota of Pennsylvania, under the call of the President of July 2, 1862, for 300,000 volunteers, was fixed at 45,321, and she furnished 30,891 men without resorting to a draft.

The draft that took place in Pennsylvania in 1862 was in the month of September of that year, when the 125th was in active service, and was to fill the deficiency in the quota assigned to the said state under the call of July 2, 1862, as aforesaid; and this, the said Volume 2, Series 3, of the said War Records will show. Furthermore, the said Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Series 3, Vol. 4, page 216, show that the nine months' volunteers from Pennsylvania, in the year 1862, were accepted by the President into the service as nine months' volunteers. They all were credited with good accounts, and all met with heavy losses in battle, except the 135th and 137th, and this the official records of the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg will prove beyond the least doubt; and that two of the regiments met with no loss is due to good fortune alone, and not to any lack of patriotism.

The 125th Regiment had in its ranks men from all walks in life. The representative citizen, the professional man, the man of business, the mechanic, the farmer and the day laborer were found among its numbers, and joined elbow to elbow and tented together during its term of service. It was raised in a short time, and enlistments therein were made purely out of patriotic motives. It was not a militia regiment, as has previously been shown, nor was any one attracted to its service by the offer of large bounties such as were given to secure recruits at a later

period in the war. It can be truthfully classed as part of the 300,000 volunteers included in the call of President Lincoln, of July 2, 1862, and "Father Abraham," the favorite song of John S. Gibbons, is applicable to it as well as other volunteer regiments that entered the United States service in the year 1862.

A few of the men of the regiment had seen service in the late war with Mexico; some had been members of military organizations of the Commonwealth before the Rebellion, others had been in the late three months' service, but the great majority of its members had no previous military experience.

Company "A" was recruited at Tyrone, Blair County, and had as its Captain, Francis M. Bell, who had previously been a merchant in Tyrone, and who had served as Second Lieutenant of Company "D," Third Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the previous three months' service. Jesse S. Stewart, a member of one of the principal families of Central Pennsylvania, was made its First Lieutenant, and Wilbur F. Martin, a dentist in Tyrone, was made its Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant Stewart was subsequently killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, and on May 4th, 1863, Lieutenant Martin was promoted to First Lieutenant, and First Sergeant David G. Ganoe assumed the rank of Second Lieutenant.

Company "B" was recruited at Williamsburg, Blair County, largely under the auspices of Colonel Jacob Higgins and Adjutant Robert M. Johnston, but Ulysses L. Hewit, who had previously been a marble cutter, in the town of Williamsburg, was selected as its Captain. Joseph R. Higgins, a brother of the Colonel, was made its First Lieutenant, and Garian Shellenberger, who had served as a corporal in Company "C," Third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the late three months' service, was chosen Second Lieutenant.

Company "C" was recruited at Huntingdon, Huntingdon County, and had as its Captain, William W. Wallace, who was connected in business with his uncle, R. B. Wigton, a coal operator, at Huntingdon. William B. Ziegler, formerly a tinner and hotel keeper, in Huntingdon, was made First Lieutenant, and William F. McPherran, who at that time was a student, was made Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant McPherran died on February 6th, 1863, and Lieutenant Ziegler resigned on February 25th, of the same year, and First Sergeant L. Frank Watson, was,

on February 7th, 1863, promoted to Second Lieutenant, and again, on the resignation of Lieutenant Ziegler, to First Lieutenant, and Sergeant T. L. Flood, to Second Lieutenant. This company was known as the "Bible Company," from the fact that the citizens of Huntingdon presented each member with a Bible.

Company "D" was recruited at Altoona, Blair county, largely through the efforts of Lieutenant-Colonel Jacob Szink, who had been Captain of Company "E," Third Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the late three months' service, and was made up principally of employés of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Lieutenant-Colonel Szink was mustered into service as its Captain, but when the regiment was organized and he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, on August 16th, 1862, Christian Hostetter was chosen Captain, Alexander W. Marshall First Lieutenant, and Peter S. Treese Second Lieutenant. All three of these men had previously been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at Altoona. Captain Hostetter was discharged on March 17th, 1863, for wounds received at the battle of Antietam and for disability. On April 17th, 1863, Lieutenant Treese was discharged for the same reasons, and on March 17th, 1863, Lieutenant Alexander W. Marshall was promoted to Captain, and First Sergeant Thomas E. Campbell to Second Lieutenant, and again, on April 19th, 1863, to First Lieutenant, and on the same date, Sergeant George W. Hawksworth was promoted to Second Lieutenant.

The principal recruiting for Company "E" was done at East Freedom and vicinity, in Blair County, but it had in it an overflow of men from Company "A" brought to it by Lieutenant John G. Cain, who was subsequently the Adjutant of the regiment. William McGraw, who had been First Lieutenant of Company "H," Fourteenth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the late three months' service, was made its Captain, and Samuel A. Kephart, previously a hotel clerk, was selected as First Lieutenant, and John G. Cain, a respected citizen of Smith's Mills, Clearfield County, and who had been the First Sergeant of Company "D," Fourteenth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the previous three months' service, was chosen Second Lieutenant. On September 20th, 1862, Lieutenant Cain was, as previously stated made Adjutant of the Regiment, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Adjutant Robert M. Johnston at Antietam, and on

the same day, First Sergeant John H. Robertson was promoted to Second Lieutenant.

Company "F" came from the Broad Top Region, and other points in Huntingdon County, and was recruited through the influence of Major John J. Lawrence, who was the Superintendent of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Mountain Railroad and Coal Company, at Huntingdon. He was mustered into service as Captain of the company, but on his selection as Major of the regiment, William H. Simpson, a farmer residing in Huntingdon County, and who had previously served as Second Lieutenant of Company "H," of the Fifteenth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the late three months' service, was made Captain, and William C. Wagoner, who had been a private in Company "E," Fifth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the late three months' service, was made First Lieutenant, and Franklin H. Lane, who was then a school teacher and had previously been connected with state military organizations, was selected as Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant Wagoner was discharged from the service on February 9th, 1863, for wounds received at Antietam and for disability, and on that day Lieutenant Lane was promoted to First Lieutenant, and First Sergeant J. F. N. Householder to Second Lieutenant.

Recruiting for Company "G" was conducted mainly at Hollidaysburg, in Blair County, where about fifty of the company were raised. The balance of the company was made up of men brought to it from Duncansville and vicinity, in said county, and from Antis township, in said county. John McKeage, who had served in the war with Mexico, and who had been First Lieutenant of Company "A," Third Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the late three months' service, and who at that time was the Treasurer of Blair County and the proprietor of a tobacco and cigar store in Hollidaysburg, was made Captain of the company. Samuel A. Andrews, who had been Second Lieutenant of Company "H," Fourteenth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the late three months' service, and who was a puddler in the employ of the Portage Iron Works, at Duncansville, was selected as First Lieutenant, and Thomas McCamant, who was a student-at-law in the office of Messrs. Blair and Dean, at Hollidaysburg, and who had graduated from LaFayette College, at Easton, Pennsylvania, the preceding year, was chosen Second

Lieutenant. The recruits obtained at Duncansville were through the efforts of Lieutenant Andrews, and those from Antis township through the efforts of Lieutenant McCamant.

Companies " H " and " I " came from different parts of Huntingdon County, the principal recruiting point being the town of Huntingdon. Henry H. Gregg, a member of one of the leading families in the Juniata region, and a brother of the cavalry leader, General D. McM. Gregg, and who at that time was a student, was made Captain of Company " H," and John Flenner, a retired farmer of Huntingdon County, was selected as First Lieutenant, and Samuel F. Stewart as Second Lieutenant. Samuel F. Stewart resigned on January 24th, 1863, and First Sergeant James T. Foster was then promoted to the position of Second Lieutenant.

William F. Thomas, who had resigned the position of First Lieutenant of Company " G," Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves, on October 14th, 1861, and who was a photographer in Huntingdon, was selected as Captain of Company " I," and George Thomas, who had resigned the position of Second Lieutenant of Company " G," Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves, on October 24th, 1861, and who was a hotel keeper in said town, was selected as First Lieutenant of the company, and John D. Fee, a Huntingdon County farmer, was chosen Second Lieutenant of the same company.

Company " K " was recruited chiefly at Altoona, Blair County, but had sixty men brought to it from Cambria County. Many of the men of this company were also employés of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Joseph W. Gardner, who, like Captain McKeage, had seen service in the war with Mexico, and had been First Lieutenant of Company " B," Third Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the late three months' service, was made Captain; and Edward R. Dunnegan, a lumberman and one of the good citizens of St. Augustine, Cambria County, was chosen First Lieutenant, and Daniel J. Travis, who was an employé of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, as aforesaid, was selected as Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant Dunnegan brought to the company the recruits it received from Cambria County.

The several companies, as soon as recruited, were sent to Harrisburg in box cars with the ends sawed out, and containing improvised seats of rough boards. In some cases brass bands

headed companies on their way to the depot, and played "Auld Lang Syne" and patriotic airs; and in all cases friends escorted companies to the railroad stations, and bid the different members an affectionate and grateful adieu, whilst tearful and prayerful good-byes were given by wives, parents, sisters and sweethearts. All along our route to Harrisburg, at stations where the train stopped, the good people of Pennsylvania assembled in large numbers to furnish us drinking water and wish us God-speed.

Arriving at Harrisburg, we were marched to our place of rendezvous, Camp Curtin, and were assigned quarters in streets, by companies. This was early in the month of August, and here our soldier life may be said to have begun. We drew tents and blankets, and slept on Mother Earth instead of comfortable beds such as we had at our homes, and here also we commenced to make our meals on soldiers' rations.

We were among the first recruits to arrive at Camp Curtin, but our numbers were added to daily for one week after our arrival, being the result of enlistments made in different sections of the Commonwealth. Then the camp was filled to overflowing, and became very dusty from the tramp of thousands of men.

The recruits underwent a physical examination, and were mustered into the United States service daily from August 10th to August 16th, by Captains Lane and Norton, of the Regular Army, and then uniformed.

The regiment was organized on August 16th, 1862, following a meeting for that purpose of the Captains and First Lieutenants of the several companies, at the Brady House, in Harrisburg, the evening previous. Jacob Higgins, of Williamsburg, Blair County, who had been instrumental in recruiting Company "B," and who had previously served in the war with Mexico, and as Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry until the preceding January, was made Colonel. Jacob Szink, of Altoona, Blair County, who had been mustered as Captain of Company "D," and who was foreman of the Pennsylvania Railroad blacksmith shop, at Altoona, and whose previous military service has been given, was selected as Lieutenant-Colonel, and John J. Lawrence, an active and influential citizen of Huntingdon and superintendent of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Mountain Railroad and Coal Company, as previously stated, and who had been mustered as Captain of Company "F," was chosen Major.

Colonel Higgins appointed Robert M. Johnston, of Williamsburg, Blair County, who had been Second Lieutenant of Company "C," Third Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the late three months' service, Adjutant, and William C. Bayley, a citizen of Hollidaysburg, Blair County, Quartermaster, of the regiment.

Lieutenant Johnston served as Adjutant until his death on September 19th, which was the result of the wound he received at Antietam, and on the following day Lieutenant John G. Cain was appointed Adjutant. On November 7th, 1862, Quartermaster Bayley was made Brigade Commissary, and Asbury Derland, a Corporal in Company "C," was appointed Quartermaster.

Other appointments, at the time of organization of the regiment were Dr. John Feay, of Williamsburg, Blair County, surgeon; Francis B. Davidson, Assistant Surgeon; Rev. John D. Stewart, of Tyrone, Blair County, Chaplain; Joseph M. Becker, of Company "F," Sergeant-Major; David Feay, of Company "B," Quartermaster-Sergeant; Samuel G. Baker, of Company "B," Commissary-Sergeant, and J. Fletcher Conrad, of Company "C," Hospital Steward. Doctor Feay resigned on October 9th, 1862, and Dr. Davidson on November 24th, 1862, when Lewis C. Cummings was appointed Surgeon, and Augustus Davis, Assistant Surgeon, and on February 11th, 1863, Doctor L. F. Butler, of East Freedom, Blair County, was appointed a second Assistant Surgeon. Commissary-Sergeant Samuel G. Baker died on March 15th, 1863, and Henry Lloyd Irvine, a private of Company "G," was made his successor.

At the time the regiment was organized the exigencies of the General Government were great, and it was sorely in need of men. Harrison's Landing, on the James river, to which the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, had fallen back after the battle of Malvern Hill, was evacuated the very day the 125th was organized, and the Army of Virginia, under General Pope, was then being confronted on the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers by large detachments from General Lee's Confederate Army. Previously, Stonewall Jackson had defeated, at Cedar Mountain, General Banks' command, to which we were subsequently attached.

To show the urgency of the Government for troops in August, 1862, it is but necessary to refer to the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion; and in Series 3, Vol. 2, page 366, of said

records, we find the following dispatch from the President to Governor Curtin, viz.:

War Department,
Washington, D. C.,
August 12, 1862.

Governor Curtin,
Harrisburg, Pa.

It is very important for some regiments to arrive here at once. What lack you from us? What can we do to expedite matters? Answer.

A. LINCOLN.

To this dispatch, Governor Curtin replied as follows:

Harrisburg, Pa., August 12, 1862.

A. Lincoln,
President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

Three regiments will be organized this morning, and leave as soon as transportation is ready. We have 13,000 men here, and will organize as rapidly as equipments and transportation can be provided. The regiments from Lancaster can go, and expect to hear from Philadelphia that some are ready there.

A. G. CURTIN,
Governor.

The second day after we left Harrisburg, these same War Records show, in Series 3, Vol. 2, page 407, the following dispatch from General Halleck:

Washington, D. C.,
August 18, 1862.

Brigadier General Ketchum,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Confer with Governor Curtin, and urge upon him the importance of pushing forward troops without a moment's delay. The enemy is accumulating troops more rapidly than we are, and re-inforcements must be sent us with all possible haste.

H. W. HALLECK,
General in Chief.

The regiment, at the date of its organization, on August 16th, 1862, numbered 906 officers and enlisted men. It was armed

that afternoon with Springfield rifled muskets, and then ordered to proceed to the seat of war. All were eager for active service and full of enthusiasm. That evening we were loaded in freight cars, containing rough board seats, and after an all night's moonlight ride, on the Northern Central Railway, with several stops, we arrived at Baltimore, and took breakfast at the Union Refreshment Saloon, in said city. We were then transferred to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and proceeded on our way to Washington, which place we reached about noon of Sunday, August 17th, and reported to General Casey. We stacked arms on Capitol Hill, and were quartered for the night in a warehouse nearby.

Whilst we lay on Capitol Hill, Honorable S. S. Blair, of Hollidaysburg, Pa., the representative in Congress from the Seventeenth Congressional District, composed of the counties of Cambria, Blair, Huntingdon and Mifflin, visited us, and had words of encouragement and cheer for all.

On the morning of August 18th, we took up our march for the State of Virginia, and moved out Pennsylvania Avenue to the Potomac River. We crossed the said river on the Long Bridge, and after marching into said state a distance of seven miles, halted and pitched our tents in a field near Hunter's Chapel and Fort Richardson, where the artillery of Blenker's division lay encamped the preceding winter, and were made part of General Whipple's command, in charge of the defences of Washington.

The camp we established was named Camp Welles, after Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, and was soon filled with other Pennsylvania regiments and troops from different states. Whilst we lay in this camp, drill and fatigue duty were constant and arduous, and sickness broke out in the regiment. Five companies were sent to the forts near us, to practice heavy artillery, and were kept there for several days. We remained in this camp until the evening of August 26th, when we moved to Fort Barnard, near by, and found it a more healthy location. Here we remained until we started on the Maryland campaign.

These were gloomy days at Washington, and the following brief review of events will give the cause, to wit: The separate commands of Banks, McDowell, and Fremont were consolidated during the month of July, and placed under the control of General Pope, the consolidated command being known as the Army of

Virginia. In the same month, Stonewall Jackson, of the Confederate Army, was detached from General Lee, and on the 19th of the month was at Gordonsville, and Stuart's cavalry, at the same time, were near Fredericksburg. On August 9th, the Federal defeat at Cedar Mountain occurred. On August 13th, the Confederate General Longstreet was detached from General Lee, and joined Stonewall Jackson on the 15th. On August 16th, Harrison's Landing was evacuated by the Army of the Potomac, and said army was transferred to Acquia Creek Landing, and subsequently to Alexandria; and Burnside's command was brought up from North Carolina.

General Pope, in his article in the "Century Magazine," in 1886, on "The Second Battle of Bull Run," says that from August 18th to August 26th, his army was fighting almost continuously. Reynolds joined Pope on August 22d, and he was also reinforced by General Reno, of Burnside's command. As fast as the Army of the Potomac arrived at Alexandria, it was moved to the assistance of Pope, but much of it did not reach him in time to avert defeat. On August 27th, the line of the Rappahannock river had to be abandoned, and the army moved to Gainesville; and on that evening there was a hard fight between General Hooker and the Confederate General Ewell, at a place known as Kettle Run. On the 28th of August, General King and Stonewall Jackson fought at Groveton, and on the 29th and 30th, there was heavy fighting all along the line at Groveton, and General Pope was obliged to fall back to Centreville. Then General Lee sent Stonewall Jackson to the Little River Turnpike to turn the right flank of the Federal Army, and this brought on the battle of Chantilly, where Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed, and caused a retreat of said army to the defences of Washington.

This succession of disasters was enough to cause gloom at Washington; and the men of the 125th will well recollect with what anxiety we waited news from the battlefields, whilst we had to listen to the booming of cannon in the distance, and how discouraging the news was when we received any. We will also recollect, when we saw reinforcements going to the front on August 29th, 30th and 31st, how willing we were to join them, if our services were required, and how busy we were in working on fortifications, arresting stragglers, and in the discharge of

other duties assigned us, also how sad we felt at seeing the wounded brought to the rear.

The situation at this time, causing the gloom if not panic at Washington, is shown also in the statement of General McClellan, when he took command of the army on September 2d. It is as follows: "The President and General Halleck came to my house, when the President informed me that Colonel Kelton had returned from the front; that our affairs were in bad condition; that the army was in full retreat upon the defences of Washington; the roads filled with stragglers, etc. He instructed me to take steps at once to stop and collect the stragglers; to place the works in a proper state of defence, and to go out to meet and take command of the army, when it approached the vicinity of the works, then to place the troops in the best condition—committing everything to my hands."

During these days of gloom, and especially the time the regiment lay at Fort Barnard, part of it was engaged in connecting the different forts near us with a chain of rifle-pits, part was used in the formation of a line of dispatchers between the Arlington House and General Cox's headquarters, at Munson's Hill, part did picket duty at or near Lee's Mill and Bailey's Cross Roads; and Captain Wallace, with a further part, escorted an ammunition train to the battlefield of Chantilly or Ox Hill. When not so engaged, time was occupied in drill, in helping our wounded to get to Washington, and in stopping stragglers from many different organizations.

On August 29th, John Scott, Esquire, of Huntingdon, afterwards a United States Senator from Pennsylvania and General Solicitor of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, arrived in our camp, and presented Major Lawrence with a sword. Colonel Higgins, at the time, made a short speech to the regiment, in which he said, "I do not ask you to go, but to come on." Major Lawrence, a few days later, was thrown from his horse, at or near the Chantilly battlefield, and so disabled as not to be with us until the month of October following.

But before proceeding further with the regiment and the movements of the Federal army, let us turn our attention to what the Confederate army was doing. General Lee was elated with his many successes recently achieved, and with having driven both the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Virginia within

the defences of Washington, and concluded he would turn his attention to the upper Potomac. He accordingly moved his army in the direction of Leesburg, and on arriving there was informed that the Federals at Winchester had fallen back to Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. He then determined to enter Maryland to secure supplies and recruits for his army, and relieve the people of that State from the thraldom in which he supposed they were held by the North. In an official report, made on March 6th, 1863, that contained among other matters his account of the Maryland campaign of 1862, he says; "The war was then transferred from the interior to the frontier, and the supplies of rich and productive districts made accessible to our army. To prolong a state of affairs in every way desirable, and not to permit the season for active operations to pass without endeavoring to inflict further injury upon the enemy, the best course appeared to be the transfer of the army into Maryland." All through the South it was believed the people of Maryland were heart and soul with the Confederacy, and all that was necessary to cause thousands of Marylanders to enter their army and for Baltimore to bid the army a hearty welcome, was for it to come into their state. He crossed the Potomac at White's Ford, about three miles below the mouth of the Monocacy, on September 5th, with Stonewall Jackson's command in the lead. It is said, when about the middle of the river, which at that time was only knee deep, General Lee arose in his saddle and took off his hat, and the Confederate bands then struck up the tune of "Maryland, my Maryland," and the whole command joined in singing the same. At that time this was the favorite hymn or song of the South, and it was drummed on almost every piano, and sung throughout the Confederacy. It was written by James R. Randall, formerly a Marylander, but in 1860-61, a professor in Poydras College, upon the Fausse Riviere, of Louisiana. It first made its appearance in a newspaper known as the "New Orleans Delta." Although it is known as a Confederate song, it is not amiss, as a contribution to history, to give it in part here, and the first and last verses are quoted, as follows:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore,
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, My Maryland!"

* * * * *

"I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The 'Old Line's' bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf nor dumb;
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum,
She breathes! She breathes! She 'll come! She 'll come!
Maryland, My Maryland!"

General Walker says he crossed the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, about three miles above White's Ford, on September 7th, and when any part of the army crossed the river it moved soon thereafter to Frederick City. Stuart's cavalry entered said city at ten o'clock on the morning of September 6th. General Lee arrived the same day, and established his headquarters in Best's Grove. On the day he arrived he issued his address or proclamation to the citizens of Maryland, which is published in the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Series 1, Vol. 19, part 2, page 601.

His address did not arouse or enthuse the Marylanders, and it brought very few recruits to the Confederate army.

Lee thought Harper's Ferry would be evacuated when he reached Frederick, for the reason that he would be between it and Washington, but when he found out it was still occupied by the Federals he took steps to seize it. On September 9th, he sent Stonewall Jackson across the Potomac to first capture the Federal outpost at Martinsburg, and then move on Harper's Ferry. This was necessary to open his line of communication through the valley of Virginia. He also ordered Walker's division to assist in taking the place from Loudon Heights, whilst Jackson operated against Bolivar Heights. . General McLaws, about the same time, was directed to move against Maryland Heights.

Lee's designs at this time are given by General Walker in his article published in the "Century Magazine," in 1886. He says that General Lee sent for him, and ordered him to destroy the aqueduct of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, at the mouth of

the Monocacy, assist in the capture of Harper's Ferry, rejoin the army at Hagerstown, rest for a few days, get shoes and clothing, and collect stragglers. They were then to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, march to Harrisburg, and destroy the railroad bridge on the Susquehanna river at Rockville, five miles west of that place. Lee said to him, that with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in their possession and the Pennsylvania Railroad broken, the great lakes would be the only route left to the west, and he could then turn his attention to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

Only part of this programme was carried out. Jackson, by rapid marches, reached Martinsburg, and found that on the night of September 11th the outpost at that place had been withdrawn to Harper's Ferry. He immediately directed the steps of his command to the latter place, which he reached on September 12th. General McLaws got in possession of Maryland Heights on September 13th, the evidence of which possession our regiment will recollect seeing when we encamped there soon after the battle of Antietam. General Walker also took possession, on the same day, of Loudon Heights, on the eastern slope of which we also encamped during the following November.

With the abandonment of Maryland Heights, and the environment of Harper's Ferry, its surrender was accomplished on September 15th, through the incompetency of its commander, Colonel Miles, who was mortally wounded. Here 11,000 Federal troops laid down their arms, and this part of General Lee's programme, as well as the destruction of the canal aqueduct, was carried out to the letter; but he soon found out he had other matters to engage his attention, and had to abandon the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the invasion of Pennsylvania.

This surrender of Harper's Ferry has always been regarded at the North as disgraceful, but in this connection it can be said, with credit, that our cavalry, at that place, 2,500 strong, under command of Colonel Davis, refused to surrender, and, after escaping the Confederate army, surrounded and captured General Longstreet's wagon and ammunition train.

No sooner did the Confederate army cross into Maryland than the Federal army, under General McClellan, entered said state. At that time, it was uncertain what Lee's intentions were, and

McClellan did not know whether he proposed to capture Washington by a flank movement down the north bank of the Potomac, or to move on Baltimore, or invade Pennsylvania; and he said this uncertainty made him resolve "to march cautiously, and advance the army in such order as to keep Washington and Baltimore continually covered, and at the same time to hold the troops well in hand, so as to be able to concentrate and follow rapidly if the enemy took the direction of Pennsylvania, or to return to the defence of Washington, if, as was greatly feared by the authorities, the enemy should be merely making a feint with a small force to draw off our army, while with their main forces they stood ready to seize the first favorable opportunity to attack the Capital."

To ascertain the intentions of the enemy, General McClellan sent the cavalry to the fords along the Potomac, and moved the Second and Twelfth Corps to Tenallytown, and on September 6th to Rockville. The Ninth Corps he first moved to the Seventh Street road, near Washington, and again on September 6th, it and the First Corps, and Conch's division, of the Fourth Corps, were placed at Tenallytown.

When it became known in Pennsylvania that the Confederate Army had entered Maryland, the scare there was as great as that which had previously existed at Washington, and Governor Curtin made haste to call out the militia of the state. At the same time, he appealed to the general Government for aid. Volume 19, Series 1, part 2, of the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, gives a full account of the consternation that existed at this time in Pennsylvania, and it is now amusing to read on page 269, of said Volume 19, Series 1, part 2, of the War Records, Governor Curtin's dispatch of September 11, 1862, for 80,000 troops, and on page 276, of the same volume, President Lincoln's reply. Quite a number of militia regiments were placed on the borders of Pennsylvania whilst the Confederate army was in Maryland, and some of them crossed over the line into Maryland, but their services were not required to defeat Lee, and we recollect of seeing numbers of said regiments at Antietam two days after the battle.

On the evening of September 6th, the regiment received orders to report for duty to General A. S. Williams, temporarily in command of the Twelfth Army Corps, at Rockville, Maryland,

and tents were at once torn down, rations cooked and effects packed. We left Fort Barnard at eight o'clock in the evening, crossed the Potomac at Georgetown, took a road leading to Rockville, and after marching about six and one-half miles in the state of Maryland, halted at two o'clock the next morning in a large clover field, where we had our first night's sleep with the starry firmament for a covering. We reached Rockville about nine o'clock A. M., September 7th, and halted in a grove adjoining a Catholic church, where we lay until September 8th, then moved a short distance beyond Rockville, and reported to the Twelfth Army Corps. We were assigned to the First Brigade, of the First Division, of said Corps, and the brigade, after this assignment, consisted of the following regiments, to wit: Tenth Maine, 5th Connecticut, 28th New York, and 46th, 124th, 125th and 128th Pennsylvania. The first four named regiments were reduced in strength, by reason of previous service, and losses sustained at the late battle of Cedar Mountain. The Brigade was commanded by Brigadier-General S. W. Crawford, the Division by Brigadier-General George H. Gordon, and the Corps by Brigadier-General A. S. Williams.

The make-up of the Twelfth Corps at this time and during the campaign in Maryland was as follows:

TWELFTH ARMY CORPS.

(1) Maj.-Gen. Joseph K. F. Mansfield*
(2) Brig-Gen. Alpheus S. Williams

ESCORT.

1st Michigan Cavalry, Company L, Capt. Melvin Brewer.

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Brig.-Gen. Alpheus S. Williams
(2) Brig.-Gen. Samuel W. Crawford†
(3) Brig.-Gen. George H. Gordon

FIRST BRIGADE.

(1) Brig.-Gen. Samuel W. Crawford
(2) Col. Joseph F. Knipe

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* Wounded Sept. 17th.
† Wounded Sept. 17th.

FIRST BRIGADE.

‡*5th Connecticut,* Capt. Henry W. Daboll.
10th Maine, Col. George L. Beal.
28th New York, Capt. Wm. H. H. Mapes.
46th Pennsylvania, Col. Joseph F. Knipe, Lieut. Col. James L. Selfridge.
124th Pennsylvania, Col. Joseph W. Hawley,† Maj. Isaac L. Haldeman.
125th Pennsylvania, Col. Jacob Higgins.
128th Pennsylvania, Col. Samuel Croasdale, Lieut.-Col. Wm. W. Hammersley, Maj. Joel B. Wanner.

THIRD BRIGADE.

(1) Brig.-Gen. George H. Gordon.
(2) Col. Thomas H. Ruger.

27th Indiana, Col. Silas Colegrove.
2d Massachusetts, Col. George L. Andrews.
13th New Jersey, Col. Ezra A. Carman.
107th New York, Col. R. B. Van Valkenburgh.
§*Zouaves d'Afrique,* Pennsylvania.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. George S. Greene.

FIRST BRIGADE.

(1) Lieut.-Col. Hector Tyndale.*
(2) Maj. Orrin J. Crane.

5th Ohio, Maj. John Collins.
7th Ohio, Maj. Orrin J. Crane, Capt. Frederick A. Seymour.
†*29th Ohio,* Lieut. Theron S. Winship.
66th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Eugene Powell.
28th Pennsylvania, Maj. Ario Perdee, Jr.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Col. Henry J. Stainrook.

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‡ Detached Sept. 13th.

§ No officers present. Enlisted men of company attached to 2nd Massachusetts.

* Mortally wounded Sept. 17th.

† Detached Sept. 9th

3d Maryland, Lieut.-Col. Joseph M. Sudsburg.
102d New York, Lieut.-Col. James C. Lane.
‡*109th Pennsylvania,* Capt. George E. Seymour.
111th Pennsylvania, Maj. Thomas M. Walker.

THIRD BRIGADE.

(1) Col. William B. Goodrich.§
(2) Lieut.-Col. Jonathan Austin.

3d Delaware, Maj. Arthur Maginnis.
Purnell Legion, Maryland, Lieut.-Col. Benj. L. Simpson.
60th New York, Lieut.-Col. Charles R. Brundage.
78th New York, Lieut.-Col. Jonathan Austin, Capt. Henry R. Stagg.

ARTILLERY.

Capt. Clermont L. Best.

Maine Light, 4th Battery, Capt. O'Neill W. Robinson.
Maine Light, 6th Battery, Capt. Freeman McGilvery.
1st New York Light, Battery "M," Capt. George W. Cothran.
New York Light, 10th Battery, Capt. John T. Bruen.
Pennsylvania Light, Battery "E," Capt. Joseph M. Knap.
Pennsylvania Light, Battery "F," Capt. Robert B. Hampton.
4th United States, Battery "F," Lieut. Edward D. Muhlenberg.

General McClellan moved the headquarters of the Federal army to Rockville, on September 7th, and during that day and the one following, the roads were crowded with troops going forward.

On September 7th, the movement of the army from Rockville was commenced in three columns, designated the right wing, centre and left wing. The right wing consisted of the First and Ninth Corps, commanded by General Burnside; the centre consisted of the Second and Twelfth Corps, commanded by General Sumner, whilst the left wing consisted of the Sixth Corps and Couch's division of the Fourth Corps, commanded by General Franklin. Sykes' division of Regulars, of the Fifth Corps, and Morrell's division of the same Corps, joined the army later on.

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§ Killed Sept. 17th.
‡ Detached at Frederick Sept. 15th.

Not knowing the designs of the enemy, the army moved cautiously, as has been previously stated, the initiative being taken by the right wing; but as the 125th regiment was connected with the centre column, its march alone to Frederick City will be here detailed. On September 9th, we moved to Middlebrook; on September 10th, we marched about ten miles, and halted for the night in a chestnut grove, on the road leading to Mount Airy; on September 11th, we were halted, after marching about one mile, on a report that Confederate cavalry were a short distance ahead of us. Towards evening, we moved two miles further, and bivouacked in a field, near Damascus. It rained during the night, and we got very wet. On September 12th, we marched to a point near Ijamsville, where we remained during the night; on September 13th, we crossed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Ijamsville, and moved rapidly in the direction of Frederick City. Cannonading was heard quite distinctly, and when we reached the Monocacy smoke of battle was seen. This cannonading proved to be a skirmish between Federal cavalry under Pleasanton and the Confederate cavalry under Stuart, in the Catoctin hills, about three miles out of Frederick, and this skirmish General Pleasanton refers to in his report of operations in Maryland. We waded the Monocacy on the double-quick, and reached Frederick City at noon, where we halted in a field on its outskirts. The Confederates had retired from the city the previous evening. General Burnside says he carried the bridge over the Monocacy in the afternoon of September 12th, after slight resistance, and Cox's division at once moved upon the city and occupied it, after driving out a small force of the enemy. General Pleasanton says he entered the town by the Urbana road, at 5 o'clock on the evening of September 12th, and General Reno, about the same time, entered it by the New Market road.

The citizens of Frederick were not attracted by the address of General Lee nor inspired by the song of "Maryland, my Maryland," and soon showed us they were true to the Federal cause. None but sentiments of loyalty to the Union were heard, and the Stars and Stripes floated from every street of the town, and though stripped of provisions by the Confederate army, they tried to supply our wants, and made our brief stay with them as pleasant as possible.

It is well to note here, that the roads on which we had moved

and were subsequently to move, were so blocked with the advance of troops and artillery wagons that the supply train could not get with us, and we were obliged to subsist on what we could secure from houses, fields and orchards along the route. Green corn and green apples constituted our principal rations from September 10th to September 19th.

It was not until the Federal Army reached Frederick City that General McClellan received reliable information of the intentions of Lee. This was disclosed to him by an order found in the camp of the 27th Indiana Regiment, and known in history as the famous lost order. This order, it is stated by Colonel Taylor, Adjutant-General of Lee's army, was sent to General D. H. Hill, who was in command of a division which at that time was not attached to either of the two wings of the Confederate Army, under the leadership of Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet, and was carelessly left by some one in Hill's camp. A copy of the order was also sent him by Stonewall Jackson, who regarded him as part of his command, and this copy he received and preserved, whilst the original was lost.

As the 27th Indiana Regiment constituted part of the First Division of the Twelfth Army Corps, to which the 125th Pennsylvania Regiment belonged, it is proper to give said order, and detail the circumstances of its finding. The order reads as follows:

Special Orders
No. 191.

Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia,
September 9, 1862.

The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance, and, after passing Middletown, with such portion as he may select, take the route towards Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday night take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry. General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonsboro, where it will halt with the reserve supply and baggage trains of the army.

General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson will follow General Longstreet; on reaching Middletown, he will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning possess himself of the Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of Loudon Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning, Keys' Ford on his left, and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, coöperate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear-guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance and supply trains, &c., will precede General Hill.

General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the command of Generals Longstreet, Jackson and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry will cover the route of the army and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonsboro' or Hagerstown. Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons, for use of the men at their encampments, to procure wood, &c.

BY COMMAND OF GENERAL R. E. LEE:

Major-General D. H. HILL,
Commanding Division.

R. H. CHILTON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Colonel Silas Colegrove, of the 27th Indiana Regiment, in an article published in the "Century Magazine" in 1886, says the Twelfth Corps reached Frederick about noon of September 13th, and his regiment stacked arms on the same ground that had been occupied by Hill's division the previous evening, and soon after halting the order was brought to him by First Sergeant John M. Bloss, and Private B. W. Mitchell, of Company "B," of the regiment, who said they found it in their camp, wrapped around three cigars. He at once sent it to the headquarters of General Williams, commanding the corps, and his Adjutant-General, Colonel Pittman, recognized the handwriting of R. H. Chilton, who signed the order, and with which he was familiar, and sent it to General McClellan.

This order gave General McClellan the reliable information that he says he received on September 13th, of the intentions of the enemy, and the proposed capture of Harper's Ferry; and in a letter written to General Franklin that evening he gave him the substance of the order that had been found, and told him that his signal officers reported to him that the Confederate General

McLaws was in Pleasant Valley, and that the firing heard showed that Colonel Miles still held out at Harper's Ferry. He also says it was then clear to him that it was necessary to force a passage of the South Mountain range, and gain possession of Boonsboro and Rohrersville before relief could be afforded by him to Harper's Ferry, or communication opened with Miles, as ordered by General Halleck from Washington on September 11th. He accordingly moved the right wing of the army to Middletown valley that afternoon, and prepared himself to move forward that night and the next morning with the balance of the army.

Lee's army at that time was greatly divided, but when he learned on the night of September 13th that McClellan was rapidly approaching the South Mountain range, he at once ordered back from Hagerstown two divisions of Longstreet to reinforce Hill, who was then holding said mountain range.

General Cox's division, known as the Kanawha division, by reason of its previous assignment to the Kanawha region in West Virginia, and which was temporarily attached to the Ninth Corps, moved at six o'clock on the morning of September 14th from Middletown to the support of the cavalry under General Pleasanton, who were then at the foot of South Mountain. The Catoctin creek flows here, and here also is the old road over the mountain on which General Braddock and his principal aide, George Washington, marched in the year 1755, prior to the expedition against Fort DuQuesne. Cox reached Pleasanton about nine o'clock in the morning, and at once proceeded to ascend the mountain. His division was composed of six Ohio regiments, in two brigades of three regiments each, commanded respectively by Colonels Scammon and Crook, and one of these regiments (the 23d Ohio) had among its numbers two men who afterwards became Presidents of the United States, viz.: Rutherford B. Hayes and William McKinley. In the ascent of the mountain, Cox moved by the left of the road, known then and now as the old Sharpsburg or Braddock road, and encountering D. H. Hill's command at Fox's Gap brought on the battle of South Mountain. He carried and held the crest of the mountain at this point before the arrival of the balance of Burnside's command, that had gone to his assistance but did not reach him until after twelve o'clock noon. Hooker's First Corps, that had moved from the Monocacy at daylight, came up in the afternoon, and with the greater part of the Ninth Corps

under Reno, assaulted the enemy at Turner's Gap, one mile north of Fox's Gap, and by the country road known then and now as the old Hagerstown road.

About this time, Longstreet reinforced D. H. Hill, and General Franklin, who commanded the left wing of the Federal army, arrived at Burkitville, in rear of Crampton's Gap, six miles below Turner's Gap, and moving forward to the Gap encountered Cobb's Confederate brigade, of McLaw's division. After a three hours' contest, in which Cobb was assisted by Semmes and Mahone, the command of Franklin drove the enemy from the top of the mountain at the Gap, and descended into Pleasant Valley, within three and one-half miles of Maryland Heights; and from here it was his intention to move to the relief of Miles at Harper's Ferry the next morning.

The action at Turner's Gap was of longer duration and more stubborn, and whilst it was going on, the centre column, under Sumner, of which the 125th Pennsylvania Regiment was a part, was straining every nerve to reach the scene of action and take part. We were ordered to move at nine o'clock in the morning by the Shookstown road, and we did move at that time, but were halted for two hours in the streets of Frederick City to allow other commands to pass, and when we moved again it was to the Catoctin hills, among which we marched in order to screen our movement from the enemy. About four o'clock in the afternoon, whilst Hooker and Reno were making their fierce attack on Hill and Longstreet, at Turner's Gap, we got into open country and could see the South Mountain passes, hear the discharge of cannon and musketry, and notice that a battle was raging. We then moved more rapidly, and after crossing the Catoctin creek at night and coming to the base of the mountain, we passed ambulances, with wounded men, going to the rear, and one containing the remains of General Reno, who was killed that evening. The fighting continued into the night, and evidences of battle multiplied from the number of wounded men we passed. On, on, further into the night and further up the mountain, we went, and could hear in the distance faint strains of music, supposed by some of our men to come from a Confederate band. About three o'clock in the morning a halt was ordered in a field near the village of Bolivar, where the old Hagerstown road diverges to the right and the old Sharpsburg road to the left. Here we lay until

after daylight. This march from Frederick was the most severe and exhausting of any that we had thus far had. At break of day, of September 15th, the pickets of General Burnside made the discovery that the enemy had gone, and we moved forward to a stone wall in front, only to find a large number of wounded Confederates. A hasty survey of the battlefield showed that the engagement the previous day had been fierce, for the dead and wounded of both armies were thickly strewn along the roadsides and in the adjoining fields and woods, and it also showed that victory was with the Federals.

Franklin's command, that had gone into Pleasant Valley the previous evening, moved towards Maryland Heights, to relieve General Miles, but when it reached a point near Rohrersville Franklin discovered that McLaws had six brigades stretched across Pleasant Valley to bar his further progress, and he did not deem it prudent to attack. Soon thereafter news was received of the surrender of Harper's Ferry by Miles, and General Franklin was ordered to remain where he was, and watch the force in front of him, and protect the Federal left and rear.

We will all recollect how indignant the army was when it received the news of the surrender of Harper's Ferry. We got a new corps commander the morning of September 15th, in the person of General Mansfield, and we well remember how favorably impressed we were with his fine fatherly appearance and with the deep interest he took in us.

General Williams, who had command of the corps from the time of our assignment to it, now took charge of the first division of the corps.

We moved this morning at ten o'clock, on the Hagerstown road, past trees and ground torn and ploughed by yesterday's battle. About eleven o'clock, General McClellan rode past the line amid deafening cheers from the men, and soon thereafter we met a flag of truce accompanied by a guard of Confederates in search of the body of General Garland, of North Carolina, who was killed the previous day. We reached Boonsboro about four o'clock in the afternoon, and learned that the Federal cavalry had a brisk skirmish there in the morning, in which two hundred and fifty Confederate prisoners were captured. Dead horses were lying in the streets of the town, the result partly of the skirmish in the morning. Here we left the Hagerstown road and moved

to the left, and halted for the night in a field near Keedysville, on the heels of the enemy.

The Confederate army had taken position on the heights beyond the Antietam creek, and as the Federal army approached, it was met by a heavy artillery fire from the western bank of the said creek, to which Tidball's and Pettit's batteries, of Pleasanton's command, replied, but on an examination of the position General McClellan determined it was too late to make an attack that day, and devoted his time to massing the army and placing batteries in position.

On the morning of September 16th, General McClellan discovered that the enemy was still in position for battle, though his line had been changed some during the night. In his front, one mile east of Sharpsburg, he had the Antietam creek, which rises north of Hagerstown, and flows south between high steep banks, and empties into the Potomac three miles south of Sharpsburg. The ground west of said creek is irregular and undulating, first rising and then sloping towards the Potomac, and at that time was interspersed with woods or strips of timber. The Potomac near here makes a number of sharp bends, which afford admirable protection to the flanks of an army, and Lee taking advantage of the irregularities in the ground and the woods for concealing his force, and of the curves in the Potomac and the steep banks of the Antietam for the protection of the flanks and front of his army, had arranged it for battle in an angle formed by the river and creek, the line being about three and one-half miles long. The arrangement thus made covered the Shepherdstown ford into Virginia, and the town of Sharpsburg, where he established his headquarters. A better and stronger defensive position naturally than the one selected by Lee could not be found anywhere for an army, and in this strong position he made up his mind to fight the battle of Antietam that events had forced upon him, and which it is said he could not avoid without losing the prestige his previous engagements had won for him.

McClellan found out, through the reconnoissances he made, that the centre of the Confederate army was along private roads and through a succession of fields extending towards the Antietam creek; that its left was at the cross roads on the Hagerstown turnpike beyond the house of David R. Miller, with a protection of cavalry reaching to the Potomac at one of its sharp

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

bends, and that its right rested on the Snavely farm, south of Sharpsburg.

A road leads from Sharpsburg to the Shepherdstown ford, and, being in the rear of the Confederate army, was easily kept open and afforded a line of retreat for the army, when retreat was found necessary.

The Antietam, near where the army was located, is crossed by four stone bridges, the first or upper one, on the road leading from Keedysville to Williamsport, the second one two and one-half miles below, on the Keedysville and Sharpsburg turnpike, the third one mile below the second, on the road leading to Rohrersville, and now known as the Burnside bridge, and the fourth near the mouth of the Antietam creek, three miles below the third, on the Harper's Ferry road; and McClellan found also, on his reconnoissances, that bridge number two was near his line, and had to be protected by him, and that bridge number three was strongly defended by the enemy.

Stonewall Jackson, who had been at Harper's Ferry, reinforced Lee about noon of September 16th, and took position on the left of his line of battle; and General Walker says he also arrived with two brigades and reported to Lee about the same time, but rested until daylight the next morning, and then took position on the right, in support of General Toombs.

General McClellan established his headquarters at the Pry house, a large brick building east of the Antietam creek, and says he spent the morning of September 16th "in reconnoitering the new position taken up by the enemy, examining the grounds, finding fords, clearing the approaches, and hurrying up the ammunition and supply trains which had been delayed by the rapid marches of the troops over the few practicable approaches from Frederick."

During that forenoon there was an artillery duel between the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, Louisiana, stationed west of the Antietam creek, and Federal batteries east of said creek, which lasted, according to the report of Colonel Walton, of the Washington Artillery, forty minutes, and in which Major Arndt, of the First New York Artillery, was mortally wounded.

The 125th Pennsylvania Regiment was placed in line of battle several times during the forenoon, and marched towards the front, but orders for its advance were countermanded, and at twelve

o'clock noon we were moved to a field in the rear, and ordered to rest on our arms. We had previously supposed, from the double-quick time in which we left our bivouack in the morning, and the hurried orders to load, that a battle was imminent. We were ready for the fray, but when the artillery duel, as aforesaid, ended, we moved to the rear, and were led to believe there would be nothing for us to do that day, and that we would rest in the field where we then were during the afternoon and night, but in this we were partially disappointed, as we shall see a little later on.

Having ascertained the position of the enemy, McClellan at once planned his battle, which was to attack Lee's left with the corps of Hooker and Mansfield, supported by Sumner and Franklin, whilst Burnside attacked his right, and when these movements were successful the centre was to be attacked with all the available forces at his command. He accordingly, at two o'clock that afternoon, ordered Hooker to cross the Antietam at the upper bridge and a ford near by, with the divisions of Ricketts, Meade and Doubleday, and attack and endeavor to turn the enemy's left. Hooker made ready to move as ordered, starting at four o'clock in the afternoon, and cautiously feeling his way; his leading division, composed of the Pennsylvania Reserves under Meade, came upon the enemy soon after sunset in a belt of timber near the house of David R. Miller, known as the East Woods. A sharp engagement, lasting until dark, took place between Hooker and Hood's Confederate division, aided by two brigades of Stonewall Jackson's command, in which Colonel McNeill, of the Pennsylvania Bucktails, was killed. Firing ceased at night, and the men of both sides laid down to rest, and so near together were they said to be that the pickets could hear each other walk.

A brief description of the ground here is necessary to an understanding of the battle of the next day.

To the northwest front of the east woods in which Hooker came upon the enemy was the house and orchard of David R. Miller. The Hagerstown turnpike, extending from Hagerstown to Sharpsburg, runs close to said house, and in a field some distance in front of the house there were then straw stacks. In rear of the house there was at that time a small cornfield, and further back, with intervening ground full of irregularities, such as gullies, depressions and rocks, there was a woods known as

Sam Poffenberger's woods. To the right of the irregular ground, looking towards the Miller house, was the north woods, near where the left of the Confederate line rested. To the left and south of the house of David R. Miller was a large cornfield that reached from the east woods to the Hagerstown turnpike; adjoining it on the left and south was a smaller field that was harrowed, and which also extended from the east woods to the Hagerstown turnpike, and adjoining the harrowed field on the left and south was a field that had been in clover but was then partly ploughed, and it too extended to the Hagerstown turnpike. The turnpike runs in front of these three fields, and beyond it was another belt of timber known as the west woods, which was larger than the east woods. Towards the southeastern edge of the west woods, there stood and still stands the historic Dunker church, a small brick building that in the past had been whitewashed and was first taken to be a school house. To the right of the west woods, in the direction of the Nicodemus farm, and near where the straw stacks were located, there was a small woods, to which no name is given. Through the east woods, and skirting the southeastern edge of the harrowed field and the whole of the field partly ploughed and partly in clover, the road, known as the Smoketown road, runs, and terminates at the Hagerstown turnpike opposite the Dunker church. South of the Smoketown road, after it leaves the east woods, is the Mumma farm, and adjoining it, in the direction of the Antietam creek, is the Roulette farm. Southeast of the Dunker church, towards Sharpsburg, a lane, now known as the bloody lane, leaves the Hagerstown turnpike and connects with other lanes leading to different farm houses, and some distance in front of this lane, in the direction of and near Sharpsburg, is the Piper house and farm.

The ground of which this rough description is given was where the left and centre of the Confederate army was found, and it was destined on the morrow to be the scene of the most sanguinary single day's conflict of the Civil War.

About the same time McClellan gave orders to General Hooker to take his corps across the Antietam and attack the enemy's left, he ordered General Sumner to have Mansfield's command follow Hooker during the night, and to hold his own corps ready to move in the morning. At ten o'clock that night the 125th Pennsylvania Regiment received marching orders, and

the hopes we had entertained of having a sound night's rest where we then lay were gone. General Sumner, who commanded the right wing of the army, says the command moved at 11.30 that night. When we took up our march, the regiment followed the lead, in person, of the corps commander, General Mansfield. We were ordered not to speak above a whisper nor allow canteens to rattle, for the reason that we were near the enemy's line. We moved for three miles in a circuitous direction, crossing the Antietam at the same ford, near the upper bridge, where General Hooker had crossed in the afternoon, and halted in a ploughed field on the farm of George Lines, close to his house, and about one mile in rear of General Hooker's line. Here we lay until daybreak, and here we found a hospital had been established, where Federal wounded in the brief engagement that evening were brought, and where the Twelfth Corps commander breathed his last the next afternoon, at four o'clock. Soon after halting, the body of Colonel McNeill, of the Pennsylvania Bucktails, who had been killed in the evening, was borne past our line to the hospital. Shortly afterwards, comrades of the Regiment in going to a nearby pump to fill their canteens were stopped by a guard, and informed they could have no water, as it was all wanted for the hospital. The rest of the corps was near us, and Federal pickets were in our immediate front. We slept but little that night, and knew from the silence enjoined and the circumstances that surrounded us that a battle was about to be fought. Thoughts of home and of dear ones left behind us filled our minds, but the determination to do our duty when called upon was not wanting.

With the first gray streaks of morning, battle in the east woods began between Hooker and Stonewall Jackson, the Pennsylvania Reserves (the centre of Hooker's line), opening the contest, which soon became general along the whole line. To the right of Meade's Pennsylvania Reserves, was the division of Doubleday, partly astride the Hagerstown turnpike, north of the house of David R. Miller, and on Meade's left was Ricketts' division; and for the possession of the east woods and the large cornfield in front the contest was fierce and obstinate between Hooker and Jackson.

The Twelfth Corps moved towards the scene of action at daybreak, and the order to fall in was at once given the 125th

Pennsylvania Regiment. The exact time at which we moved is not stated, but no account makes it earlier than 5.30 or later than 6.00 A. M. The Sergeant-Major says that we first moved by the flank, and then by the front in column by company closed in mass. Colonel Higgins says the 125th took the lead of the corps in its advance. We moved as rapidly as circumstances would permit, through fields and strips of timber, and this movement appeared to be in the shape of a letter "Z." We were perhaps one hour in reaching the battle-field, owing to numerous halts that were made. General Stuart, who was protecting the Confederate left, shelled the column with his batteries, from the time we started until we reached the field, but no harm was done us. When we arrived at Sam Poffenberger woods, wounded men were fast coming to the rear. They belonged principally to the Pennsylvania Reserves, and of the brigade commanded by Colonel Magilton.

It was understood that we were ordered to the relief of Ricketts' division, and we did finally relieve that division, but the first move we made on the field was more to the right. General Williams says the first brigade of the first division of the Twelfth Corps was ordered to deploy to the right, with its right regiment extending to the Hagerstown turnpike, and Gordon was to hold the centre, whilst Greene's division was directed to the ridge on the left. General Crawford says that said first brigade was on the right of the line in the movement to the front, and it was not until the third order came that it fully deployed. Colonel Higgins says, in a letter to John M. Gould, of the Tenth Maine Regiment, in February, 1891, that he moved the regiment first towards the straw stacks on the farm of David R. Miller, by order of General Crawford, and then back again into a woods. These stacks were to the right of the line of battle, and this order of General Williams and statement of Colonel Higgins will explain the zigzag movements we made before reaching the east woods. It is certain that we swept through an orchard where the artillery fire was very severe, and that the deployment first made in line of battle was in or close to the narrow strip of woods back of the east woods, known as the Sam Poffenberger woods.

On the movement to the battlefield, we noticed, to the left, the buildings on the Mumma farm on fire. These were set on fire

by D. H. Hill's men, and General Ripley, in his report of the battle, says they were set on fire to prevent them from being used by the Federal army. As the Twelfth Corps approached the field we moved on the double-quick, owing to an urgent request from General Hooker to hurry to his assistance, as all his reserves were then employed. Hartsuff, one of his principal brigadiers, had been thrown into a breach to stay an advance of the enemy, and was wounded. Men were falling rapidly, and sad and ghastly were the sights that met our view, only to be multiplied afterwards. Jackson had received assistance from D. H. Hill's and Ewell's divisions, and was fighting hard to hold his ground. Subsequently he was reinforced by Hood's division that had been relieved the night before to prepare something to eat, and also by other commands, whilst S. D. Lee's batteries, of Stuart's cavalry division, further rendered him valuable assistance; but at the same time Federal batteries east of the Antietam enfiladed his line and did him damage. General Crawford's report states that we moved forward from the right through woods and open space, and drove before us a thin line of the enemy's skirmishers, and that "the struggle for the skirt of woods to which the enemy clung and the open space and cornfields opposite and along the turnpike on the right was long and determined."

The deployment of the 125th Pennsylvania Regiment at the Sam Poffenberger woods, to the right of the Smoketown road, was in reverse order, that is the right of the regiment was where the left should have been, and in this order we moved towards the straw stacks, as aforesaid, and east woods, with Company "G" in advance, as skirmishers. When we emerged from the first woods we noticed a brigade re-forming at the small cornfield and then moving to the front. We soon came upon the line of the enemy that General Crawford mentions, and further on, a distance perhaps of two hundred and fifty yards, we were fired upon by a small regiment, since ascertained to be the Fifth Texas, and Private James Hunter, of Company "A," was killed. This was our first loss, and it occurred on ground not far from the east woods; and we are doubtless the strong Federal reinforcement that Captain Ike M. Turner, of the Fifth Texas, mentions in his report of the battle. We all recollect distinctly of this small regiment firing on us, and then running back into the east woods. The regiment still moved on, as stated by Colonel

Higgins in his report, under a heavy fire of musketry and shot and shell, and then fell back a short distance, and then again moved forward until it got a firm lodgment in the east woods. In the movement from the Sam Poffenberger woods, Colonel Hawley, of the 124th Pennsylvania Regiment, says we passed his regiment at a gully in the irregular ground back of the small cornfield through which we went, and General Knipe says, in substance, that the brigade took position some distance back in the woods, to the front of which Federal troops were engaging the enemy, and that the original intention was that the 124th, 128th and 125th Pennsylvania regiments were to move first to the front, but this plan was not carried out.

No sooner had the Twelfth Corps come to the east woods, says General Williams, than General Gibbon asked to have reinforcements sent to his right, and Goodrich's brigade, of Greene's division, was accordingly detached and sent to the assistance of General Patrick. He also says that the 124th Pennsylvania was detached from the first brigade, and sent to the right, past the house of David R. Miller. It took position astride the turnpike in the direction of the stacks, of which previous reference has been made. General Williams further says that the whole corps was engaged as early as from 6.30 to 7 o'clock in the morning.

Hooker had previously cleared the large cornfield of the enemy by heavy discharges of canister, and had pushed his columns on the right across the turnpike towards the west woods, but had been driven back before superior numbers, and Ricketts, of his command, met a similar fate on the left, but held position in the edge of the east woods, confronted by Lawton and part of D. H. Hill's division.

The enemy had again taken possession of the large cornfield, and General Williams says, had advanced his men to the fields in front of the west woods along a ridge extending to the house of David R. Miller, and beyond, a distance not discernible. His supports and reinforcements were concealed in the west woods and in the ravines there and in their rear. The cornfield in front of the east woods that the enemy had taken possession of also concealed his men from our view.

The general position of the Twelfth Corps was to the left of Hooker, and the attack it made was oblique to his line. As we approached the east woods, troops of General Duryea's com-

mand retired, and when we got fairly in position, battling, which had previously been severe, became terrific, and for the next three hours a rich harvest of death was reaped on the right of the Federal line. We were exposed to a fire from the enemy's batteries on the right, and to an exceedingly heavy fire of musketry and artillery in front, and report of the battle states that it was from one and one-half to two hours before the enemy was fully driven back to the west woods.

The brigade commander moved the brigade to which we were attached to the front of the east woods, in column of division, the 46th Pennsylvania being on the right and the 10th Maine on the left, with the 125th and 128th Pennsylvania in the rear. The leading regiments, 46th Pennsylvania, 10th Maine and 28th New York, opened fire on the enemy, says the brigade commander, at the large cornfield, about two hundred and fifty yards in their front.

The 125th was ordered to the large cornfield, and moved forward, with Company "G" in its front as skirmishers, but after nearing the position of the three leading regiments, it was halted, and the 128th Pennsylvania, whom we recollect by the white haversacks carried by its men and the shrill voice of its colonel, filed partly through our line and to its right, and moved towards the cornfield. It took position on the right of the 46th Pennsylvania, and at once engaged the enemy, meeting with heavy loss. Its colonel was killed and lieutenant-colonel wounded, and it seemed to have been thrown into confusion. At this time the corps commander, General Mansfield, rode forward to a point near where they were engaged, apparently to reconnoitre or watch the progress of the engagement, and was mortally wounded by a sharpshooter. This occurred to the right front of the 125th Pennsylvania Regiment, about seven o'clock in the morning, and we will give the account of it later.

General Williams then assumed command of the corps, General Crawford of the division, and Colonel Knipe, of the 46th Pennsylvania, of the brigade.

At this time, General Crawford found Gordon's brigade, of the division, battling hard on the centre of the line and meeting with success, and Greene's division, consisting of the brigades of Stainrook and Tyndale, was about to move through the east woods, to drive the Confederates, under General Colquitt,

therefrom. Goodrich's brigade, of said division, had been sent to the right, to the assistance of General Patrick, and the 124th Pennsylvania Regiment, of the First Brigade, had also been sent to the right, and was placed astride the Hagerstown turnpike.

General Hooker notified Crawford that these woods must be held at all hazards, as otherwise the right of the army would be imperilled. Very soon after the wounding of General Mansfield, the 125th was moved quickly to the rear and right, and then obliquely to the left, and then further to the left front. This, the brigade commander, General Knipe, informed the writer, was done by order of General Crawford.

Just now, and soon afterwards, the scenes of excitement and sadness are almost beyond description. Colonel H. Kyd Douglass, who was an aide on the staff of Stonewall Jackson, speaks of the Twelfth Corps' fight, in his article in the "Century Magazine," in the year 1886, as follows:

"Next Mansfield entered the fight, and beat with resistless might on Jackson's people. The battle here grew angry and bloody, Starke was killed, Lawton wounded, and nearly all their general and field officers had fallen; the sullen Confederate line again fell back, killing Mansfield, and wounding Hooker, Crawford and Hartsuff."

Stonewall Jackson, in his report of the battle, says:

"About sunrise the Federal infantry advanced in heavy force to the edge of the woods on the eastern side of the turnpike, driving in our skirmishers. Batteries were opened in front from the woods, with shell and canister, and our troops became exposed for nearly an hour to a terrific storm of shell, canister and musketry. . . . With heroic spirit our lines advanced to the conflict and maintained their position in the face of superior numbers, with stubborn resolution, sometimes driving the enemy before them and sometimes compelled to fall back before their well-sustained and destructive fire. Fresh troops from time to time relieved the enemy's ranks, and the carnage on both sides was terrific. At this early hour General Starke was killed; Colonel Douglass, commanding Lawton's brigade, was killed; General Lawton, commanding the division, and Colonel Walker, commanding the brigade, were severely wounded. More than one-half of the brigades of Lawton and Hays were either killed or wounded, and more than one-third of Trimble's, and all the regimental

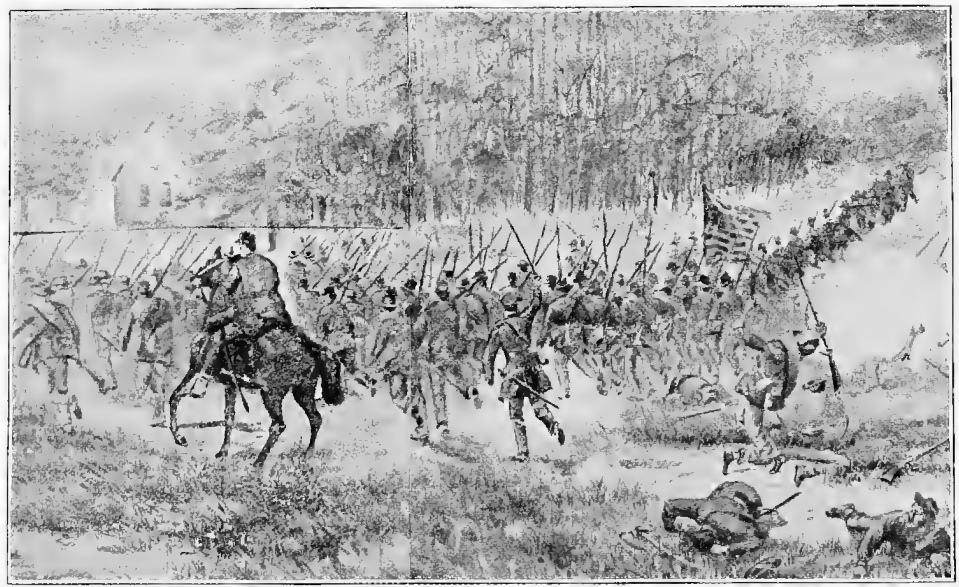
commanders in those brigades, except two, were killed or wounded. Thinned in their ranks and exhausted of their ammunition, Jackson's division, and the brigades of Lawton, Hays and Trimble retired to the rear, and Hood, of Longstreet's command, again took the position from which he had been before relieved."

The second movement of the 125th to the left front, after the fatal wounding of General Mansfield, brought us to the edge of the harrowed field south of the large cornfield. Here the regiment righted itself, and here we found some of the 90th Pennsylvania. In this movement we captured a number of prisoners, who had taken refuge behind rocky knolls, but now came forward and surrendered themselves, some with handkerchiefs tied on ramrods. An iron gun battery was in front, exchanging shots with a Confederate battery on the limestone ledge, to the left front of the Dunker church. This battery was supposed to be Ricketts', under command of Captain Matthews, but we are now led to believe it was Edgel's First New Hampshire Battery. Ricketts' men say their battery did not get south of the great cornfield. We lay on our faces behind this battery, as the firing here was severe. At this time, General Greene was moving towards the burning buildings and the rest of the corps was fighting to the right, and had succeeded in clearing the large cornfield. The next move of the regiment was by the flank to the left, through the harrowed field, and field partly ploughed, to the Smoketown road. On this move we passed many dead and wounded men, and previously, near the edge of the east woods, south of the cornfield, one of the gloves of Colonel H. B. Strong, of the Sixth Louisiana Regiment, was picked up and handed to Colonel Higgins by Adjutant Johnston.

As we approached the Smoketown road, a brass gun battery came out the road and took position on rising ground in front of us, and this battery we were ordered to support. Company "B" was south of said road, and Company "G" partly in the road and partly, with the rest of the regiment, in the field that had been in clover but had the portion of it next the Hagerstown turnpike ploughed. This battery that was supposed to be Battery "B," 4th United States Artillery, has since, through the Antietam Battlefield Commission, been definitely ascertained to be Captain Monroe's First Rhode Island Battery.

Exceedingly severe was the enemy's fire here, especially at

mounted officers. To protect ourselves, we lay on our faces, and we persuaded the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment to dismount, and scarcely had the latter done so when a shell tore away the stirrup strap of the saddle on his horse, exploded and disabled him, and caused the horse to run away. About the same time, another shell went through a horse of an orderly of General Williams, then bounded over the battle line and burrowed itself in the ground. The horse that had been hit pawed a furrow in the ground, and laid down and died. Here General Hooker came to Colonel Higgins and asked him if any troops were in the west woods, and the Colonel told him none but Rebels. Whilst the two were talking his (Hooker's) horse was hit by a ball, to which his attention was called, and he quickly rode away. It is possible that he was wounded himself at this time, for he says in his report that he was not aware that he had been wounded, and that he had to be lifted from his saddle through weakness caused by loss of blood; and General Sumner says when he arrived on the field by himself, a surgeon was about to dress Hooker's wound. Looking in front, musket balls were raising the dust in the same manner that large drops of rain ripple a smooth surface of water, and their sizzing and binging about our ears was without cessation. The Sergeant-Major of the regiment mentions the case of a member of one of the Huntingdon County companies picking up a bullet that had flattened itself on a stone at his head as though struck with a hammer. At the fence corner, on the Smoketown road, Corporal John G. Christian, of Company "G," was wounded by a grape shot, from the effects of which he died three years later, and about the same time one of the artillerists in front had his leg severed below the knee with a solid shot. This battery of Captain Monroe, to the front, was silencing the Confederate battery on the limestone ledge near the church, and also paying attention to other batteries further on. The coolness of its commander, whilst this was going on, was remarkable. He talked to Captain McKeage as though a perfect calm surrounded us. The Sergeant-Major also mentions an amusing incident here, which is, that in the midst of the enemy's heavy firing, he heard Calvin B. Shearer, of Company "F," sing out, "Here's your Baltimore Clipper." Another incident that can be mentioned is, that a pup belonging to the artillerists in front, becoming frightened, crept into the shirt bosom of Albert Robison, of



Advance of the 125th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers on Dunkard Church, at Antietam, September 17, 1862.

Company " G," for protection. Whilst at this point, no Federal troops nearer than the great cornfield were on our right, and none whatever on our left, and men of Company " B " reported two mounted Confederate officers reconnoitring in the direction of the burning buildings. Doubtless General Greene's division of the corps had reached there by this time, and was about to engage the enemy.

As soon as the fire of the Confederate battery near the church was silenced, an officer, to us unknown, ordered the regiment into the west woods, and requested it to hold the same. To the command, " Forward," we moved with spirit and rapidity, driving before us some South Carolina and Georgia troops. When we came to the Hagerstown turnpike, Colonel Higgins says, Lieutenant-Colonel Newton, of the Sixth Georgia Regiment, was found in a dying condition. He asked Higgins for stimulants or morphine, and when told he had none, he said, " I am shot through. Oh, my God, I must die," and turned over and died.

At the eastern edge of the woods the regiment halted, and Company " G " was thrown forward as skirmishers. At the same time, Company " B " was sent to the church, a short distance to the left, and on reaching the same found it full of wounded Confederates. An advance, following the skirmish line, was then made, and a halt ordered to examine the position we were in. It was discovered we were far to the front of the Federal line and without supports. Colonel Higgins then ordered his brother, Lieutenant Higgins, of Company "B," to take his horse and ride back and inform General Crawford of the situation, and also request him to send us assistance at once, or we would be flanked by the enemy, who was in force in front and on the right. The skirmishers were again ordered forward, and the regiment followed to an elevation of ground near an outcropping of rocks. The skirmishers continued their forward movement, to a point close to the western edge of the woods, near a rectangular-shaped field on the right, where Confederate troops had a hospital, and took one prisoner, a young Georgian, who seized and tried to hold Private Reese Williams, of Company " G," when we were afterwards forced to retire from the woods. The South Carolina and Georgia troops that we previously drove before us, sought refuge in a ravine in the northwestern edge of the woods and the fields in their rear.

From the ravine or hollowed ground on the right, the enemy fired on the skirmish line, and wounded Private D. R. P. Johnston. A large column formed in the field in its front, and advanced towards it, carrying their guns at a right shoulder shift. The line did what it could to hold in check this column, as well as the force on the right, which was endeavoring to and did finally connect with the column moving towards it from the field, and some very narrow escapes were made here. The skirmishers were now recalled, as was also Company "B," near the left-rear of the church. The troops that the skirmish line encountered were of General Early's command, and of Stafford and Grigsby, of Jackson's division; and General Early, in his report, speaks thus of the skirmishers: "A body of the enemy, perhaps only skirmishers, had gotten into the woods to the left, and was firing upon our men, being held in check by a scattering fire." As soon as Companies "B" and "G" rejoined the regiment, that had fallen back a short distance, it opened fire on the enemy moving towards us, holding him at bay and repelling four different assaults made upon us with strong reinforcements. Whilst we were fighting here, General Sumner rode forward and asked of what command we were, went to our Colonel, and then rode rapidly back; and Colonel Higgins says, in a few minutes, General Gorman, of Sedgwick's division, of Sumner's corps, reported to him that his brigade was coming up, but was some distance back. Soon thereafter, the 34th New York Regiment, of Gorman's brigade, came up on the double-quick, and took position to our left and rear, and at once commenced firing on the enemy, with us.

It was now nine o'clock or after, and General Walker's division, that had moved rapidly from the Confederate right, had arrived at the west woods, and McLaw's division, that was twenty-two hours late in coming from Harper's Ferry, reached the said woods very soon thereafter, also one brigade of Anderson's division.

The different commands afore-mentioned, joining their forces with those we had previously been contending, overpowered and compelled us to retire from the woods, with heavy loss, after a hard fight of one-half hour, twenty minutes of which we were alone, and the only assistance we at any time had was from the 34th New York Regiment. The lines of the united commands

that drove the two regiments from the woods extended along their entire front and far beyond their right and left flanks, and in numbers said united commands were superior to them many times over. The Battlefield Commission say this force consisted of Kershaw's brigade of Longstreet's division, supported by Walker's division and Early's brigade, and that after causing the said two regiments to retire, it wheeled to the left, supported by the brigades of Semmes, Anderson and Barksdale, and part of Jackson's division, and struck the left flank of Sedgwick's division and forced it to retire. It is certain that both regiments held their positions in the woods as long as it was possible for them to do so against the overwhelming numbers hurled against them. The men of the 125th Regiment unwillingly retired from the woods, at the last moment; and Colonel Higgins says if we had remained in position two minutes longer we would all have been lost.

Colonel Suiter, of the 34th New York Regiment, gives this description of the attack made on the line of the two regiments:

"Arriving at about twenty yards in rear of a school house (the Dunker church), I discovered the enemy under the hill. I immediately ordered my command to fire, which they did in gallant order. From some cause, to me unknown, I had become detached from my command, the 125th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers being on my right. On my left and rear I was entirely unsupported by infantry or artillery. The enemy was in strong force at this point and poured in a tremendous fire of musketry and artillery upon me. At this time I discovered the enemy was making a move to flank me on the left. . . .

"Presently General Sedgwick arrived upon the ground. Moving down my line, he discovered the situation of my command, and that the point could not be held by me, and gave the order for me to retire, which I did. Rallying my command, I formed them in line of battle, supporting a battery some four hundred yards in the rear of the battlefield."

On falling back to the field partly ploughed, through which both regiments had previously advanced, the balance of Sedgwick's division was found coming up, and we halted momentarily with them, but at this time artillery officers rode amongst us and asked us to retire behind the line of batteries that had been formed to repel the fierce and heavy attack the enemy were now

making. This we did, though more or less confusion reigned, and in this falling back the Adjutant and Acting Major of the regiment was mortally wounded. The regimental colors were placed in the rear of the battery we had previously supported and around them we rallied.

Sedgwick's division was then on the right front of us, and appeared to have come from the direction of the large cornfield. The enemy kept on advancing and delivering a withering fire until near the batteries, and our loss in this field where the batteries were stationed, and through which we had fallen back, was heavy, as was also that of Sedgwick's division. In the west woods, the 34th New York, of this division, met with greater loss in proportion to numbers engaged than we, for the reason that the attack on the left was stronger than on the right and they received the full force of the same, as well as the fire on front directed against both regiments.

In the retreat from the said west woods, the regimental colors of the 125th were saved through bravery worthy of special mention. The color-sergeant, George A. Simpson, was shot and instantly killed and five of the color guard went down; then Eugene Boblitz, of Company "H," rescued and carried them for a distance, when he was badly wounded and handed them to Sergeant Walter W. Greenland, of Company "C," afterwards Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania, from whom Captain Wallace received them, and carried them to the rear of the battery which we were ordered to support. Meanwhile men were falling thick and fast as leaves in autumn. Hospital Steward J. Fletcher Conrad, before his death, stated to the writer that when attending an encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Columbus, Ohio, a few years since, he met a Confederate officer, who detailed the circumstances of the carrying of the regimental flag by Captain Wallace, and said that the Captain must have led a charmed life, as one hundred rifles were aimed at him without effect.

The two regiments got behind the batteries none too soon, for the enemy was then almost at the muzzles of the guns; but suddenly, not only these batteries in our front, but others to the right and left, commenced and continued a destructive fire which caused the enemy's line to sway, totter and fall back to the woods.

Sedgwick's line then moved forward amid a heavy fire, and

we also moved towards the woods, but when we came to the batteries, or a few steps in their front, it was ascertained we belonged to the Twelfth Corps, and we were then ordered to retire to a point near the edge of the east woods.

When Sedgwick reached the west woods they were a sheet of flame, and the battle appeared to redouble itself in fury, and he was obliged, after a fierce contest, to retire before the superior numbers we had previously encountered, and was wounded himself in the deadly struggle.

This advance movement of the enemy reached on the right a point where the second brigade of the first division of the Twelfth Corps had been battling, and General Crawford was wounded in the thigh in rallying some troops here. On the left, it reached General Greene's division, of the Twelfth Corps, on the Mumma farm, but was repelled by that gallant officer, who subsequently moved to the Dunker church and obtained a lodgment in the woods there, which he held until near the time General Franklin's command reached the field. General Kershaw, of McLaw's division, claims that the west woods were not occupied after the 125th Regiment and Sedgwick's division were driven therefrom, but General Greene's report shows that they were at least partly occupied.

General Walker says when he approached the west woods, Hood and Early were struggling to hold them, and General Ransom, who commanded one of the brigades of Walker's division, says he "immediately encountered the enemy in strong force flushed with a temporary success. A tremendous fire was poured into them, and without a halt the woods was cleared and the crest next the enemy occupied. At this time I determined to charge across a field in our front and to a woods beyond which was held by the enemy, but he again approached in force to within one hundred yards, when he was met by the same crushing fire which had driven him first from the position." This report of General Ransom, though overdrawn, corresponds more nearly with the recollection of the writer of the strong attack on the 125th Pennsylvania and 34th New York Regiments, the retreat of the two regiments from the west woods, and the subsequent advance of Sedgwick's division than any Confederate report we have yet read.

General Palfrey, late Colonel of the Twentieth Massachusetts

Regiment, in his book styled "The Antietam and Fredericksburg," gives an account of the battle at the point we were engaged, and of the advance of Sedgwick's division, that does injustice to the two aforementioned regiments. We called attention to this at our reunion on the battlefield on September 17th, 1888, and as General Palfrey is now dead, it is sufficient to say here that the 125th Pennsylvania and 34th New York Regiments had been in the west woods and tried hard to hold them, before the main portion of Sedgwick's division reached them, and that these two regiments at least were in sight when he came upon the field, and could have been found obeying orders to fall behind the batteries and there rallying. In other respects, we believe General Palfrey's full account of the battle on the right, on the part of Sedgwick's division, to be generally correct, and we give full praise to the brave Sedgwick and the men of his division for what they did on that eventful day; but the official reports of Colonels Higgins and Suiter and of General Gorman will show that we were in the woods before Sedgwick's division, and only the heavy odds we had to contend with compelled us to retire, and with their own 34th New York, we rallied behind the batteries that for a time drove back the enemy he subsequently met in the woods.

French and Richardson's divisions, of Sumner's corps, having crossed the Antietam at the same ford we crossed during the night, reached the field soon after Sedgwick. French arrived first. He bore to the left of General Greene, of the Twelfth Corps, and engaged D. H. Hill, on the Roulette farm. Richardson soon came to his assistance, and the two drove Hill from said farm. Hill then took position at the sunken road leading from the Hagerstown turnpike, now known as the bloody lane, and re-forming his lines awaited a further attack from French and Richardson, which was soon made.

It was now almost noon, and General Franklin, who had left his encampment in Pleasant Valley at 5.30 in the morning, made his appearance on the right, with the divisions of Smith and Slocum. He had for two days past been halting near Rohrersville, observing movements at Harper's Ferry, and when he marched for the battlefield he left behind him Couch's division to watch Maryland Heights. When he reached the field two of his brigades charged past the line we were holding, and moving to

the left of the Dunker church, assisted French and Richardson in their contest with D. H. Hill at the bloody lane. Here the struggle was long, determined and sanguinary, and General Nathan Kimball says it was three and one-half hours before Hill relinquished his hold on the sunken road and was forced back towards the Piper House. This attack on Hill caused a suspension of hostilities further to the right.

R. H. Anderson's division, of Longstreet's command, now reinforced Hill, and against these two forces Richardson's and part of French's division fought hard for ground about the Piper house, which they gained but subsequently relinquished, and at a cornfield between the bloody lane and the Piper house Richardson was mortally wounded. Near here the Confederate General G. B. Anderson was mortally wounded, also Generals R. H. Anderson and Wright.

Soon after General Franklin came on the field, and when fighting was sharp and severe on the left, an artillery officer rode up to Colonel Higgins and said to him: "Colonel, for God's sake, come and save my battery. I have no supports, and my horses are all shot, and I cannot get my guns away." The position of the battery was on the left front, and the Colonel, looking ahead, took in the situation at a glance, and, moving the regiment forward on the double-quick, the enemy was driven away and the guns saved. A few minutes later General Franklin came to Colonel Higgins, asked what regiment we were, and said we had just got to the battery in time to save it from capture, and that our action was right. He ordered him to remain where he was, in support of batteries, and also to take charge of the 124th Pennsylvania Regiment, which was in the east woods, near us, in command of its Major, its Colonel having been wounded. He also told him to say to our Brigade Commander "that General Franklin had ordered him and all would be right." This battery we thought to be Tompkins' Rhode Island Battery, but we have since learned, through the Antietam Battlefield Commission, it was the same one we had supported before entering the west woods, to wit: First Rhode Island, commanded by Captain Monroe.

The hard fighting now and during the afternoon was transferred to the centre and left of the line of battle, although a heavy artillery fire was kept up on the right that lasted until after night.

North of the Dunker church, Stuart, by direction of Lee, attempted a flank movement on the Federal line, but was driven back by an artillery fire from thirty batteries directed upon him by Doubleday; and General Pleasanton, who had been guarding bridge No. 1 over the Antietam, crossed the same with a force of cavalry and light artillery, and formed a flank support for General Richardson on his move from the Roulette farm and bloody lane to the Piper house, and he subsequently repelled a threatened attack on Hancock, who took command of the division after the wounding of Richardson. A battalion of regulars from Sykes' division was sent to the assistance of Pleasanton, and afterwards four other battalions were sent across the creek to assist in driving off the enemy's sharpshooters. These regulars made their way well up the hill where the National Cemetery is now located, and rendered valuable service.

The attack on the left was not made at the same time it was on the right, which General McClellan says he intended to have done, the difficulty in the way being the delay in carrying bridge No. 3 over the Antietam, now known as the Burnside bridge, that was strongly defended by Toombs' brigade, of Longstreet's command, and a protection of stone fences, rifle pits and breastworks of rails. Two attempts to carry it had been made during the forenoon but had failed, and several valuable officers had been killed, among others being Colonel Kingsbury, of the 11th Connecticut Regiment. It was not until one o'clock in the afternoon that a daring charge was made by the 51st Pennsylvania Regiment, Colonel Hartranft (afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania), and 51st New York Regiments, that the bridge was carried and the enemy driven to the heights beyond.

This charge was made at great cost of life, and is justly celebrated in history as one of the brilliant events of the war.

Other troops followed the three regiments that stormed the bridge. Rodman's division and the brigade of Colonel Scammon crossed the creek at a ford below the bridge, under a strong fire of musketry and artillery, and joined the troops that crossed the bridge. The balance of the Ninth Corps was now pushed across the stream, and at three o'clock General Burnside re-formed his lines, and, leaving Sturgis' division in reserve, moved forward and encountered D. R. Jones' division, of Longstreet's command, and, after driving it before him from field to field, he

succeeded in reaching the outskirts of Sharpsburg; but on moving to the heights on the left of the town, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, he ran against the strong division of A. P. Hill, that had arrived from Harper's Ferry, having crossed the Antietam at bridge No. 4, near its mouth. It at once made a determined assault on the left of Burnside's line, which was firmly met, and the battle for a time waxed warm. In meeting this attack of Hill a gap was made between the right and left of the line of battle, and in moving up troops to fill the same General Rodman was killed and Harland's brigade driven back, but Scammon came to his assistance and restored the line.

Fresh troops, however, kept reinforcing Hill's line, and some of the ground gained by Burnside had to be given up. It was now getting dusk and Sturgis' division went forward to the support of the left of the line of battle, and after a spirited contest checked the enemy and held him back.

Night coming on, hostilities ceased, and Antietam, the bloodiest single day's battle of the Civil War, was over.

Both armies rested where they had fought. On the right, the Federals occupied the east woods, and the Confederates the west woods and great cornfield. On the left the Federals occupied bridge No. 3 over the Antietam and ground adjacent thereto, and on the centre the lines were about as they were in the morning.

In the evening the 125th was relieved from support of batteries in front of the east woods by some of General Franklin's command, and moved back a short distance into the said woods, where it passed the night. We had previously supposed it was Couch's division that relieved us, but inquiry develops the fact that none of Couch's force reached the battlefield until the next morning, and it was other troops of General Franklin's command that took the position we had been holding.

The Federal army had suffered much from straggling in the campaign through which it had just gone, owing to rapid marches made and the failure of the supply train to keep up with it, and the 18th of September, General McClellan says, was "spent in collecting the dispersed, giving rest to the fatigued, removing the wounded, burying the dead, and the necessary preparations for a renewal of the battle."

Both armies faced each other all of that day but were inactive, and during the implied truce that existed some of the dead of our

own regiment were buried, and several of the wounded brought within the Federal lines. The body of Color-Sergeant Simpson was found by Private Robert Cozzens and brought within the lines by him, Isaiah Foster, William Friedly and one other person. The regiment also moved to the Sam Poffenberger woods in the right rear. During the night of the 18th, the enemy retreated across the Potomac into Virginia by way of the Shepherdstown ford, and left the battlefield in possession of the Federal army.

All who had an opportunity of seeing the field, on September 19th, with burial parties that were detailed from different commands, will bear witness to the many evidences of the desperate struggles made on the 17th. The great cornfield was said to contain a corpse for almost every hill of corn in the field. The fields around and in front of the house of David R. Miller, and beyond the Hagerstown turnpike, in the direction of the Nicodemus farm, and the east woods and small strip of woods northwest of the west woods, were covered with the dead. In the harrowed field, the field partly ploughed, the west woods, and everywhere around the Dunker church, the dead were thickly strewn at the close of the battle, and in places it required care to step without treading on a body. Mingled with them were many dead horses and broken artillery wagons. The Mumma farm, the Roulette farm and the Piper farm presented similar scenes, and at the bloody lane the dead lay three and four deep. The left of the line where General Burnside fought had also its full proportion of dead and wounded. Sergeant-Major Becker says that he talked with a Confederate officer at the truce line, on the 18th, who told him that many of their men were placed *hors de combat* by the sharp and effective fire of the 125th regiment in the west woods.

The deadly nature of the conflict on the 17th is best attested by reports of the battle made, and by histories afterwards written.

General Hooker says in his report:

"It was never my fortune to witness a more bloody, dismal battlefield."

General Gordon, who commanded the second brigade, of the first division, of the Twelfth Corps, and who took charge of the division after General Crawford was wounded and left the field, says:

"From sunrise to sunset, the waves of battle ebbed and flowed. Men wrestled with each other in lines of regiments, brigades and divisions, while regiment, brigade and division faded away under a terrible fire, leaving long lines of dead to mark where stood the living. Fields of corn were trampled into shreds, forests were battered and scattered, huge limbs sent crashing to the earth, rent by shell or round shot. Grape and canister mingled their hissing screams in this hellish carnival, yet within all this and through it all the patriots of the North wrestled with hearts strong and were unshaken."

General Gorman in his report mentions the many dead and wounded of the enemy he passed in the open field when moving his brigade to the west woods. William F. Fox, president of the Society of the Twelfth Army Corps, in his work on "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," says:

"Antietam was the bloodiest battle. More men were killed in that one day than on any other one day of the war. There were greater battles with greater loss of life, but they were not fought out on one day as at Antietam. At Gettysburg, Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania, the fighting covered three days or more; at the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Shiloh, Stone River, Chickamauga and Atlanta, the losses were divided between two days' fighting; but at Antietam, the bloody work commenced at sunrise, and by four o'clock that afternoon it was over."

And Richard Meade Bache, in his "Life of General George Gordon Meade," when speaking of Antietam, says:

"It was a terribly bloody day, the bloodiest single day of any in the annals of the Civil War, the losses on each side being between fourteen and fifteen thousand."

Confederate accounts of this terrible conflict are as strong as the Federal accounts. We have previously given extracts from the report of Stonewall Jackson and from the article in the "Century Magazine" by Colonel H. Kyd Douglass, but in addition thereto, General J. B. Hood, who wrote the book known as "Advance and Retreat," gives the part his division took in the battle, and, whilst we cannot agree with him in his statement of the overwhelming odds he had to contend with and the brilliant success that crowned his efforts, we think what he says of the severity of the engagement confirms former accounts. After mentioning the fact that his command had been relieved the

previous evening by Lawton's, Hays' and Trimble's brigades, to give his men an opportunity to cook some rations for themselves, he says that soon after daybreak he was ordered to the relief of said three brigades, and that

"Not far distant in our front were drawn up in close array heavy columns of Federal infantry, not less than two corps were in sight to oppose my small command, numbering approximately two thousand effectives. However, with the trusty Law on my right in the edge of the woods, and the gallant Colonel Wofford in command of the Texas brigade on the left, near the pike, we moved to the assault. Notwithstanding the overwhelming odds of over ten to one against us, we drove the enemy from the wood and cornfield back upon his reserves, and forced him to abandon his guns upon our left. This most deadly conflict raged till our last round of ammunition was expended. The first Texas regiment had lost in the cornfield full two-thirds of its number; and whole ranks of brave men, whose deeds were unrecorded save in the hearts of loved ones at home, were mowed down in heaps to the right and left. Never before was I so continuously troubled with fear that my horse would further injure some wounded soldier lying helpless on the ground . . . Upon the arrival of McLaws' division, we marched to the rear, renewed our supply of ammunition and returned to our position in the woods, near the church, which ground we held until a late hour in the afternoon, when we moved somewhat further to the right and bivouacked for the night. With the close of this bloody day ceased the hardest fought battle of the war."

General Longstreet, in his book, bearing the title, "From Manassas to Appomattox," says:

"The field lying along the Antietam and including in its scope the little town of Sharpsburg was destined to pass into history as the scene of the bloodiest single day's fighting of the war, and that 17th of September was to become memorable as the day of greatest carnage in the campaign between the north and the south."

Longstreet also says in an article he wrote for the "Century Magazine" in the year 1885:

"We were so badly crushed at the close of the day 10,000 fresh troops could have come in and taken Lee's army and everything it had, but McClellan did not know it, and feared when Burnside was pressed back that Sharpsburg was a Confederate victory, and that he would have to retire."

General McClellan estimated the Confederate force opposed to him at 97,445, and fixes his own force at 87,164. Lee estimated his strength at 37,000, but Longstreet says that on September 9th, the Confederate army, then at Frederick, numbered 61,000, and he thinks Lee had at Antietam 41,000 men. Other accounts make his force actually engaged very nearly equal to that of McClellan. It is conceded that the brunt of the battle on the Federal side was borne by 60,000 men, and that the command of Couch, and the division of Humphreys and the division of Morrell, of Fitz John Porter's corps, were not at all engaged; also that part of Sykes' division was but slightly engaged, and not all of Franklin's corps. On the Confederate side, Lee had his entire force in the battle, says Longstreet, except two brigades of A. P. Hill's division.

The Federal losses in the battle, by official report, were 2,108 killed, 9,549 wounded, and 753 missing, making an aggregate of 12,410. The Confederate losses have to be estimated for the reason that they are given as a whole during the Maryland campaign. Longstreet figures their losses in battle during that campaign at 13,687, and says the greater portion of them were sustained at Antietam. General McClellan's report states that 2,700 Confederate dead were counted and buried on the battlefield. The "Century Magazine" estimates the Confederate loss at 11,-172, as follows, to wit: 1,512 killed, 7,816 wounded, and 1,844 missing, and says that the great majority of the missing were killed. This estimate, added to the Federal statement, makes a total battle loss of 23,582. But few prisoners were taken, and nearly all the losses were in killed and wounded. Other accounts of Confederate losses vary, but none make it less than the "Century Magazine," and it is safe to say their estimate is a very conservative one.

General Longstreet, in contrasting Antietam with Gettysburg, says 2,108 Federals were killed at Antietam in one day, as against 3,070 at Gettysburg in three days, and that the Confederates had a loss at Antietam close to 12,000, whilst their killed and wounded in the three days' fight at Gettysburg numbered 15,298. Of the troops that Hooker and the troops of the Twelfth Corps (of which the 125th Pennsylvania Regiment was a part) and Sedgwick encountered, Early's division alone, assisted by Armistead's brigade, reports a loss of 1,336 in the battle. Hood's division

reports a loss in the Maryland campaign, sustained principally at Antietam, of 963; Walker's division a loss of 1,012; McLaw's division a loss of 952*; Jackson's division a loss of 1,276; Evans' brigade a loss of 309; Rodes' brigade a loss of 479; Ripley's brigade a loss of 347, and Colquitt's brigade a loss of 264. The First Corps (Hooker's) lost 2,590 men, the Twelfth Corps, 1,746 men, and Sedgwick's division, 2,210 men, according to official reports.

General McClellan gives the strength of the Twelfth Corps at 10,126, but reports show this to be a mistake, and it is believed the corps did not take into action more than 8,000 men. General Greene says his three brigades had a total effective force of 2,504. General Gordon's strength was 2,210, and best accounts agree that Crawford's brigade did not have over 3,000 men in line. One regiment of the brigade (Fifth Connecticut) was left behind at Frederick City. Reckoning 2,300 as the strength of the three new regiments (124th, 128th and 125th Pennsylvania), would leave 700 for the 10th Maine, 28th New York and 46th Pennsylvania, which we believe fully covers the force they had engaged. The 10th Maine was the largest of the three old regiments of the brigade, and it is certain that the 28th New York numbered less than 100 men.

General Williams says the losses of the corps (1,746) equalled twenty-five per cent. of the numbers engaged. This would make an effective force of 7,000, but 7,500, or 8,000 at the furthest, is thought to be more nearly correct. It was composed of five brigades, in two divisions, and was the smallest corps in the army; and its losses, in proportion to its strength, equalled the losses of Hooker's First Corps, composed of three divisions, that fought on the right of the Federal line, and to whose assistance we came on the morning of the battle. General Gorman says he had an effective force of 2,000, and, reckoning the strength of each of the other two brigades of Sedgwick's division at the same figures, the losses of that division exceeded the losses in the Twelfth Corps by about fifteen per cent. The total loss on the Federal right was 6,546, not including any in Franklin's command. Its loss amounted to 439, and part is said to have been sustained on

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* Kershaw's brigade alone reports a loss of 355 at Antietam. This brigade, the 34th New York and 125th Pennsylvania contended with.

the right. The total Confederate loss on this part of the field was 5,602, according to reports and estimates.

The 125th Pennsylvania Regiment moved to the front so early and so hastily on the morning of the 17th that it did not have roll-call, and the number of men it took into the engagement cannot be definitely ascertained. It had, by actual count, at organization, nine hundred and fourteen officers and men. We had a few desertions, and left behind us at Washington about sixty sick and disabled persons. We had perhaps as many more non-combatants and persons on detached service, such as musicians, teamsters, wagon guard, hospital attendants, and attachés of the commissary and quartermaster departments. We had also many foot-sore and weary comrades who dropped out of line, owing to the severity of the marches we made, and taking all these matters into consideration, it is doubtful if we left our bivouac on the Lines farm with a full seven hundred men. At one of the brief halts we made before reaching the battlefield, Orderly Sergeant David E. McCahan counted sixty-five officers and men in line in Company "G," and as it was one of the large companies of the regiment, it is believed that very few, if any, of the other nine companies had any more men with them, and that seven hundred is a liberal estimate of the number of men we had with us on the morning of the engagement. Colonel Higgins, at our reunions in 1888 and 1891, also thought we did not exceed and doubted if we had seven hundred men when we went into battle. Out of this number, we had fifty-four killed and mortally wounded, and ninety-one severely wounded, as follows:

Killed and mortally wounded:

Adjutant and Acting Major Robert M. Johnston.

COMPANY "A"

Corporals Amon G. Edwards and Andrew Woomer. Privates Austin Crissman, George Funk, James Hunter, Erastus Kinsel, Daniel Shaw and Theawalt Wolf.

COMPANY "B"

Privates Levi M. Ewing and John A. Teats.

COMPANY "C"

Color-Sergeant George A. Simpson. Corporal Benj. F. Williams. Privates Nicholas Decker, Uriah D. Hoffman, David Kuhn and John S. McCoy.

COMPANY "D"

Sergeant John A. Kelley. Privates Francis Bowen, John A. Brown, Emanuel Burley, John E. Davis, Isaac Markley, Joseph S. McLaughlin and John Rose.

COMPANY "E"

Privates Franklin S. Baker, Adam Burge and John Lier.

COMPANY "F"

Privates Benj. Cunningham, Joseph McCracken and William C. Walker.

COMPANY "G"

Corporal James H. Gibboney. Privates James Long and James D. Riddle.

COMPANY "H"

Corporals Peter Carton and James H. Dierfield. Privates Samuel Hess, Joseph W. Hoover, John S. McCarthy and Michael O'Donnell.

COMPANY "I"

Sergeant Alfred McAllister. Corporal Edward H. Wirt. Privates Thomas H. Clark, William W. Corbin, Samuel B. Harkin, William M. Hays, G. W. Householder and Joseph Snyder.

COMPANY "K"

Privates A. H. Boartman, Joshua Cratin, Louis McDermitt, Michael McDermitt, William Myers and Fred. C. Ward.

Severely wounded:

COMPANY "A"

Lieutenant W. F. Martin, arm. Privates John Coy, groin; Charles Huff, groin; John W. Isenberg, leg; George Vaughn, leg.

COMPANY "B"

Privates David R. Donnelly, leg; George McGonigal, thigh;

John E. Mock, both thighs, very serious; Milton Powell, hand; A. J. Simms, back; Benj. F. Wolfkill, head.

COMPANY "C"

Corporal J. Randolph Simpson, right lung. Privates M. B. Brenneman, thigh; Henry Hawn, ankle; Joshua R. Knode, ankle; John R. Lefford, neck; Alfred McPherran, thigh; Charles H. Reed, back; J. Easton Robb, ankle and arm; George Sprankle, foot; Elias A. Zeek, arm.

COMPANY "D"

Captain C. R. Hostetter, groin. Lieutenant Peter S. Treese, arm and leg. Sergeant E. L. Russ, stomach. Corporal William Burley, face and neck. Privates Stephen Aiken, face and neck; W. B. Blake, thigh; Levi Burley, ankle; Patrick Haney, wrist; Joseph Robertson, hip; John Rollin, thigh; John Walton, back; Harvey Williamson, hand.

COMPANY "E"

Corporals Peter Stroup, leg; Wm. McGinnis, ear. Privates Jesse L. Benton, arm; John Dunlap, hip and thigh; David Harklerode, hip.

COMPANY "F"

Captain William H. Simpson, shoulder. Lieutenant William C. Wagner, hip. Privates Charles Bryan, wrist; David R. Shorthill, side; William R. Strickler, thigh; Elias H. Switzer, breast and hand.

COMPANY "G"

Sergeant David E. McCahan, leg. Corporal John G. Christian, head. Privates Albert Beamer, arm; Thomas Charles, leg; James M. Holler, hip; James Johnston, head and breast; D. R. P. Johnston, shoulder; James Morrow, arm; Joseph G. Price, leg; John E. Prounkard, hand; Joseph H. Reed, lungs; John Sanders, arm; H. Bascom Sharer, shoulder blade.

COMPANY "H"

Sergeant John W. Lytle, leg. Privates Eugene Boblitz, leg; Cyrus Brindle, shoulder; George Burkholder, thigh; Valentine Crouse, hip; John W. Decker, breast; Levi Decker, arm and

shoulder; John Keifer, arm; John B. Morrison, back; Daniel Shawley, hand; James Snyder, leg.

COMPANY "I"

Lieutenant George Thomas, hip. Sergeant Thomas L. Hall, arm. Privates Alfred F. Baker, hand; Conrad Garlach, hand; Albert Hall, shoulder; Benj. Jamison, thigh; William Martin, arm; Solomon Mick, thigh; Frederick Miller, leg; Theodore Roupe, leg; John Seebeck, leg; Isaiah Shaffer, thigh and breast.

COMPANY "K"

Corporal John Comorford, shoulder. Privates John S. Beals, arm; William Beals, thigh; Simon Bender, shoulder; Charles Dillon, shoulder; Fred. Hoffman, side and hand; George W. Jones, thigh; P. F. Kearney, thigh; Samuel McCleary, head; Hiram McGuire, thigh; Abraham Rhodes, shoulder; Robert Smith, head.

There were eighty-four others slightly wounded who were not obliged to leave the regiment, and for that reason their names were not reported, prominent among them being Lieutenant-Colonel Szink, who was disabled by the explosion of a shell. Of the other eighty-three slightly wounded, twelve were reported from Company "A," ten from Company "B," five from Company "C," eleven from Company "D," nine from company "E," thirteen from Company "F," seven from Company "G," six from Company "H," four from Company "I," and six from Company "K."

Principal losses were sustained in the west woods and the field partly ploughed, through which we advanced and were afterwards driven back.

By regiment, the loss in killed and severely wounded was the heaviest of any in the brigade, the third heaviest of any in the division, and the fourth heaviest of any in the corps; and in losses sustained by the Federal army, in the battle, we stand, by regiment, No. 23, with the 14th Connecticut.

Thirteen of the dead of the regiment are reported to be buried in the Antietam National Cemetery, all in the Pennsylvania section, to wit:

Color-Sergeant, George A. Simpson, grave No. 3953; Corporal, Andrew Woomer, grave No. 3669; Corporal, James H. Gib-

boney, grave No. 3664; Corporal, Peter Carton, grave No. 3746; Private James H. Dierfield, grave No. 3610; Corporal, Edward H. Wirt, grave No. 3972; Private, John A. Teats, grave No. 4043; Private, Joseph S. McLaughlin, grave No. 3823; Private, John Lier, grave No. 3634; Private, Samuel Hess, grave No. 3609; Private, Thomas H. Clark, grave No. 3784; Private, Joseph McCracken, grave No. 3608, and Private, Fred. C. Ward, grave No. 3749.

In this report there is a mistake as to Corporals Andrew Woomer and James H. Gibboney, for the writer recollects of their remains having been taken to their homes for burial.

The balance of the dead of the regiment were buried at their homes or in other cemeteries.

Connected with the Twelfth Army Corps were five new regiments, viz.: 13th New Jersey, 107th New York, and 124th, 125th and 128th Pennsylvania, and the corps commander, General Williams, says of them, in his report of the battle, that "The new regiments, both officers and men of which behaved with marked coolness, soon got into line of battle, with more promptitude than could have been expected."

Division Commander, General Crawford, makes special mention of the Pennsylvania regiments, in his report, by saying, "The new regiments from Pennsylvania moved with great promptness and with the coolness of old troops, although they had not before been under fire. . . . The 125th Pennsylvania, Colonel Higgins, in the general movement, had pushed on into the woods beyond our lines, and had become seriously engaged with the enemy while much exposed, but returned in good order, with great loss, to our lines . . . but it is my duty to call the special attention of the corps commander to the bearing and conduct of the new regiments that had so recently joined the command. Their services in the field were most valuable, and considering the fact that they were for the first time under fire, their conduct merits the warmest commendation."

Colonel Knipe, of the 46th Pennsylvania, who commanded the brigade after the fatal wounding of the corps commander, says in his report, when mentioning the movement of the 125th Regiment to the west woods, that he was lying on the ground to avoid the artillery fire of the enemy, and "while in this position, I noticed the 125th Pennsylvania Volunteers had advanced into the

field beyond our position, and into the woods occupied by the enemy. At the same time a brigade came out of them to our rear, and, passing us, joined the 125th, and engaged the enemy, who had been reinforced to such an extent as to compel our troops to retrace their steps."

Our Colonel's report is as follows:

Report of Colonel Jacob Higgins, One hundred and twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Infantry, of the battle of Antietam.

Headquarters One hundred and twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers,

Camp near Sandy Hook, Md., September 22, 1862.

Sir:

I have the honor to report to you the part taken by my regiment in the action near Sharpsburg on the 17th of September, 1862. I was ordered by General Crawford to advance in close column, at daylight, through some fields to a piece of woods where there was heavy firing at that time going on. I was then ordered into the woods and then back again by General Crawford, then to throw out skirmishers and again advance through the woods until I reached the other side of the timber, and then deploy in line of battle and advance through the fields and there halt. At this place my command was exposed to a most terrific fire of musketry, shot and shell. I then fell back a few rods, by order of General Crawford, where I remained some minutes, and was again ordered forward to the crest of a hill, which I was to hold. At this time some colonel, whose name I do not know, told me that his troops were falling back for want of ammunition, and asked me to advance to his support. I immediately reported this to General Crawford, who ordered me to advance at once. I gave the command and my men started forward with a yell, driving the enemy before them and gaining possession of the woods. Here I took some prisoners, whom I sent to the rear. Again I was ordered to advance and halt in line with a battery. Before reaching the battery, though, I took a number of prisoners, some of whom came running back with white handkerchiefs tied on the guns and gave themselves up. At the battery I gave the command for my men to lie down while awaiting further orders. About this time the fire of the enemy slackened somewhat, only some shots from their sharpshooters being fired, and these at mounted officers and the artillery horses. Previous to this General Mansfield fell, some of my men carrying him off the field on their muskets until a blanket was procured. General Hooker here came up to me and inquired if any troops were in the woods in front. I replied, "None but rebels," and that my command was in the front. While talking to me, his horse was shot by some of the enemy's sharpshooters. I remarked to him that his horse was shot. He replied "I see," turned and went away. In a short time I received an order to advance into the woods. I gave the

order, "Forward," my regiment advancing in splendid style, and driving some South Carolina and Georgia troops back into the woods. I halted at the edge of the woods, and ordered Captain McKeage, of Company G, to deploy his company as skirmishers. This done, I again advanced a short distance in the woods, and halted again to examine the enemy's position. I found him in force in my front and on my right. On looking around I discovered myself without support either in my rear or right, and, being the only mounted officer present, I gave my horse to Lieutenant Higgins, and instructed him to ride back to the general, inform him of my situation, and ask him to send me support immediately, or I would be unable to hold my position, and that the enemy would certainly flank me and cut me off, my command being at this time in advance of the whole corps.

I now ordered Captain McKeage to advance cautiously with his skirmishers, and, at the same time, the regiment to advance to the crest of a small hill. My skirmishers soon became engaged with the enemy, who were advancing on my front in force. They continued to advance, when I ordered my skirmishers to rally, and gave the command to commence firing. A most destructive fire caused the enemy to halt. I held him here for some time, until I discovered two regiments of them moving around my right, while a brigade charged on my front. On looking around and finding no support in sight, I was compelled to retire. Had I remained in my position two minutes longer I would have lost my whole command. I fell back to the rear of the first batteries, when an artillery officer rode up to me, saying that his battery was on the left front and entirely unsupported, and asking me if I would support him. I replied in the affirmative, and marched my command to the battery and took my position.

General Franklin now rode up, and inquiring what regiment this was, I replied the one hundred and twenty-fifth Pennsylvania, when he said my position was right and he was glad I was there, and ordered me to remain there, which I did. I stayed here until, the one hundred and twenty-fourth Pennsylvania coming up, under command of its major, General Franklin ordered me to form it in my rear and take command of both regiments.

My adjutant, R. M. Johnston, who acted as major in the absence of Major Lawrence, who had been in the Georgetown Hospital for some time, fell mortally wounded. His conduct on the field during the whole action as most gallant. All my officers and men behaved in splendid style, particularly Captain McKeage and his company, who acted as skirmishers during the engagement.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

JACOB HIGGINS.

Colonel Commanding the 125th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Colonel J. F. Knipe,

Forty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Commanding 1st Brigade, 1st Division Banks' A. C.

At regimental reunions on the battlefield in 1888 and 1891, we found a place marked in the east woods by John M. Gould, late Adjutant of the 10th Maine Regiment, as the spot where the Twelfth Corps Commander, General Mansfield, was mortally wounded, and we also called attention to his account of the wounding of General Mansfield in his history of the 1st, 10th and 29th Maine Regiments. The place he marked is more than one hundred and forty yards to the left rear of the location pointed out, when on the field in 1888 and 1891, and which we are satisfied is the true location, and part of the circumstances connected with the wounding as given in said history are wrong. We were afterwards informed that Major Gould admitted he was wrong in fixing the location of the wounding of the Corps Commander too far to the rear, but to the surprise of the writer, on visiting the battlefield, on September 15th, 1900, he found the state of Connecticut had recently erected a monument to the memory of General Mansfield on the eastern side of the Smoketown road, and on one side of the monument is inscribed the following words: "The spot where General Mansfield fell is a few yards easterly from this monument." This fixes the place of the wounding near if not exactly at the spot marked by Gould, and it is more than one hundred and forty yards to the left rear of what we feel satisfied is the true location, as previously stated. The writer was also informed that Major Gould had delivered the principal address at the dedication of the monument, and that he made affidavit that the spot he marked was where General Mansfield was wounded.

To place ourselves right before the public, we say there are yet surviving members of the 125th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers who witnessed the wounding of General Mansfield, and who command the respect of the community in which they reside, and whose oaths are entitled to as much weight and consideration as the oath of Major Gould, that can and will, if necessary, make affidavit that General Mansfield was mortally wounded at least one hundred and forty yards to the right front of the monument recently erected to his memory by the state of Connecticut on the Antietam battlefield, and when wounded was first assisted by men of the 125th Pennsylvania Regiment; and that the impartial reader can have both sides of the story of the said wounding, we give Major Gould's account, as taken from

his history, and then what reports show and others say, also the statement we give.

Gould's history says:

"The Confederate force in our front showed no colors. They appeared to be somewhat detached from and in advance of the main rebel line, and were about where the left of General Duryea's brigade might be supposed to have retreated. To General Mansfield we appeared to be firing into Duryea's troops; therefore he beckoned us to cease firing, and as this was the very last thing we proposed to do, the few who saw him did not understand what his motions meant, and so no attention was paid to him. He now rode down the hill from the 128th Pennsylvania, and passing quickly through H, A, K, E, I, G and D, of the 10th Maine, ordered them to cease firing. He halted in front of C, at the earnest remonstrance of Captain Jordan and Sergeant Burnham, who asked him to see the gray coats of the enemy, and pointed out particular men who were then aiming their rifles at us and at him. The general was convinced, and remarked: "Yes, yes, you are right," and was almost instantly hit. He turned and attempted to put his horse over the rails, but the animal had also been severely wounded and could not get over. Thereupon, the General dismounted, and a gust of wind blowing open his coat, we saw that he was wounded in the body. Sergeant Joe Merritt, Storer Knight and I took the General to the rear, assisted for a while by a negro cook from Hooker's corps. We put the General into an ambulance in the woods in front of which we had deployed, and noticed that General Gordon was just at that moment putting the 107th New York in their front."

Major Gould also says that the uniform of the enemy in their front was of a greenish color, which led General Mansfield to believe it was our own men they were firing into, and he speaks somewhere in history or correspondence of a pair of bars in a fence near by.

Colonel Higgins, after mentioning, in his report of the battle, the movement of the 125th Regiment to the battery on the Smoketown road that we supported before advancing to the west woods, says, "Previous to this, General Mansfield fell, some of my men carrying him off the field on their muskets until a blanket was procured."

Reports show and it is generally admitted that the principal force of the enemy that the first brigade of the first division of the Twelfth Corps had to contend with after they entered the east woods was either very near or at the great cornfield, and Major Gould, in his pamphlet on "General Mansfield at Antietam," says a few men only of the enemy were east of the Smoketown road,

and yet this is the location at which he says Mansfield was wounded. We all know that as the regiment approached the east woods, the enemy appeared to retreat, first firing a volley that killed Hunter, of Company "A," and we also know that the corps commander was not wounded until after the 128th Pennsylvania regiment had become engaged at or near the cornfield. General Knipe, brigade commander, says the brigade took position "in rear of the woods, the other side of which our troops were engaged," and the 46th Pennsylvania, 28th New York and 10th Maine Regiments opened fire separately on the enemy at the cornfield in front of the brigade, and the 46th Pennsylvania was on the right and the 10th Maine on the left. The location of the 28th New York, which had but sixty men engaged, is not given. Knipe also says the three regiments were the first of the brigade that were engaged, and the 128th Pennsylvania came up and took position to the right of the 46th. Lieutenant-Colonel Selfridge, of the 46th Pennsylvania, says the enemy were in the cornfield fronting the woods, and his regiment advanced to the edge of the cornfield, and Colonel Croasdale, of the 128th Pennsylvania, was killed as soon as he arrived on the field, and thereafter these two regiments and others drove the enemy out of the cornfield. Major Wanner, of the 128th Pennsylvania, says the enemy were concealed in the cornfield about sixty or seventy yards distant, and after the death of Croasdale the regiment charged into the cornfield. General Crawford, division commander, says Colonel Croasdale, of the 128th Pennsylvania, was killed in the struggle for the cornfield. Major Gould also says, in his history, that Mansfield rode down from the 128th Pennsylvania before reaching their line, and was wounded at "C" Company, of the 10th Maine Regiment.

All these reports made soon after the battle show that the enemy the different regiments had at that time to contend with were at the cornfield or in close proximity to the same, and as the cornfield was two hundred or more yards in front of the spot marked by Major Gould, it is difficult to see, with the protection of fence and timber, how an enemy at that distance could see to pick off an officer, or how greenish colored uniforms could be distinguished.

The writer recollects distinctly that the 125th Pennsylvania was first ordered to the assistance of the three old regiments of

the brigade that were engaged close to the cornfield, and after moving forward, west of the Smoketown road, to a point near their lines, with Company "G" in advance, as skirmishers, it was halted, and then the 128th Pennsylvania, with their white haversacks, filed to the right and partly through our line, and took position a short distance from the great cornfield, and at once commenced firing at the enemy; and the statement we now make is that soon after the 128th Pennsylvania passed to our right front and whilst we were on a halt west of the Smoketown road, there appeared to be confusion at the front, and then General Mansfield rode forward, to reconnoitre, and very soon came back, and not far from the right front of the 125th Regiment, it was noticed that his body bent forward on the saddle of his horse and his head appeared to drop on his breast. Then Captain Gardner, of Company "K," near the right of the regiment (as we were at this time in reverse order), ordered Sergeant John Kehoe and Private Samuel Edmundson, of said company, to go to the assistance of the General, and as they did so, Lieutenant Ziegler says, Private E. S. Rudy, of Company "H," joined them, also two other men, not of the 125th Regiment. One of them took hold of the bridle reins of his horse, whilst two others removed him from the horse, and all then reversed their muskets, placed him on the same, carried him to a tree a few steps to the rear, where a surgeon appeared, and where he was delivered to a second party, believed to be of the 10th Maine Regiment, who carried him still further to the rear in a blanket. They then resumed their places in the ranks, and the regiment moved to the rear and then quickly to the left front, where we came to the iron gun battery that was firing at the Confederate battery on the limestone ledge to the left front of the Dunker church where the Maryland monument now stands, and we saw nothing further of the General. A few of the 90th Pennsylvania Regiment were near the iron gun battery when we came to it, and Colonel Sellers, of that regiment, says they were the last of Hooker's men to leave the east woods.

The 10th Maine were no doubt battling near the point where General Mansfield was wounded, and we admit he was wounded near them, and we detract nothing from their record as a regiment or the good work they did on the 17th day of September, 1862, but we say again, that the General was wounded west of

the Smoketown road and much further to the right front than the spot marked by Major Gould, and the men of the 125th Pennsylvania were the first to come to his assistance after he was wounded. The writer is positive that he spoke to two men of the 10th Maine on our halt west of the Smoketown road, and further to the front than the Gould marker, who said they were engaged at our right front close to the cornfield, and furthermore he was on the battlefield on May 29th, 1897, with General Knipe, who commanded the first brigade, first division, Twelfth Corps, and who said without hesitation, after looking at the spot marked by Major Gould, that it was much too far to the left rear. He pointed out the stone fence over which the 46th Pennsylvania climbed to cross the Smoketown road when they moved to the cornfield, also the mound where Colonel Croasdale was killed, and then remarked, "Out there, I think, in front of the mound, Mansfield was killed."

Captain T. J. Hamilton, late of the 28th Pennsylvania Regiment, who was on the battlefield in October, 1894, to assist in marking the lines of battle, says he was detached from his regiment for a few minutes at the time General Mansfield was wounded, and was an eye-witness to the wounding, and that he saw a sergeant and two privates remove him from his horse, carry him a short distance to the rear, place him underneath a tree, and leave him in charge of a surgeon, but he did not know at that time what regiment the men belonged to. This statement corresponds with the statement of Sergeant Caho, Captain Gardner, Lieutenant Dunegan, Lieutenant Ziegler, and others of the 125th Regiment. He also marked the point where he believed Mansfield was wounded, to the left of the location we give, but practically on a line with it, and not far distant, and also west of the Smoketown road. Major H. A. Shenton, late of the 128th Pennsylvania Regiment, was also on the field at the same time Captain Hamilton was there, and he thought, whilst the location we fix may not be exact, it was not far wrong, and was satisfied the General was wounded west of the Smoketown road, near the cornfield where their regiment was engaged. Daniel Mumma, now deceased, who was the proprietor of a livery stable in Sharpsburg in 1888 and 1891, and who was with us on the field in said years, informed us that the location we fixed was about the same that the surgeon who ministered to the General after he was wounded pointed

out to him a few days after the battle. John Benner, one of the old citizens of Sharpsburg, who was there at the time of the battle, and who is acquainted with the Antietam field, and three other persons also acquainted with the field, were with the writer on said field, on September 15th, 1900, and all agreed that the place where we say General Mansfield was wounded is practically the same that the majority of the people living on or near the battlefield at the time the battle was fought had pointed out to them by participants soon after the engagement, and by visitors since then, and it was generally believed to be the true location. Mr. Benner also said that the pair of bars Major Gould has spoken of were at the great cornfield and not near his marker.

David R. Miller and a few others pointed out a location that was far out of the way, and any one with a knowledge of the positions of the Twelfth Corps could detect their error readily; and the report that the citizens of Sharpsburg agreed on the location pointed out by David R. Miller, on investigation made, proved to be a mistake. Alexander Davis, who now resides on the field, says the General was wounded west of the Smoketown road.

Colonel Higgins' report of the battle was made five days after it took place, when all facts were fresh in his memory and the memory of others, and when he said in his report, "previous to this General Mansfield fell, some of my men carrying him off the field on their muskets until a blanket was procured," the truth of the same was known, and can yet be testified to, as also the fact that the wounding occurred west of the Smoketown road and near the great cornfield. Colonel Higgins never at any time doubted his report, or thought he was deceived or imposed upon, but at all our reunions substantiated the facts as reported by him.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fillebrown, who made the report of the doings of the 10th Maine Regiment in the battle, does not even mention the wounding of General Mansfield, and that so important a matter as this should be omitted from his report confirms the truth of our position. We, however, will dwell no further on this subject, having given the 125th Pennsylvania's side of the story, and we close this statement by reiterating that official reports show that the portions of the brigade that became engaged soon after entering the east woods did their fighting at and near the great cornfield, where Colonel Croasdale, of the 128th Pennsylvania Regiment, was killed. To this point General Mansfield

had gone, as stated in Major Gould's history, and of which our memory also serves us, and here he was wounded; and when the Major fixes the location of the wounding of the General at the spot he has selected and marked, he makes it too far from the Croasdale mound for an officer mortally wounded to ride, and in the selection of this spot he does injustice to his own brave 10th Maine Regiment, by locating it too far from the front and at a place where few of the enemy were when the brigade first entered the east woods.

Confederate accounts either claim Antietam as a victory for their side, or say it was a drawn battle, but it was neither, for their army retreated across the Potomac and left the field in the possession of the Federals, who can justly claim it a triumph of their arms, as they did Gettysburg, the following year. Had it been a Confederate victory or a drawn battle, Lee would have pressed any advantage he believed he had secured, by resuming hostilities, or at least have awaited an attack from McClellan, and not retreated across the Potomac and left the battlefield with its many unburied dead in possession of his adversary. He did neither, and General Longstreet's book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," to which we have previously alluded, shows conclusively that he was in no position to renew the battle or wait long for an attack from McClellan. The issues involved at Gettysburg were greater than at Antietam, but there the two armies stood facing each other for a whole day after the close of the battle the same as at Antietam. Lee, however, was utilizing this time in making preparations for retreat.

At the close of Antietam, Lee abandoned his intention of destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and of invading Pennsylvania and burning the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge over the Susquehanna river at Rockville, and then turning his attention to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

The battle also had the effect of awakening and renewing confidence at the North in the ultimate success of the Federal arms, and of stimulating recruiting; and it proved the death-knell of slavery, for President Lincoln immediately issued his Emancipation Proclamation that gave freedom to four millions of slaves in the South, in fulfillment of the vow previously made by him.

Much acrimony has been exhibited and criticism indulged

against General McClellan for the manner in which Antietam was fought, and for not renewing the battle on the 18th of September, but it is not the place of the writer to take part in the same, further than to say other generals had to meet similar criticism.

We now end the account we give of the battle by quoting a song composed for the regiment by a blind man, by the name of Gailey, who was related to some of the members of Company "D." In addition to being blind, the man was uneducated, and allowance must be made for what may not be grammatical and for incorrect measures. It is to be sung to the air of the "Red, White and Blue," and is as follows:

How brave are the Union's defenders,
Their deeds fill our hearts with delight,
Pennsylvanians never surrender,
But conquer or die in the fight.
Shinking not from danger in action,
McClellan's command they obey,
Hurling death through the traitorous faction,
On the banks of Antietam that day.

On the seventeenth day of September,
For battle they all did prepare,
And taught traitors then to remember
Our boys from the county of Blair.
They stood where the cannon did rattle,
And made Stonewall Jackson give way.
New laurels they won in the battle,
On the banks of Antietam that day.

To conquer, our heroes intended,
Be the rebel force ever so large.
The One Hundred and Twenty-fifth acted splendid,
Like veterans they marched to the charge.
Tho' fresh from their homes, they were steady,
Colonel Higgins directed their way.
And the battle raged furious and bloody,
On the banks of Antietam that day.

Their campaign in Maryland is ended,
Many thousands were lost in that game.
"Little Mac" is the man just intended
Those rebellious spirits to tame.

Huzza for the troops that can save us,
Now marching in battle array,
Who conquered the hordes of Jeff. Davis
On the banks of Antietam that day.

Three cheers for Colonel Higgins and then
Three more for Lieutenant Colonel Szink,
And three times three for their gallant men
And a health to them all we 'll drink.
Till the star spangled flag of the nation,
O'er all Rebeldom they display.
May all heroes be found at their station,
As were ours at Antietam that day.

"Antietam to Chancellorsville"

By

HON. J. D. HICKS,

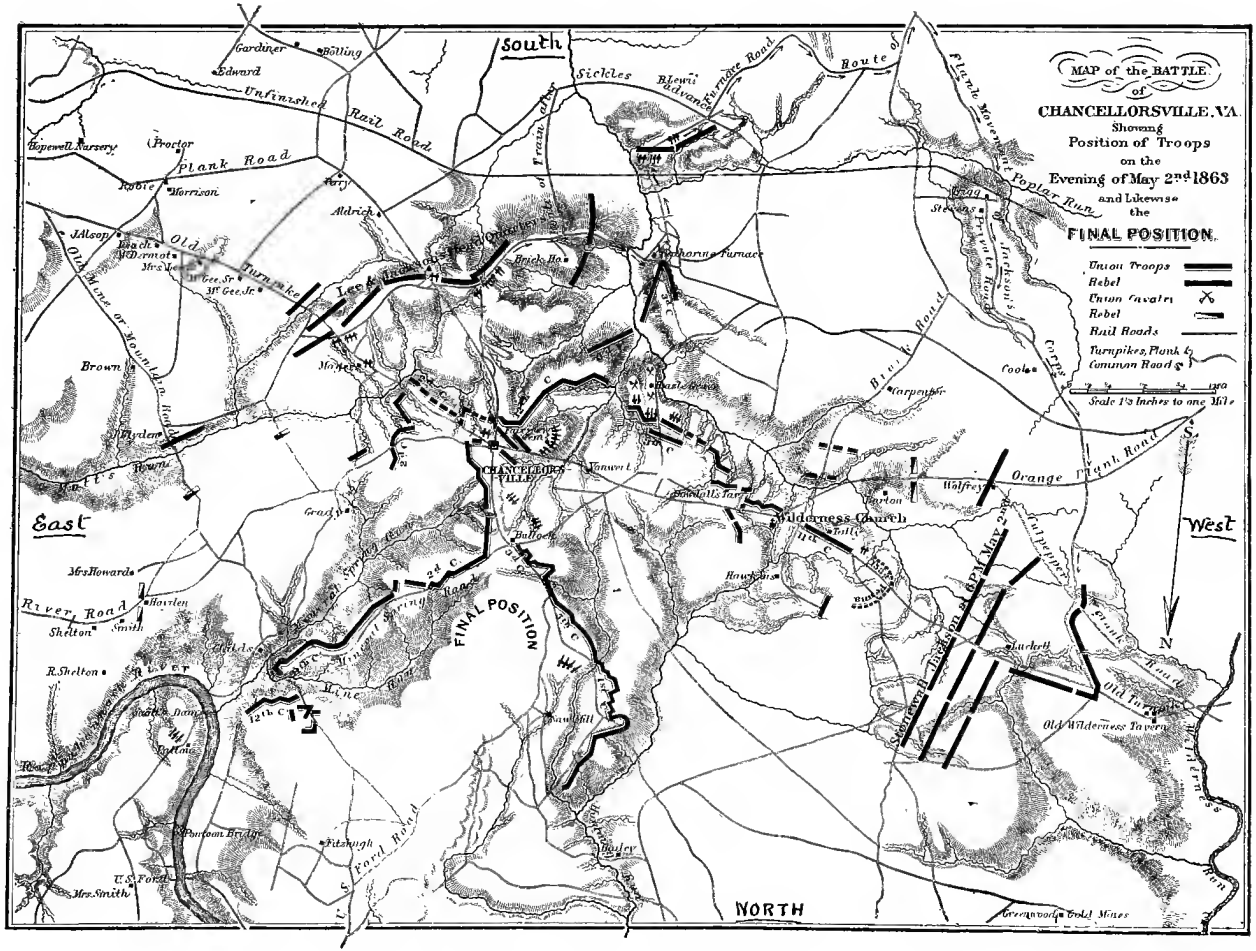
Company K., 125th Regiment, P. V.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

MAP OF CHANCELLORSVILLE, CHANCELLORSVILLE HOUSE, HARPER'S FERRY, KANE'S BRIGADE IN THE TRENCHES

Among the thousands of Pennsylvania's boys, whose patriotic ardor led them to volunteer as *privates* in the ranks to fight for the Union, were many whose talents fitted them for higher positions, and of this class none served his country more zealously and creditably than Hon. J. D. Hicks, of Altoona, Pa.; on his return to civil life he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and has become widely known, not only among the legal profession, but, also, in the political arena, as an eloquent public speaker. His fellow citizens of that Congressional district, in recognition of his patriotism and ability, sent him to Washington, D. C., as their Representative in the 53d, 54th and 55th sessions of *Congress*.

W. W. W.


MAP of the BATTLE of CHANCELLORSVILLE, VA.
Showing Position of Troops on the Evening of May 2nd 1863 and Likewise the FINAL POSITION.
Union Troops
Rebel
Union Cavalry
Rebel
Rail Roads
Turnpikes, Plank & Common Roads
Scale 1½ Inches to one Mile
South
East
West
NORTH
N
Unfinished Rail Road
Plank Road
Old Turnpike
Old Mine or Mountain Road
Brown
Hyden
Hall's Run
Gardiner
Bolling
Edward
Hopewell Nursery
Proctor
Robie
Morrison
Aldrich
J. Alsop
Beach
McDermot
Mrs Lee
McGee Sr
McGee Jr
Lee & Jackson's Head Quarters
Brick Ho.
Tarthorne Furnace
Sickles
Blewis Advance
Furnace Road
Route of Train after
Flank Movement of Jackson's Corps
Poplar Run
Stevens
Brigg
Private Road
Brick Road
Cook
Carpenter
Orange Plank Road
Wolfrey
Barton
Wilderness Church
Tally
Hawkins
Bullock
Grady
Mrs Howard
Hayden
River Road
Shelton
Smith
R. Shelton
Fields
Mineral Spring Road
Wine Run
FINAL POSITION
Sawhill
Bailey
Lucketts
Old Wilderness Tavern
Old Turnpike
Wilderness Run
Greenwood Gold Mines
Pontoon Bridge
Fitzhugh
U. S. Ford Road
U. S. Ford
Mrs Smith
Mineral Spring Run
2d C
3d C
5th C
12th C
Stonewall Jackson at 6 P.M. May 2nd
Culpepper
Flank Road

"ANTIETAM TO CHANCELLORSVILLE"

By HON. J. D. HICKS.

CHAPTER I.

Antietam Field—Burying the Dead—The Hospital at Sharpsburg—Camping at Harper's Ferry—"Old John Brown"—Camps on Maryland and Loudon Heights—Letters from Home—Resolutions of Respect for our Dead Comrades—Sickness and Death—Detached Duty—Standing off the Sutler—Crackers containing Live Meat—The fine camp in Loudon Valley—Night Excursions—Hunting Guerrillas, etc.

The Friday morning of the 19th of September, the second day after the Battle of Antietam, dawned with the sun in a cloud of mist, and a heavy fog hung over the entire valley of the Potomac as far as the eye could reach. Every man in the Union army expected the battle of Wednesday to be renewed. We peered through the gray fog in the direction where we knew the enemy's line of battle had been, but failed to note any movement or see any moving figures. No order being given for an advance, we soon learned, ere the fog had lifted, that our enemy had abandoned the field, and had in the silent watches of the night retreated across the Potomac and was again on the south bank of that historic river. This left us an opportunity to investigate and view the scene of the great battle. Evidences of the severity of the contest were plainly visible in all directions. Dead Confederates and dead horses marked our pathway from the Lines farm to the Dunker church; broken caissons, swords, belts, limbs of trees, pieces of harness and clothing were in all directions, and bore mute testimony to the severe struggle that had taken place. Our own dead had been partly gathered the day before under the flag of truce asked for by the enemy, to care for their wounded,—but for the real purpose of gathering themselves together and securing their retreat. We soon familiarized ourselves with the scenes in which we had so actively participated. The west and east woods, the Lines, the Miller and the Poffenberger farms, the Smoketown road, the Hagerstown pike, the cornfield in which so

many Confederates lost their lives, and in which the Pennsylvania Reserves had so gallantly distinguished themselves, the place where Mansfield fell, the Dunker church, Roulette's barn, and the Bloody Lane, all were in turn visited. Before, however, being permitted to do this a detail was made to bury the Confederate dead, and for some reason unexplained to us, we were kept lying under arms in line of battle in the open field opposite the Dunker church, until the sun shone warmly, when the veteran and gray-haired General Sumner came riding along, and noticing our position, inquired who was in command of the brigade. No one immediately responding, he personally gave the command of "Attention!" and then directed Colonel Higgins to remove his men to the shadow of the woods in the rear, and there to stack arms and rest. For this we were truly grateful as the sun was by this time—probably 9.30 o'clock—quite hot, and the putrid air of the battlefield caused by the burning of the dead horses was at times stifling and almost unbearable. As before said, after this, we were allowed the liberty of looking over the field, and this the entire regiment proceeded to do, except a detail of about one hundred men that had been made to help bury the dead and gather the débris of the battle. In our investigation of the field at the Dunker church we clearly saw that our Regiment had the honor of penetrating to the farthest point in the Confederate lines, and as a fact had divided their army, and had our position been supported, and held, that part of the Confederate forces west of the Dunker church would have been cut off and compelled to surrender. The Confederate dead in the south edge of the woods proved the destructiveness of our fire, when the flanking movement was in progress, that compelled us to leave the church and retire back of the batteries. It was probably three o'clock when our detail was called in, and we were placed in marching order and moved across the field and down the pike to Sharpsburg. As we passed over the field and beyond the bloody lane, and the smoking ruins of Mumma's barn, where so many lives had been lost, we noticed the long trenches in which lay the Confederate dead. Scores and scores of them had been gathered ready for burial, with no covering but their own clothes, and a stray blanket or two over them, and the burial details were then commencing to throw the dirt over their bodies that soon forever hid them from human eyes. They were all young men, indeed the most of them

were boys like ourselves, and attested their bravery by the surrender of their lives. How bravely they had stood the repeated charges of our army, and the thought possessed us that many homes in the far-away South, and in our own beloved Northland, were to-day in mourning for the dear boys, who had laid down their lives in battle. Before we had been ordered to march, the missing men of our own regiment were eagerly searched for and every possible effort made to find them, and while doing this we noticed that surgeons where the wounded had been gathered for treatment, from the near-by towns in Maryland and also from Pennsylvania, were already on the field assisting the regular surgeons and hospital stewards, and were doing all that earnest men could do to relieve the wounded and suffering. Those that would bear moving were removed as rapidly as transportation could be secured. As we passed through Sharpsburg we saw our wounded enemies by the scores; in fact the whole town was a hospital. Poor fellows! The fight was all knocked out of them, and in our pity for them we forgave them for their brave efforts to turn the battle in their favor. The sufferings endured were awful to behold, and as it was hard to realize that scenes, so ghastly, so bloody, so fearful, and so many dead, dying and wounded, were real, we turned from the views presented, with horror. It seems impossible that men could be so inhuman to each other, yet this was war—and was necessary to preserve our country.

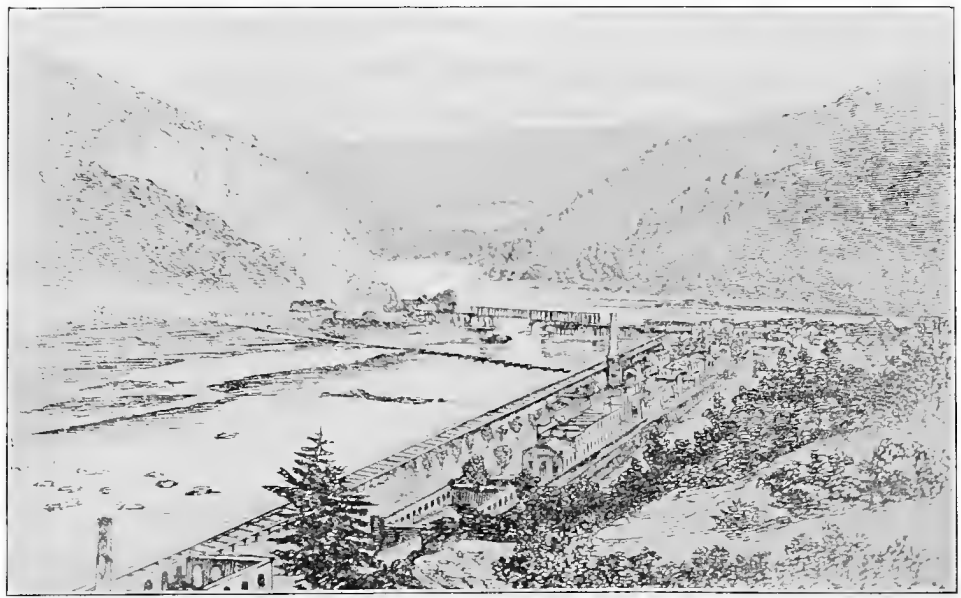
We passed the Burnside Bridge where the battle had raged in the afternoon, and where one of Pennsylvania's favored sons, the gallant Colonel Hartranft, and his brave men had faced the leaden storm, and crossing Antietam Creek took the opposite high hills, on the extreme left of our line of battle. Here too were plainly seen evidences of bloody work, but they did not equal the destructive sights in and about the Dunker church and the bloody lane. When we passed beyond the evidences of the strife we seemed to breathe the new air and take on new life. We seemed to renew and repossess ourselves of our old-time enthusiasm and hopefulness, and freely discussed the glorious victory we had helped to achieve.

At a small place called Rohrersville, some few miles from Harper's Ferry, we halted for the night, and having no tents with us, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible around rail and log fires, and cooked coffee and ate hardtack and bacon. Next

morning we leisurely proceeded down the Potomac river towards Harper's Ferry, and went into camp in Pleasant Valley at the foot of Maryland Heights, where we lay until September 23d. During this time we were permitted to view the ruins of Harper's Ferry—first we saw the camp of General Miles, that he had so disgracefully surrendered to the Confederate army a few days before the battle of Antietam, with his force of over eleven thousand men. It seemed to us like gross inefficiency, if not a traitor's work, to occupy the low and untenable land known as Bolivar Heights when such strong defensive positions as the Maryland and the Loudon Heights were within reach. Perhaps we are too severe in our criticism, as we were only private soldiers discussing the work of the generals; and we regret that General Miles did not live to vindicate his conduct (if he could have done so). Our blood boiled as we looked at Maryland Heights and at the same time noticed where the camp of our army had been on Bolivar Heights, where all that possibly could be done was to await capture, after Maryland and Loudon Heights were in possession of the enemy. We are not alone in our view of the disgraceful surrender at Harper's Ferry, as Lossing, in his "Cyclopædia of American History," has this to say of it:

"When the post was threatened, Halleck instructed McClellan to succor the garrison, and on the day of the struggle at Turner's Gap (battle of South Mountain) he ordered Miles to hold out to the last extremity. Meanwhile Jackson, by quick movements had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, and at noon, on Sept. 13, he was in the rear of Harper's Ferry. The Confederates were then in possession of Loudon Heights and also of Maryland Heights, which commanded Harper's Ferry. That post was completely invested on the 14th. Miles was told by McClellan to "hold on," and also informed how he might safely escape. But he appeared to pay no attention to intructions, and to make no effort at defence; and when, early on the 15th, no less than nine batteries opened upon the garrison, he displayed a white flag. Before it was seen by the Confederates, one of their shots had killed him. The post was surrendered, with all its troops, ordnance, ammunition, and stores. There were 11,583 men—half of them New Yorkers—surrendered; and the spoils were 73 cannon, 13,000 small arms, 200 wagons, and a large quantity of tents and camp equipage. It was shown that Miles had disobeyed orders to make measures for the defence of the post, and he was strongly suspected of sympathy with the Confederate cause."

We looked, of course, at the ruins of the Arsenal where old



Harper's Ferry, Looking South.

John Brown, a few years before, had foolishly attempted the then impossible work of freeing the slaves, and had roused old Virginia from centre to circumference, and paid for his mad effort and rash work by the forfeit of his life; and we remember singing with zest a couplet from the old song:

> "John Brown took Harper's Ferry,
> With his nineteen men so true,
> He woke up old Virginia,
> He shook her through and through.
> They hung him for a traitor,
> But they were traitors too,
> His soul goes marching on."

Harper's Ferry is a truly historic spot and deserves more than a passing notice. It is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, high hills and beautiful valleys reaching far southward and westward meet and please the eye. Looking eastward, there is presented to view a beautiful gap in the mountain and a far-reaching valley beyond. On one's right hand is the Loudon Mountain, in Virginia, with high and beautifully sloping sides to the westward, clothed in wooded verdure until it reaches a summit of grandeur and beauty. Several hundred feet above on the left rise the abrupt and rocky cliffs and towering heights of the Blue Ridge, in Maryland, on the top of which is a wooded range of fine chestnut and oak trees, with here and there a field capable of high cultivation, dotted with peach and other fruit trees. From these heights, there flows a beautiful brook of bright and sparkling water that comes rippling down over the rocks, adding brilliancy and beauty to the scene. At your back, as you look westward, or if you turn about and face to the south and west, is the beautiful Shenandoah river and valley stretching as far as the eye can reach from the foot of the Loudon Mountain. The town itself is on a level spot at the juncture of the two rivers, and immediately back of the town are gently sloping hills, rising to the plateau known as Bolivar Heights. Westward is the historic and rapid Potomac, flowing at the foot of the Blue Ridge, pleasant and beautiful to behold, it winds between the cliffs and hills over a rocky bottom.

As far as the eye can reach in the direction of Williamsport, Martinsburg, etc., fine farms meet the eye. These beautiful valleys

were garden spots of the country, rich in agricultural resources and supplies, and though partially devastated were yet in these September and October days charming to behold. Poor old John Brown! What must have been his thoughts of the future when he selected this supposed strategic and important point for the commencement of the end of the great struggle for the "consummation of human liberty!" A few dilapidated and unpainted houses and destroyed bridges, and here and there a poor and squalid native were all that was left to attest the former prosperity of this once important place. The railroad was destroyed, but the beautiful outlet of the river and mountain gap still remained, as a feast to the eye; and as far as the scene could reach eastward in the direction of Washington there was unveiled to view a garden of beauty, and the scene was such that no artist can ever properly portray on canvas. Such were our thoughts and such were the scenes as we loitered and lingered in and around Pleasant Valley and old Harper's Ferry and the Loudon Mountains. Rickety pontoons had taken the place of the former substantial bridges, and the Government soon commenced the work of replacing them with bridges of iron, that fire would not destroy. The work progressed very slowly, and we believe was not finished until after the war had closed. On September 23d, we were moved up on Maryland Heights and camped there until about the 28th. While on the Heights our baggage came up, and we again got our tents, blankets, overcoats and knapsacks, and with these came letters from home. Nearly every man received a letter and many more than one. Oh, how we pitied the poor fellows who got none, for they seemed to have no friends. We realized when these letters were read, what a great battle we had come through, and how our dear friends at home, especially our parents, had suffered when reading the news of it. How delighted they were that we had come through safely. Then we had to gather up the trinkets, the property of the boys who were among the dead and wounded, and send them home. This was indeed a sad task, and with these went letters telling how and when and where they were wounded, and how and when and where they died. If these letters could now be produced what a story they could tell. More than one hundred homes in Blair, Huntingdon and Cambria Counties could furnish witnesses of the valor and devotion to country of the boys of the 125th Regiment by the surrender of lives and

serious wounds received, of husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers.

> Their valor shall not be forgot,
> While fame her record keeps.

The letters sent to these dear friends of dead and wounded comrades brought beautiful and touching answers, and are a part of the never-to-be-forgotten unwritten history of the war, that will live by tradition in the hearts and minds of the patriotic people of this great nation, their children and their children's children, and will aid forever in the preservation of their liberties. Several of the companies held meetings on Maryland Heights and appointed committees to draft resolutions to send to the friends of deceased comrades who had lost their lives in the battle. We have been unable to obtain any of these resolutions, except those adopted by Company "K," that were kindly furnished the writer hereof by Mrs. Hattie Ward Few, of Altoona, the sister of Fred. C. Ward, of Company "K," who was mortally wounded during the engagement, and lingered until the following day. The resolutions are as follows:

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Camp on Maryland Heights.

At a meeting of Company K, 125th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, held Oct. 16th, 1862, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

Whereas, the Company has learned, with deep regret, of the decease of our late comrades, Fred. C. Ward, Joshua Cratin, L. C. McDermitt, Michael McDermitt and A. H. Boartman from wounds received in action at the late battle of Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862, while nobly and bravely performing their duty as Citizen Soldiers,

Be it therefore, Resolved, That although we lament their loss as friends and soldiers, we feel proud to record, that they met their fate manfully and honorably while confronting the enemies of our now unhappy country, and we would pray for strength in future to emulate their example.

Resolved, that the Company tender their heartfelt condolence to the families and relatives of our late Comrades in their heavy affliction.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the families of the deceased and also to the Altoona Mechanics Library and R. R. Association, of which Fred C. Ward was a member.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Altoona Tribune and Democrat and Sentinel, with the request to publish the same.

By order:

Sergeant J. H. Bryan
Corporal W. J. Bradley
Corporal G. W. Russell
Private W. Strong
Private J. D. Hicks
Private F. P. Tearney, Secretary.
Committee.

We were only a short time on Maryland Heights, when we were again moved to Pleasant Valley and soon again back to the Heights, and were subsequently moved two or three times to different localities on the Heights, apparently with the view of keeping us busy fixing up, and probably to keep us in healthy condition. While on the Heights, Company "K" lost one of its members, Leonard Moebus, of Altoona. Leonard had participated in the battle of Antietam, but had not been well after that. He managed to keep along with the regiment, and when in camp on Maryland Heights he went out one morning quite early, as was supposed, to wash at the creek that flowed near our camp, and while there he was seized with a fainting spell and fell in the creek face downward, and before help reached him he was dead. While in Pleasant Valley, the boys of Company "B" made a cornstalk palace, that for originality of design and beauty of architecture we do not think could be surpassed. Comrade Harry Carls claimed to be the architect and principal builder. It was a sure-enough house, and was rain proof. Carls' claim for credit for the house was disputed by Sergeants Gerst, Sholler and Allender. They claimed a share in the work, and all were full of regrets when they had to move away from it. When in and around Pleasant Valley, and on the Heights, many of the regiment became sorely afflicted with chronic diarrhœa, and several of the comrades during the fall sickened and died. Charles A. Stoner, James W. Conrey and Andrew Finney of Company "D," George M. Loudon and Leonard Moebus of Company "K," of Altoona; L. H. Bressler and Samuel Henshey, of Company "A"; George H. Africa, G. W. Brenneman, E. C. Dunmire, Henry Hood and Albert Knode, of Company "C"; Jacob Straithoof and Johnson Straithoof, of

Company "B"; Abraham Troxell, Company "E"; William Friedley, of Company "H"; William H. Birge and Benjamin David, of Company "I," and Joseph H. Piper, of Company "G," were of those who died either in camp there or at hospital, while Captain Gardner, of Company "K"; Britton E. Cluck and Jacob Beattie, of the same company, and many others, were seriously ill, and suffered from the effects of the illness there contracted during the remainder of their lives. Indeed, the soldiers who were attacked with this miserable disease, the most of them at least, never fully recovered from the effects it produced.

One of the unpleasant incidents connected with our camp in Pleasant Valley and on Maryland Heights was the miserable condition on several occasions of the supplies received from our quartermaster, the most disagreeable of which was a lot of wormy crackers. While, of course, we enjoyed crackers and meat, we preferred to draw them separately and not have the meat cased up in crackers in the shape of live worms. Our quartermaster, Major W. C. Bayley, while in no way responsible for the unsavory condition of these supplies, became for a time very unpopular, and was hooted at whenever he appeared in regimental quarters. This treatment of our quartermaster was unjust to him, as the condition, as before said, of the supplies was not in any way chargeable to any neglect on his part, and we soon thereafter learned that the Major raised a great racket at headquarters about these same supplies. This condition of things lasted about two weeks, and when the rations came again in good shape the boys freely forgave the Major for an offense of which he was never guilty. Indeed, we can safely say that no regiment in the brigade had a more earnest and faithful quartermaster than was the quartermaster of the 125th, and during our entire term of service we never had cause of complaint of any of the supplies being served us, excepting the crackers that contained live meat, and these came from the commissariat of the army, and for their condition the quartermaster was not accountable. The bacon, coffee, sugar, vegetable-soup compound, fresh meat and fresh bread that were served us from time to time were most excellent in quality, and as pure and good as could be expected. During the time we were receiving the bad crackers our sutler, Mr. John Clingerman (he being a cripple) did quite a thriving business, and those of the boys who had no money established a line of credit

with the sutler, who was deservedly one of the most popular men with us. We have never carefully inquired whether all the sutler bills made on that occasion were entirely liquidated, for fear that some old scores existing against possibly the writer hereof might by chance be resurrected.

About October 30th we were moved across the Potomac river, around the end of Loudon Mountain, and camped in a beautiful open valley, on the eastern slope of the mountain (the Loudon Heights, as sometimes called), on the sacred soil of old Virginia, with a beautiful view of the valley of the Potomac. Here we laid out a fine camp and especially comfortable quarters, and remained until ordered to reinforce Burnside in his efforts to capture Fredericksburg, in December. Whilst in camp at this place we became well-disciplined soldiers, and were attached to General Kane's Brigade, of the Twelfth Corps, and soon got acquainted with that gallant little man, General Kane, and his gentlemanly staff officers, one of whom was Captain John P. Green, his assistant adjutant-general, who afterwards became vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Captain Green, like the General, was deservedly popular with the entire brigade. These officers, with our regimental and company officers, took great interest in our duties, and soon, by constant drill and the discharge of picket guard, and other duties, we became proficient. General Kane pronounced us on more than one occasion the "flower of the army," and his chief desire seemed to be an opportunity to prove the kind of material we were made of. Indeed, the General was as proud of his men as an enthusiastic mother would be of her baby, and never lost an occasion to express his delight and approval of our efficiency when opportunity offered. Our brigade at this time consisted of the following regiments, to wit: 20th Connecticut, 123d New York, and 124th and 125th Pennsylvania. Several times while we lay at this camp there were rumors of guerrilla molestation and our pickets were annoyed. We were taken out in the night time to repel what seemed to be raids. General Kane would generally accompany us on these night excursions. At times we would travel several miles, but generally got back to camp by morning. On some of the trips captures of suspected persons were made, but we never learned the result of the captures. Our regiment suffered no loss on any of the excursions, but we learned that several Ohio men were shot or captured on

different occasions. Deserters from Stonewall Jackson's command at Winchester occasionally came to our picket line and surrendered. We had many visitors to our camp in Loudon Valley, some of them from home, and among them was Mrs. Higgins, the wife of our Colonel, who was a welcome guest and had kind and encouraging words for all of us. Companies " D " and " G " were for a time on detached service at Sandy Hook and Berlin, and part of Company " K " was detailed to help build a suspension bridge over the Shenandoah river to Harper's Ferry. All were kept busy at various employments and duties, until the order came, about December 10th, to break camp and move to the front, to help crush the Confederate army. This we proceeded to do with reluctance, for our camp, as before said, was a most pleasant and delightful one, and we had been consoling ourselves with the thought that we would perhaps be allowed to winter here. We will ever look back with most pleasant recollections of the camps in and around Harper's Ferry, and especially the one in Loudon Valley, for it was the most pleasant, restful and charming one of our soldier life.

CHAPTER II.

The Gloomy Winter of '62 and '63—Breaking Camp at Loudon Heights—Passing Bull Run Battlefield—The Beautiful Plains of Chantilly—Capture of Fairfax Station by Stuart's Cavalry—Our Attempted Capture of Stuart—Experience of Wolf Run Shoals—Fighting a New Enemy—"The Genuine Grayback"—Helping the Mule Teams—Picket Duty—Night Alarms—The Effect of Sweet Music—Resignation of General Burnside—A New Commander, "Fighting Joe Hooker"—Sickness in Camp—etc.

THE winter of 1862-63 will be remembered by those whose memories recall the incidents of that gloomy time as being the most trying and saddening of the war; especially was this so after the disastrous repulse of the portion of the Army of the Potomac under General Burnside at Fredericksburg. Much had been expected by the country of General McClellan, perhaps too much, after Antietam.

His continued fault-finding with the President and his failure to overtake and punish Lee's army before it fell back across the Blue Ridge, were the subjects of severe criticism on the part of the newspapers and discouraged his most ardent and enthusiastic admirers in the army. All this finally led to his being superseded by General Burnside. The army, however, never lost its love for "Little Mac," as the soldiers proudly called him, and as an organizer and a general who took most excellent care of his men General McClellan will ever stand among the foremost.

The army received the appointment of General Burnside kindly, believing it to be for the best, and whilst all recognized that possibly the new commander was not as able or as experienced as General McClellan, he was patriotic and earnest in his desire to defeat the Confederate army and bring the war to a successful conclusion. About the time the forward movement was being planned to capture Fredericksburg, and its commencement daily looked for, the 125th Regiment, that had spent a pleasant fall and early winter in their camp in Loudon Valley and near Harper's Ferry, was ordered, with the other portion of the brigade and division, to move nearer to the scene of conflict, and at the end of a week or thereabouts of marching in rather pleasant weather the

regiment reached Old Dumfries, when we learned of the first disaster at Fredericksburg. Soon thereafter, when the famous "stuck in the mud campaign" disastrously ended, a part of the regiment was detailed to bring up the corps ammunition train, which was scattered along the road from Old Dumfries to Stafford Court House, most of the wagons being fast in the mud. This proved to be a hard as well as perilous task, for the roads were simply awful, and the mud was both sticky and deep. By night and day for over a week in this miserable wet December we helped the mules, and some of the boys assisted the drivers and wagon-masters in the "cussing" that seemed to be necessary to get the mules to pull the trains up on the high ground near old Stafford Court House. The dangerous part of the work consisted in watching the Confederate cavalry, who were most vigorously annoying our flanks and compelling us every night to lie on our arms prepared to repel an attack from Stuart and his active men. On one of these marches, at the end of a miserable drizzly day, in which we had wearily dragged ourselves along with the train, through snow, rain and mud, frequently compelled to stop and place our shoulders to the wheels of a wagon to help it along, and occasionally prying it out of a mudhole, and the building of short pieces of corduroy road, in our efforts to catch up with the brigade that had gone into camp some miles ahead of us, impenetrable darkness overtook us, and about four miles from Dumfries, while we were pulling up a hill and almost despairing of making any headway, one of the boys, with a little more grit than the others, said, d——d if he was going to march that night any longer; we are stuck, said he, and might as well lay up for the night; suiting his action to the words he uttered, he commenced to lay off his accoutrements and prepare to halt, and by a little persuasion his five comrades, the corporal and driver yielded, and the guns were stacked, the mules unhitched from the wagon that was stuck in the middle of the road, and they were brought to higher and firmer ground; by the aid of an axe a fire was made, and eight members of the regiment made the best of a bad job on that miserable winter night, and were soon cooking coffee, and by eating pork and hardtack endeavored to forget their unfortunate condition; with feet to the fire the boys extracted comfort out of their trouble; with a gum blanket underneath, knapsack for pillow and wool blanket for cover, the night was spent as well as could

be expected in such dismal circumstances, and without any additional mishap, except in sleeping with our feet to the fire two of the boys got their toes too close to it, and when morning came their shoes were burned out, and "Uncle Sam" had to furnish two additional pairs of No. 6 shoes for the boys who had lost theirs on the march; by a supreme effort the next morning the wagon was extricated from the mud, and by noon we reached the camp; fortunately no official action was taken of the matter, and Corporal McIntyre and Lieutenant Dunnegan got out of the scrape without a Court-Martial.

Brigadier-General Kane, always anxious to show the mettle that his brigade was made of, for several nights had the 125th, also the 124th, Pennsylvania Regiments acting as a flying squadron to round up Stuart's men, and he made a most gallant effort in this direction. The second night we were out the cold was intense, and we did not dare to have a fire, as it would at once disclose our whereabouts to the enemy. Many of the boys suffered severely. Of course, the wily Stuart got away from us, but it was no fault of ours nor of our general, as we did our best to catch his force, but they rode too rapidly and were too sleek for us, and evidently the natives kept them posted of our whereabouts and movements, and it was impossible to get them into the trap that we so neatly laid for them. This effort to surround and capture Stuart's Cavalry deserves more than a passing notice. We were near what was called Wolf Run Shoals, and not only our brigade but also the entire division was halted and thrown into line of battle, by reason of suddenly coming onto the enemy, and we anticipated some hot work. This was in the latter part of December, 1862. General Slocum, our corps commander, and his staff were riding in advance of our brigade, and by a sudden dash of Stuart's men they were nearly captured. In the evening the 125th was thrown out about three miles in advance of the line of battle, and relieved the 20th Connecticut, very much to their pleasure and comfort. We spent the night in a deep pine wood, near where our cavalry had a fight during the day. On our second night out, as before said, it was extremely cold, and on the following day, December 29th, we marched back to camp near Fairfax Station, and found while we were absent the Confederate cavalry had visited the station, cut the telegraph wires and played havoc generally. The camp of the 124th Regiment was badly torn up,

and its sutler was raided and his entire stock captured. Our sutler fortunately was not discovered and was lucky enough to escape. The disgust of General Kane when he found out what the Confederates had done while we were hunting them cannot be properly depicted. While in camp at Fairfax the boys of Company "G" captured a Confederate spy, who had been hovering about our camp for several days, clad in citizens' garb and posing as a native selling plug tobacco. By some means one of the boys noticed he had a peculiar-looking plug and wanted to buy it, but this he would not sell or part with. Suspicion being aroused, an examination was made, and in this plug were found papers, with drawings of our brigade and division camps, that convicted him of the nefarious work in which he was engaged. We heard that he was hanged a few days afterward. No doubt this was one of the chaps who kept General Stuart so well posted of our whereabouts and doings. The boys of Company "G" will remember him as a middle-aged man with a long beard and a good talker. He and Cal Russ used to discuss the war and other matters for hours; in fact, he spent several nights in Company "G" quarters, but tarried one night too many, as the sequel proved.

We resumed our march toward Fredericksburg about the middle of January, 1863, and on the march to Stafford we passed at Dumfries the first brigade of our second division, being Ohio boys, and the 28th Pennsylvania. They sympathized with us as we trudged along in the mud, and gibed us no little on our poor luck in having to be out in such miserable weather. One incident of this march we are certain the boys of the 125th will never forget; it was this: A storm was threatening, and our Colonel concluded to halt earlier than usual. We had just emerged from a wood about a mile or two north of Stafford Court House, when we were ordered to stack our arms and halt for the night. There was an old camp near where we stopped, and the Colonel gave us permission to occupy it, and very soon we had our little dog-tents stretched over the log huts and made ourselves real cozy, and were for the time being at least "strictly in it." For half a day and a night we seemed to have, and did have, real comfort. It snowed during the night and was quite cold. When morning came we congratulated ourselves on the advantage we had over the balance of the brigade by reason of our excellent good fortune in getting such fine quarters. About ten o'clock, however, the weather mod-

erated, the sun commenced to shine, the snow to melt, and the balmy air of that climate soon came with the moderation of the weather. This combination of circumstances caused a commotion in the camp such as had never before been seen or experienced, and by two o'clock in the afternoon nearly every soldier in the regiment, including the officers, could be seen along the bank of the stream nearby, or in front of their quarters, with coat and other garments off, employed in a most active investigation as to the cause or causes of the twitchings and uneasy feelings, accompanied with the desire to scratch that seemed to have taken hold of every individual. Each one was determined to ascertain why his backbone should be used as a race-course by small fleet-footed chargers, whose presence could only be discovered by the violent laying on of hands, and could only be exterminated by the strictest and most scrutinizing search with boiling salt water. This was our first real acquaintance with the genuine "grayback" (the army louse), and, sure enough, he stuck to us closer than a brother and stayed with us until "our change of base." It is needless to add that before many days passed we were out of the old tents and found quarters that "graybacks" had not already secured in our advance, but for the time at least the balance of the brigade had the laugh on the 125th.

One of the sad incidents while in camp at this point was the loss by sudden death of our regimental commissary sergeant, Samuel Baker, or Becker, of Company "B." He was a most excellent soldier and companionable man. He had at one time been one of John Brown's men in Kansas, and used to entertain the boys with reminiscences of the old Hero of Kansas border warfare and Harper's Ferry. He was a most excellent commissary and was an expert in getting his mule teams through on time, and with half a chance Sergeant Baker's wagons of the 125th would lead the procession.

During the time we lay on the hills near Stafford, the 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry were encamped about a mile in our rear. There was nothing peculiar in this save they had a most excellent band of music, and before sundown every evening across the hills would roll the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," "Sweet Annie of the Vale" and "Annie Laurie," until our hearts would ache with the thoughts of dear ones left behind that this music kindled. Many an evening we saw stalwart comrades slyly wiping away the

escaping tell-tale tear, and nearly every man in the regiment was softened by the sweet memories it revived. While there we had night alarms, and were called out several times to repel supposed attacks from Stuart's Cavalry. Lieutenant McCamant, of Company "G," in his diary, under date of February 26, 1863, says: "Aroused at 4 A. M., and marched to Austiu's Creek to repel a supposed attack of cavalry"; and under date of March 11, he says: "Another night alarm orders out the regiment, but we found no enemy." Again, on March 13, the diary says: "Still another night alarm, but no enemy came." On March 14, "We moved our camp to Kane's Landing," and on March 17, "We heard heavy cannonading in the direction of Warrenton Junction —the cause of which we did not learn."

Picket duty about Stafford was hazardous, and frequent captures were made of the boys who performed that very important work. The writer hereof remembers one night on an outpost, about three miles from camp, in a thicket of woods, along an old mill-race that at one time fed a saw or grist mill, a party of six under Sergeant Graw, were doing their best to keep under shelter in a snow storm, and at the same time discharge a duty placed upon them. We dug a hole in a bank under the trees, heaped bushes around us, and built a fire to keep as warm as possible. The heavy pine bushes helped us to keep dry, but one of our number had to be outside the shelter to warn us of an attack, when suddenly, about midnight, we heard a great commotion in our front, and the snow came rattling down from a nearby tree, making quite a noise. Comrade Ed. Hall, who was on the watch, came rushing in and aroused us. Sergeant Graw immediately ordered every man out, and what little vestige of fire we had was stamped out. We double-quicked around to ascertain if possible in the gray darkness the cause of the noise, but after a good deal of scurrying we found nothing and saw nothing. About two o'clock the writer's turn for an hour on the watch came, and soon thereafter the same noise was heard from the same direction. Again the guard was aroused and the same vigilant search instituted, when finally our corporal and the writer chanced under the tree where the snow had been shaken off, and finding an unusual quantity on the ground, we peered about and discovered that a flock of pheasants had been the cause of our alarm. We secured two of the birds that were upon the lower limb, and with their

capture the alarm for that night was at an end. Had Comrade Hall fired his gun, or our sergeant given an alarm, the regiment would have again been called out, as it was a few nights before and a few nights afterward. The reader can be assured the pheasants made good eating, and as a January dish made quite a relish.

The order to march from Loudon Valley to the front, on the Rappahannock, was given in the early part of December, and the march began about the 11th of the month, and ended near Stafford Court House in the latter part of January, 1863. But it must be remembered that when we reached Dumfries we were ordered back to Fairfax Station, where we remained until the latter part of January. This march was a rapid one, and we had but little time to examine the country through which we passed. Most of the daylight was consumed in marching, but we had a half-hour at noon to prepare coffee to drink, and refresh ourselves with what we had in our knapsacks. In the evening we had to hustle to prepare our suppers and pitch tents for a place to sleep. In the morning we were aroused early, to strike tents and get breakfast. All this kept us busy. We halted early one afternoon and were given an opportunity to view the beautiful plains of Chantilly; near this place Generals Kearney and Steens were killed the preceding September. Of course, we recalled the devotion of these brave officers to the cause in which we were enlisted, and during the course of the afternoon viewed as much of the battlefield as we possibly could, and notwithstanding several months had passed, we saw many evidences of the fierceness of the conflict that had there raged.

The latter part of December was very cold, and the exposure we were subjected to was great. We had this cold weather to endure in our chase after Stuart's Cavalry, but amid it all we heard no complaints, and we do not think soldiers ever performed duty more cheerfully than did Kane's brigade in their fruitless efforts to bag Stuart's troopers during those cold December nights.

In the month of January occurred the famous mud march already referred to, when we were moved forward to support Burnside's second effort to capture Fredericksburg. The rain was incessant and the roads bottomless. We had previously received the news of the disaster that befell our army in its first attack on Fredericksburg, but this only had a temporary depression on our

spirits, and in a few days our desire to forcibly suppress the rebellion and end the war was as strong as ever. We resumed our march from Fairfax Station, to which place we had fallen back in December, on January 19, and when we reached our camping place, near Stafford Court House, we were complimented by our corps commander, General Slocum, for the courage and endurance exhibited on this very trying march.

The intention, evidently, of the commander of the army, General Burnside, was for Slocum's, or Twelfth Corps, to take part in the campaign against Fredericksburg, and the movement of the corps was so timed and directed as to fully protect the rear of the army and that part of the country lying between Washington and the Rappahannock. The line of our march was infested with the Confederate cavalry, and we were frequently in close proximity to the wily General Stuart and his troopers. The news of the failure of the attack on Fredericksburg, and the recrossing of the river by General Burnside to his old position, and the heavy loss sustained in the battle, reached us soon after its occurrence. This and the severe cold weather that immediately followed were temporarily a damper to the ardor and enthusiasm that had before that time possessed our part of the army. Our movement from Fairfax Station was no doubt intended to unite us with the main army, and it was the general belief of our officers that we would participate in the second attack on Fredericksburg, ordered to be made in the month of January, but the terrific rain storm that broke over us about the middle of the month, during which we, like the balance of the army, "stuck in the mud," caused the projected attack to be abandoned; but the recollection of it and the distress suffered by reason of it will ever form a memorable part of the campaign of the Army of the Potomac. Of this second intended attempt on Fredericksburg and Lee's army, Stine, in his "History of the Army of the Potomac," says:

"During the night of the 20th, that is January 1863, the rain began and by morning, the 21st, the earth was soaked and the river banks had the appearance of a quagmire, already fifteen pontoons were on the river, nearly spanning it, and five more were amply sufficient. Burnside began at once to bring up his artillery, which had the effect of making a perfect mortar bed; for a considerable area around the ford, all day the men worked in the rain but to little purpose, quite a number of cannon were advanced near the ford, but the 22nd only added to the storm, and the artillery, caissons and even wagons were swamped in the mud.

The storm had blocked Burnside's movement, giving Lee ample time to line the other shore with his army, so that there was no time to interfere with the crossing except from the sharp-shooters, who peppered away on all occasions. No doubt Lee was hoping Burnside would effect a crossing; with the swollen river in his rear, it would have been a serious predicament for the Union Army indeed, but Burnside finally became reconciled to his fate and gave the order for the army to retire to its quarters, and thus ended the famous mud march.

His last ill luck (says this same writer, referring to General Burnside) was too much for his heretofore good nature. Up to that time he had paid no attention to the criticisms made on him, but then he let loose the floodgates of his resentment, and issued an order peremptorily dismissing Generals Hooker, Brooks, Newton and Cochrane from the service of the United States, and depriving Generals Franklin, Smith, Sturgis, Ferrero and Colonel Taylor of their respective commands. This most extraordinary order had to have the approval of the President. Mr. Lincoln as usual looked the matter over with a view of best serving the interest of the country, and, says the writer of the history, Mr. Stine, I said to Rosecrans that I did not think Lincoln had a particle of jealousy against a living being, and that he was so in earnest to preserve the Nation, that if it had depended on his place, as chief executive of the Nation he would have left the White House peremptorily and without a regret.

After due deliberation over the remarkable paper presented by Burnside to dismiss several prominent generals and deprive several others of their commands, or accept his resignation, the President decided to relieve him as Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Potomac but not to accept his resignation, and on the 26th of January he severed his connection with the army as its Commander."

Burnside's resignation as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac was generally regretted by the rank and file of the army, as they all felt that the General was a loyal and true soldier of his country, and it was thought that he did not receive that cordial support from the other officers of the army that he was entitled to. While this was going on at the front as we have already said, our division and brigade were floundering in the mud between Fairfax Station and Stafford Court House. About the middle of February, whilst in camp near Stafford Court House, we received four months' pay. This, of course, was a very pleasing incident, and put money in all our pockets, by reason of which the sutler did a thriving business, and those of the boys who were inclined to be sporty indulged in games of chance, but the majority of them, after paying their little bills due the sutler and due from one to another, expressed their money home to

parents and friends, where they knew it would be appreciated and taken care of, and be productive of the most good.

The appointment of General Hooker to the command of the army was somewhat of a surprise, but to those who had fought on the right in the opening of the battle of Antietam the appointment was entirely satisfactory. The General's conduct on that morning and his success in driving the Confederate forces to their second line of defence on the Miller farm inspired confidence in his courage and ability. About the middle of March our division and brigade were inspected and reviewed by him, in company with our corps commander. Soon thereafter we moved from a new camp at Kane's Landing to quarters near Acquia Creek, and there we lay until the forward movement commenced in the latter part of April on Chancellorsville. At this time our brigade was reconstructed and we were taken from Williams' first division and were attached to Geary's second division of the Twelfth Corps.

We were scarcely established in our new quarters at Acquia Creek until old acquaintances and friends from the 62d, 84th and 110th Pennsylvania Regiments came to see us, our new camp being much nearer to them than our former one. Many were the reminiscences talked over, and news from home discussed. Some of the boys received boxes from home filled with good things, which of course gladdened hearts and replenished larders. We exchanged courtesies with each other with delight and relish; and notwithstanding the fact that we could look across the river from Falmouth to see the "Johnnies" ready to greet us with powder and shell, we put in a pleasant time, and had what would be regarded under the circumstances a right good thing of it. The approach of spring was soon noticeable by increased activity in all quarters. General Hooker, or "Fighting Joe," as the boys used to call him, had established confidence as commander. President Lincoln came down to see us, and at the grand review in his honor he complimented all of us on our soldierly bearing. On this review the army was at its best and seemed invincible, but how we failed to subsequently succeed will be explained hereafter.

Much sickness prevailed in the camp in the early spring, and the regimental and brigade hospitals were crowded with fever and ague and malaria patients; quite a number of typhoid fever cases also developed, and several deaths had occurred at the division and corps hospital. As the time approached for breaking camp

and marching the boys were enthusiastic over the prospect of getting away from sickness, and also enthusiastic at the prospect of helping terminate the war. Among the many deaths at the hospital was Robert P. Engles, a very popular young man of Company "K," out of the Altoona machine shops. Bob was a splendid fellow, beloved by all his comrades. He came to Altoona from Philadelphia, and was apparently one of the stoutest and heartiest men in the regiment, but the Virginia climate was too much for him, and before we broke camp he crossed death's river and added one more hero to the list of patriotic dead. He was the fourth member of mess No. 4, Company "K," that had fallen out of the ranks, through no fault of his, and failed to answer the roll-call when the muster was made for the march to Chancellorsville. His messmates consisted of Fred. C. Ward, who was killed at Antietam; George W. Jones, who was wounded at the same battle; Thomas H. Wakefield, who was disabled by a horse at Antietam, and J. D. Hicks and Jacob Beatty. This left but Hicks and Beatty of the original mess of six boys who had clubbed together before leaving Altoona. As before said, Bob was well known by all the Altoona boys as a "jolly good fellow" on the march and in camp, and his death was mourned by all. We might refer to others of the comrades, who suffered from disease and some of whom died at Fairfax, Stafford and Acquia creek; each had dear friends and messmates in the regiment, in addition to loved ones at home. Of those who died we recall the names of Thomas Beamer and John A. McFarland, of Company "A"; Theodore N. Cooper and Samuel Reed, of Company "C"; David Isenburg, John Wolheater and John Heffner, of Company "F." All of these comrades were beloved by their messmates, and were sadly missed in their respective companies. We especially cite the case of Robert Engles, of Company "K," of those who died, for the reason his case came under the personal notice of the writer; and the breaking of the mess in Company "K" but illustrates the breaking up of groups in the entire regiment.

As we look back over the years and realize the exposures suffered, we cannot but wonder that so many survived the perils of the camp and field in the winter of '62 and '63.

CHAPTER III.

Demoralization in Spring of 1863—Distrust at Home—Desertion from the Ranks—How "Fighting Joe Hooker" Re-established Confidence—New Formation of Brigade—Review by President Lincoln—The Forward Movement on Chancellorsville—The Battle Line at Chancellorsville—Friday, Saturday and Sunday's Battles—Their Unfortunate Termination—That awful Saturday Night—Brave Conduct of Three Musicians—The Rescuing of the Wounded—The New Line of Battle—The Battle at Salem Church, etc.—Back at the old Camp again—Poem to the Unknown Dead at Fredericksburg, by J. D. Hicks, of Co. K.

As has already been intimated, when Hooker took command of the army it was under depressing conditions. Despondency, on account of the disaster at Fredericksburg, and homesickness, prevailed to a large extent; "French leave" was resorted to by many of the boys, more especially of long-term regiments, some of whose names yet remain upon the rolls, marked as "deserter"; but desertion was not their intention in most cases, but discontent and discouragement were prevalent, and the "peace at any price party" were howling in the rear, and of course these had their effect on the boys in the front. The politicians opposed to Mr. Lincoln had created alarm and caused general distrust at home, and much of it reached the army. The failure to crush the rebellion was unjustly blamed on the inefficiency of the Government. Hooker soon commenced to turn things right about, and soon a change for the better was noticeable. Drilling and marching, raiding for guerrillas and scouring for Confederate cavalry, who were hanging about our right and rear, were of frequent occurrence, and soon put the martial spirit in the boys. The old cry, "On to Richmond!" got to be quite as popular an expression as it was before the disaster at Fredericksburg, and by the time the buds commenced to swell in the forests of Virginia in April the "On to Richmond!" cry was heard on all sides, and the entire army was ready and enthusiastically awaiting the order to go forward.

It can be truthfully said that a finer army, in better spirits, and more thoroughly disciplined, of over one hundred thousand men, anxious to meet its foe, was never mustered than was the Army of the Potomac in April, 1863, and it impatiently awaited the order to move southward. A new spirit was infused; the grand divi-

sions were abolished and the army was arranged in corps. And each corps was designated by a badge, and the badges denoted the divisions by the respective colors of red, white and blue. The first division of the Twelfth Corps was designated by a red star; the second division, the one to which we were attached, was designated by a white star; there being no third division of our corps, there was no blue star. We soon became very proud of our corps badge, and the white star division of the Twelfth Corps will ever be notable in history. We were attached to Geary's division (second) of the Twelfth (Slocum's) Corps, our brigade being the second one, consisting of the 29th, 109th, 111th, 124th and 125th Pennsylvania Regiments. Under the impulse of the President's proclamation, issued about March 10th, granting amnesty to deserters who would return by April 1st, many who had gone home voluntarily rejoined their commands, and the people at home wrote more hopefully. A considerable number of recruits joined the long-term regiments, and, as before said, Hooker soon found himself at the head of as fine an army as the world ever saw. Of course, there were some discouragements, the principal one being that the time of many of the regiments would soon expire, and if no battle was fought in the near future, several regiments from New York, Pennsylvania and other states would be discharged by reason of expiration of term of service, and the army would be depleted by about 20,000 effective men. Hooker was compelled to offer battle early in the spring or lose the assistance of these men, equal in number to an entire army corps.

President Lincoln made a personal visit to and inspection of the army about April 25th. Prior to this he, with Secretary Stanton and other prominent personages, had a consultation with General Hooker and the corps commanders. This visit and inspection by the President was a great occasion. We all labored to appear our very best; clean clothes, blackened shoes, bright buttons and burnished guns, told the story of how we appreciated the visit. With dressed lines we passed in review under his eye. We cheered lustily under his kindly look and cheerful greeting; we all loved Mr. Lincoln, and a look in his face convinced us of his honesty, and we knew he was an earnest man, a lover of his country, and he was, in addition to all of this, our friend. When officers were too severe he would interpose clemency in his mild way, and he saved many a poor fellow from severity and death.

If Mr. Lincoln had been a stern and harsh man, the history of this country might have been quite different, and a writer has well said of him at this time, "He listened to all complaints patiently, and then usually made his decisions." Respectful to all, he won the esteem and respect of his countrymen, and his name is linked with Washington's in history, the highest honor that could be conferred. While he was hurling great armies at the South to compel its people to obey the laws, he nightly prayed that they would see the error of their ways and return in peace. He would save the Union with or without slavery, and when (afterwards) the assassin's bullet ended this great man's life, there was mourning even in the South. Those of us who participated, and all did who could, in the Grand Review, were proud of the fact, and each believed he had caught the eye of the President, and the smile that lighted his face was intended for us.

Shortly after this review, the long-expected order to move came, and the grand Army of the Potomac, with a light step and a buoyancy and hopefulness, moved to the fords of the Rappahannock river with celerity, in the full assurance of victory.

The Twelfth Corps at this time was made up as follows:

TWELFTH ARMY CORPS.

Maj.-Gen. Henry W. Slocum.

PROVOST GUARD.

10th Maine Battalion, Capt. John D. Beardsley.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. Alpheus S. Williams.

FIRST BRIGADE.

Brig.-Gen. Joseph F. Knipe.

5th Connecticut, Col. Warren W. Packer, Lieut.-Col. James A. Betts, Maj. David F. Lane.

28th New York, Lieut.-Col. Elliott W. Cook, Maj. Theophilus Fitzgerald.

46th Pennsylvania, Maj. Cyrus Strouse, Capt. Edward L. Witman.

128th Pennsylvania, Col. Joseph A. Mathews, Maj. Cephas Dyer.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Col. Samuel Ross.

20th Connecticut, Lieut.-Col. Wm. B. Wooster, Maj. Philo B. Buckingham.
3d Maryland, Lieut.-Col. Gilbert P. Robinson.
123d New York, Col. Archibald L. McDougall.
145th New York, Col. E. Livingston Price, Capt. George W. Reid.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Brig.-Gen. Thos. H. Ruger.

27th Indiana, Col. Silas Colegrove.
2d Massachusetts, Col. Samuel M. Quincy.
13th New Jersey, Col. Ezra A. Carman, Maj. John Grimes, Capt. George A. Beardsley.
107th New York, Col. Alexander S. Divin.
3d Wisconsin, Col. William Hawley.

ARTILLERY.

Capt. Robert H. Fitzhugh.

1st New York, Light Battery K, Lieut. Edward L. Bailey.
1st New York, Light Battery M, Lieut. Chas. E. Vinegar, Lieut. John D. Woodberry.
4th United States, Battery F, Lieut. Franklin B. Crosby, Lieut. Edward P. Muhlenberg.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. John W. Geary

FIRST BRIGADE.

Col. Charles Candy.

5th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Robert L. Kilpatrick, Maj. E. S. Henry.
7th Ohio, Col. William R. Creighton.
29th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Thomas Clark.
66th Ohio, Lieut.-Col. Eugene Powell.
28th Pennsylvania, Maj. Lansford F. Chapman, Capt. Conrad U. Meyer.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Brig.-Gen. Thos. L. Kane.

General Hooker's Headquarters at Chancellorsville.
Saturday Morning, May 2, 1863.

29th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Wm. Rickards, Jr.
109th Pennsylvania, Col. Henry J. Stainrook, Capt. John Young, Jr.
111th Pennsylvania, Col. George A. Cobham, Jr.
124th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Simon Litzenberg.
125th Pennsylvania, Col. Jacob Higgins.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Brig.-Gen. George S. Greene.

60th New York, Lieut.-Col. John C. O. Redington.
78th New York, Maj. Henry R. Stagg, Capt. Wm. H. Randall.
102d New York, Col. James G. Lane.
137th New York, Col. David Ireland.
149th New York, Maj. Abel G. Cook, Capt. Oliver T. May, Lieut.-Col. Kort S. Van Voorhis.

ARTILLERY.

Capt. Joseph M. Knapp.

Pennsylvania Light, Battery E, Lieut. Chas. A. Atwell, Lieut. James D. McGill.
Pennsylvania Light, Battery F, Capt. Robert B. Hampton, Lieut. James P. Fleming.

The order issued to the cavalry, who led the van, was to *fight, fight, fight,* and the other parts of the army were expected to do likewise. On the 27th of April the Twelfth Corps, of which we were a part, was put in motion, and we can yet see General Slocum, our corps commander; General Geary, our division commander, and our own gallant little General Kane, our brigade commander, as they rode out at the head of their respective columns with their staff officers. A prouder set of officers and more determined men never marched to music, and all felt that victory was in the air, and that Richmond this time would surely be ours. Arriving at Kelly's ford, about 27 miles from our camp, on the afternoon of the 29th, we crossed the Rappahannock over pontoon bridges, and in the afternoon of the 30th we stacked our guns on an extended line of battle in front of the Chancellor House, fully 37 miles from where we started; on our right was the Eleventh Corps, and on our left was the Fifth Corps, and in reserve, in the neighborhood, was the Third Corps, and subse-

quently the First Corps; on our immediate left was the first brigade, under the command of Colonel Canly, and on our right was the third brigade, commanded by General Greene. One incident of the march we chance to recall, that was quite a joke on one of the most efficient officers of the regiment—it was Captain Bell, of Company "A." The Captain was quite a strict disciplinarian and generally had things done just about right. One of the orders issued by our commanding officer was that there was to be no absence from the ranks without permission. This order Captain Bell evidently forgot, as, when we got to the ford, the Captain, after placing his company in command of his first lieutenant, went off with the chaplain to view the army going over the river. While enjoying this scene and seeing the deployment on the other side, General Kane came riding up, and seeing Captain Bell and the chaplain together, at once halted to ascertain the cause. The result was that Captain Bell was placed temporarily under arrest, but the General soon relented, and before Company "A" was deployed in line of battle the Captain was in his old place and giving orders as usual.

Immediately upon assuming our places in the battle-line, we commenced throwing up breastworks, and in a short time, with our bayonets and tin plates, we had a line of rifle pits covering our entire regimental front, behind which we could nestle down with safety. On the afternoon of Friday our brigade was ordered out for a reconnoissance, and we marched from our works in the direction of Fredericksburg, Company "B" acting as skirmishers. We advanced to the east of the Plank Road, probably a mile and a half; we passed through quite a wood and swamp, and were finally getting on the high and open ground, in the direction of Salem Church, when we discovered the enemy. Across the open field we could see men cautiously moving, and quite a number of pieces of artillery ready to open on us, had we advanced further. General Kane, who was near Colonel Higgins when the command was given to halt, was heard to express himself as anxious to go forward, but he had received orders to bring on no battle, and instead of going further he was ordered to return. Doubting the wisdom of this instruction he protested forcibly against returning, and wanted permission to charge over the field and take the guns in our front. Whilst awaiting permission to go forward, for which he had asked, a second order

came to him to fall back, and whilst protesting against the order a third one came, with some definite news attached, that caused him, much to his regret, to face about his command and commence the backward movement. We had scarcely commenced to retreat when a line of Confederate skirmishers was thrown forward and commenced firing upon us. They assisted all they knew how in hastening our steps in retirement to our line of works. When we reached the Plank Road the fire became brisker, and just before we crossed the road the enemy unlimbered a couple of guns and sent canister down the road at a rapid rate. We were moved north of the road and re-formed, then about-faced and slowly moved backward, firing as we moved, until we arrived at our place in the line of works, when the skirmish was over. In it we had a number of men captured. Some think that General Kane was right in wanting to advance, and claim that the high ground on our front and in the open was the place for the battle, and not the ground about Chancellorsville, and that had he been permitted to occupy the field he was compelled by orders of his superiors to abandon, a different story might have been written about the fight at Chancellorsville.

In the evening we moved along the line, and found the third brigade of (our) Twelfth Corps and part of the Third Corps, as well as the Eleventh Corps beyond, had thrown up a line of works like our own, and for over a mile through the brush and underwood there was a line of rifle pits filled with anxious and enthusiastic men, awaiting the action of the Confederate army, and expecting them to walk into the trap set for them. Why they did not do this will be discovered a little further on.

Friday night was beautiful, the air was balmy and fragrant, and the trees were just commencing to put on their leaves, and it was hard to keep that great army quiet. All sorts of rumors were reaching us; in fact, it was rumored the war was about over, and the entire Confederate army was about laying down their arms to "Fighting Joe." Whilst we were talking it over on that May night, Lee and Jackson, not over one and one-half miles away, were also talking it over, and their talk and plans proved much more effective, which the work of the next day proved. In the evening, quite late, we heard firing to our left, and were told that Sykes had, with his regulars, repulsed an effort to break through his lines. Saturday morning found us awake early, and

soon the army was astir and eager for work. To our right, between the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, we saw a part of our army moving out on an easy gait toward the south. We were told this was the Third Corps, going to stop the retreat of the Confederates further south. Scarcely had our men got out of sight when there moved in our front the steady tramp of an armed force, apparently going in the same direction as our own men, who preceded them. From this force we could hear an occasional command, "Close up," "Steady, men," and like words, and now and then we could catch glimpses of the gray-clothed ranks moving with steady steps, with arms at right shoulder and paying no attention either to us or to our skirmish line in front. This column proved to be Jackson's men, who were moving in close proximity to Sickles' corps and our main army, and were on their great flanking march, that caused us so much trouble later. They were then moving to strike the rear of the Eleventh Corps. General Kane was walking up and down in rear of the 125th, and several times was heard to remark to Colonel Higgins, and also to Captains McKeage, Hewit, Wallace, Gardner and others, that he would like to have a chance to investigate that column, and the query has often been suggested since, Why was he not allowed to do so? About two o'clock the column had gone and our immediate front became quiet again. Sickles' men came back from the old furnace, where they had gone, and the army was resting, waiting until Lee's men should come our way and hand in their arms.

SURPRISE AND PANIC OF THE 11TH CORPS.

About five o'clock we heard the boom, *boom,* BOOM of a big gun away to our right and rear, in the direction of the old tavern we had passed so recently. Every man jumped to his feet and cast his eyes in the direction from which that ominous sound came. Again and again it sent forth its loud and yet louder report, and we at once knew all was not right, and that a battle had commenced in an unexpected quarter. It was a surprise to us. Soon the boom of that big gun became more distinct, and the officers were inquiring of one another what it meant. A noise sounding like a storm was approaching us, and with the noise was the firing of musketry. Soon rushing orderlies were seen, and batteries moving in apparently all directions, yet none could

explain the turmoil and hubbub that was getting nearer us, and the *boom, boom* of that big gun was now too close for comfort. Soon we knew the battle was on and we were not the attacking force. The noise made by the "yi! yi!! yi!!!" of the Rebel yell and the rapidly nearing approach of the noise told its own story, and we knew the battle was going against our men. After a while a straggler came, then one or two more, and soon a handful; finally a host, many without guns or any other marks of a soldier, except uniforms, to distinguish them as such, all running for life, panic-stricken, fleeing with faces blanched and full of fear, and all with the same story, "the battle is lost," "the battle is lost." Soon the rush of the panic-stricken fugitives, filled with terror and frenzy, was on us. We were at once ordered out of our trenches and directed to stop them in their course. With fixed bayonets we made the effort, but we might as well have tried to stop the Rappahannock in its onward course; they broke through our ranks and swept over our works into the Confederate lines. Do all we could, say what we pleased, they would not and did not stop until they were either captured or reached the river; hundreds of them crossed our lines and rushed into captivity in the Confederate army empty handed. We gave a sigh of relief when they had gone, and now we were in the turmoil ourselves. Bullets flew thick and fast, and an occasional shot from a battery gun went screaming over our heads; whilst we were facing one way and receiving the enemy's bullets at long range from that direction, we were attacked by a skirmish line that had quietly occupied our front in the other direction. This latter, however, we soon repelled, and by the time this was done the artillery on the high ground at Hazel Grove stopped the onslaught of Jackson's men. There we stood our ground under fire from flank and front, until it was silenced by the heaviest discharges of artillery we ever heard or expect to hear. This kept up its awful roar and noise until nearly midnight; then on our guns, in our rifle pits, we fell asleep and awaited the soldier's waking in the morning, and when it would dawn each felt and knew he was to be on the firing line and was expected to do his duty.

It is hard to form or give an idea of the turmoil and excitement of the Saturday night's battle at Chancellorsville. Officers, men and artillery horses were all in one inextricable mass of panic and confusion; arms, accoutrements, and in many cases coats,

were cast away, so as not to impede flight; here and there a brave officer and an occasional private would about-face, and vainly endeavor to stop the onward rush and induce the fleeing men to rally—all, however, to no purpose. Our own officers and men tried to exert some influence as well as force in the same direction, and Captain Bell, of Company "A," was especially active in trying to rally the fugitives, and with drawn sword and vigorous language he tried in vain to halt them; they finally passed us and disappeared from view. The memory of this crowd of panic-stricken men seems yet like a dream, some hideous vision in the night-time, and it is hard, even at this late day, after a lapse of forty-two years, to realize that such abject fear and terror could possess men of reason and sense.

General Pleasanton, with his artillery and by his skilful and level-headed work, saved a more extended panic and rout. We could hear the noise and rush and see the movement of the artillery whilst being placed in position, and though every man of us felt the tension, we fully realized the peril of our situation and the responsibility resting upon us. Too much credit cannot be given to officers and men for stemming that contagion of panic, for it was hard work for us to keep from running away with the rest. The bloody work of the artillery and musketry of Sickles' men commenced about eight o'clock. We were probably from three to five hundred yards from Hazel Grove, on the left of the artillery line; the battle line extended from that point to Fairview in our rear, and further on, perhaps five hundred yards. The Confederate advance was met with a volley of shell, canister and musketry that we do not believe was ever exceeded before or afterward in any battle. To properly describe this terrific night battle is beyond the power of pen; the heavy fire of musketry was accompanied with shouting and yelling of the most violent character, and the loud cries of the wounded, mingled with oaths of Confederate officers trying to steady their men, could occasionally be heard in the intervals of moments on our front and flank; shell, shot, and bullets from sixty pieces of artillery and from Sickles' fifteen thousand men, were poured into the woods where the Confederates were lying, and it seemed impossible that any living thing could exist in front of that withering fire. The scream of the shot and the noise of the bursting shell echoed and re-echoed from that wood for about two and a half hours, and the whole

place, with its noise, smoke and fire, seemed more like a part of the infernal regions than a place of human habitation. Language cannot express nor give a proper description of the scene which it was our painful duty to participate in and witness. Finally the tumult hushed, and the bloody work of the day's fight was over.

The Army of the Potomac was saved from being crushed by the almost superhuman efforts that were made. Jackson's men, with their intrepid leader, had marched skilfully past both Sickles' and Howard's corps, and finally came on the rear of Howard and doubled up his men like the rolling of a screen, and the great Eleventh Corps, with its fifteen thousand men, faded like a cloud and was gone. Pleasanton, with his artillery, and that of the Third and Twelfth Corps, alone stood between the Confederate army and a complete victory. It was probably eleven o'clock before the Rebel yell entirely ceased, and the three cheers of the Union forces on the high ground at Hazel Grove could be heard above the din, announcing the fact of success to our cause. Our answer to that cheer was vigorously given, and rendered assurance that the Twelfth Corps was in proper trim to bear its part of the work that we knew must follow on the morrow. After the final repulse of Jackson's men we tried to sleep, but once in the night a fire of some Confederate skirmishers into Company "G" caused it to temporarily move out of its works, but brave Captain McKeage soon had the boys back in line again. Without any further excitement we lay on our arms until awakened by the boom of the same gun that had carried terror and destruction before it on the previous day. Our artillery had occupied the high ground at Hazel Grove the night before, and from that eminence had done wonderful work in repulsing the victorious enemy, and they commenced the work of the morning with caution. They early engaged Sickles' men, and by the falling back of a part of that corps the high ground at Hazel Grove was for a while in danger of a rear or flank attack. Unfortunately its value as a strategic point was not fully understood or appreciated, and our artillery abandoned it and fell back to our immediate right rear, some few hundred yards west, or rather south, of the Chancellor House. This gave the enemy the advantage they desired. Hazel Grove was the key to that part of the field, and by at once taking possession of the abandoned eminence they obtained a range of our rifle pits, and made our line of works untenable and of no

KANE'S BRIGADE, GEARY'S DIVISION, TWELFTH CORPS.
In the trenches under artillery fire, May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville.

protection whatever. Several men, including Lieutenant Jesse S. Stewart, of Company "A," were killed, and a larger number wounded. The 29th, 109th, and 111th Pennsylvania Volunteers, that lay in our immediate rear, suffered more severely than we did. We had, generally speaking, no breakfast in the excitement of the morning save hardtack and bacon, yet some of us, in this fire, enjoyed the luxury of a cup of coffee, and the way this coffee was brought to us is worthy of note. There was, as already stated, an open field a short distance in our rear, in which was located the Chancellor House. After the seizure of Hazel Grove the Confederate batteries and infantry had a complete range of the field; but, notwithstanding this fact, three boys of our division came across that open field and went back again through that fire unscathed, carrying two kettles of coffee. These boys were Thomas Lloyd, of Company "G"; Caleb Tipton, of Company "K," 125th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Owen Hicks, of Company "G," 7th Ohio, formerly a Blair and Huntingdon County boy; they belonged to the musicians of the division, and, unmindful of the danger, they carried through that storm of shot and shell good cheer and comfort to the boys on the firing line. They were joyously received, and the coffee went around as far as it would go. After the kettles were emptied the boys went back to their positions to perform duty to wounded comrades, and they were among the first to greet us when we marched into our new lines later in the day. The fire from the Confederate batteries now became severe, and, there seeming to be no orders from any one, Colonel Higgins debated with several of the captains whether or not he should withdraw, and was anxiously awaiting an order from headquarters, when finally General Greene came down the line, at the head of the third brigade and gave our colonel the necessary order to withdraw, and by his direction the 125th evacuated its works and moved in the rear of the third brigade to the intersection of the Plank Road with the main road to Fredericksburg. Here we were placed in line of battle at right angles to our former line, in the open field in front of the Chancellor House, but again we were moved in the direction of Hazel Grove, and again reoccupied in part our old position and rifle pits; in fact, that seemed to be the object of our movement, but our old place was too much of a target for the Confederate artillery, and we soon moved back again nearer the Chancellor House. From that point

we could plainly see the enemy forming his infantry for another forward movement. We were advanced to a less exposed position nearer the enemy's line, protected, however, by a rise in the ground. Whilst executing this movement the first brigade, commanded by Colonel Candy (or Creighton), of the 7th Ohio, passed through our regiment and divided it, and a part of the regiment was afterward attached to this command. Soon thereafter we were advanced a little further up the field and directed to lie down and reserve our fire until we should receive orders. The enemy commenced to move out of the woods cautiously and soon came within easy range, when a well-directed volley from us sent them back to the woods from which they had emerged. There was a disposition on the part of our men to follow them, but again we were ordered to lie down, and soon the enemy advanced a second time, giving their usual yell, but our fire was too withering for them, and, despite their officers, we saw them break, turn their backs and seek the shelter of the woods. At this time the Chancellor House was discovered to be on fire. It had been used as a shelter for our sick and a hospital for our wounded, and also in part as headquarters, but was abandoned for all purposes except as a hospital since quite early in the day. Whilst it was burning, details were made to care for and look after our wounded, and every possible effort put forth to save and rescue them. During this time the Confederates were rapidly massing again on our front and flank, and were making ready for another charge. Solid shot and screaming shell were flying about and above us, and the pandemonium of the night before seemed to have broken loose again. Our brave officers, however, kept us in good hope, and we were as fully determined to repel our enemy as he was to drive us from the field. We could see by this time our old rifle pits in their possession, and our knapsacks and blankets, including all our movables and keepsakes from home, were prey to them; but now on both our left and front we were liable to suffer from a cross fire, and to severe loss in our ranks, that were already reduced to a minimum. One noble boy, Sergeant Avery, we think it was, of the 7th Ohio, was wounded severely in the body, but stoutly refused assistance off the field, saying he could get along by himself. We have never seen the Sergeant since, but heard of him. He recovered and was as noble and generous in after years as he was brave on the morning of that severe

battle. The third attack finally came, supported by artillery, and again it was our pleasure to see the men in gray turn their backs to us, and, under a well-directed fire, seek shelter of the woods at the edge of that field. By this time the Chancellor House was almost in ruins and the smoking woods warned us of their being on fire. Our officers now saw preparation for another attack in progress of formation, both in our front and on our left, but our artillery had gone to the rear and there were apparently no troops on the field, at least none in sight except our own second division (Geary's) of the Twelfth Corps, when some staff officer at this time ordered us to retire, and, marching by the right flank, at a shoulder arms, we abandoned the field, and with a last look at the smoking ruins of the Chancellor House and the bloody field beyond we passed into the woods, out of range of the fire of the muskets of our enemy, and away from the active scene of the fearful strife that for three days we had been active participants in. On our march to the rear every possible aid was extended to the wounded comrades we discovered along the way, and details searched the burning woods so that none would be left there to perish. The color-bearer of the 66th Ohio temporarily detached his flag from its staff so he could get through the woods easier, for part of our way was through a thick underbrush that skirted a small stream that we followed a long distance. This incident, barring the escapes we made from the bursting shells of the enemy's artillery that were thrown after us, were the only exciting features of our hasty yet orderly withdrawal. Finally we reached the new formation, and were halted in rear of a new line of battle, about a mile north of Chancellorsville, in the direction of the river. Here we were again subjected to a short but severe shelling from our exultant foe, who, deeming prudence the better part of valor, seemed to be content that we should for the balance of the day have peace. Later in the day, however, we heard the rebel "yi! yi!! yi!!!" in the distance as they moved off to attack Sedgwick's men.

It is not much of a great battle that a private soldier sees; in fact, he is a small atom of a great force such as was in action in a battle like Chancellorsville. It may be presumption perhaps for him to even criticise, yet many thinking soldiers of the Twelfth Corps believe General Kane was right when he wanted to take the high ground on Friday afternoon, of which we have spoken

and an investigation made of the passing column on Saturday morning.

It is said that the army was without a commander for quite a while on Sunday morning, and that this largely accounted for our misfortune and disaster. Why we were surprised in broad daylight by a flank movement that nearly every private soldier of the Twelfth and Third Corps and part of the Eleventh saw actively moving before our eyes, without hindrance, is one of the unexplained mysteries of the fearful disaster.

Whilst we lay in the woods hiding we could hear the report of the firing on Sedgwick's men by the enemy, at Salem Church, about five or six miles away, and as the sound grew further away we knew that this battle was also going against our men. By evening the sounds became quite distant, and we learned later that Sedgwick had fallen back to Fredericksburg, and that the heights captured by him at that place, which we had learned on Saturday were ours, were likely to be retaken by our now apparently invincible foe. A heavy rain set in during the night and made our quarters very uncomfortable.

During the night of May 6th we recrossed the turbulent Rappahannock, over a rickety pontoon bridge, with a route step, with a crestfallen feeling of disappointment, misery and disgust. The Rappahannock had risen to over twice its usual size by the heavy rains. Our place of crossing was the United States Ford, several miles below the ford we had crossed a few days before on our march to the battle. We were certainly a different lot of men; then we were buoyant, full of hope and cheer; now we were disappointed and filled with wretchedness and misery, and hunger, for we had scarcely anything to eat and were both wet and muddy. After reaching the high ground on the north bank of the river we were halted near a run called Potomac Creek, where we lay for the balance of the night. Early next morning we moved in the direction of Stafford Court House, which place we reached about noon, and were there treated to a liberal supply of good rations, and also to a liberal ration of whiskey, which was in this instance a real help and relief to many of the comrades, who were suffering from the effect of the severe exposure and the torrents of rain we had encountered. Whilst at Stafford Court House we were complimented by our corps commander, General Slocum, for the endurance we exhibited under the very difficult and trying

circumstances we had encountered. General Geary, our division commander, also addressed us in a similar vein. In the evening we reached our old camp, near Acquia Creek Landing, and there remained until we were sent to Harrisburg through Washington for our final muster out.

Our losses at Chancellorsville, considering the exposed position we held, the lively skirmish of Friday and the battle of Sunday, were not heavy; these were, five killed, twelve wounded and ten captured. There were several slightly wounded, of whom no note was made. The killed, wounded and captured were distributed by companies as follows:

COMPANY "A"

Lieut. Jesse S. Stewart, killed; Corporal George C. Davidson, wounded; Private Charles Clodius, killed; Private John M. Esterline, captured.

COMPANY "B"

Sergeant James Houck, wounded. Private Jacob F. Aurandt, killed. Privates William B. Blake, William Brunell, Joseph C. Garner, John D. Love, John Richards and George Winters, wounded. Private George H. Rhodes, captured.

COMPANY "C"

Private Jeremiah C. Breneman, wounded.

COMPANY "D"

Private David W. Oswalt, killed. Private Andrew Stewart, wounded and captured.

COMPANY "E"

Sergeant William Nofker, captured. Corporal Samuel Stroup, wounded. Privates John Benton and Levi Leedom, captured.

COMPANY "F"

Privates William H. Haugh, John D. Lewis and Richard Owens, captured.

COMPANY "G"

Private Theodore Barr, captured.

COMPANY "I"

Private John W. Scott, killed.

COMPANY "K"

Corporal John A. McIntyre, captured. Private Wilson L. Akers, wounded.

This ended, so far as our regiment was concerned, the great battle of Chancellorsville, and soon thereafter our term of service. We had hoped to be a part of an invincible army that was to win a glorious victory for our cause; in this we were, like the country, sadly disappointed. Critics all agree that Hooker's movement at Chancellorsville was most brilliant in its conception and in the preliminary contests leading up thereto, but the battle itself was a failure. The surprise given by Jackson's flank attack on the Eleventh Corps has been criticized by all leading writers in their history of that battle, and failure to prevent it pronounced a blunder on the part of some one. It is claimed that General Von Gilsa, whose brigade was on the extreme right of the army, had given timely notice of the mysterious movement on his front, but no attention was paid the same, and the right flank of the army was not strengthened, and when the attack came the Federal line was too weak to resist the strong force hurled against it. To this surprise, and the abandonment of Hazel Grove on Sunday morning and the subsequent repulse of Sedgwick, the defeat at Chancellorsville can be attributed.

Dedicated to the vast army of UNKNOWN DEAD who sleep in Fredericksburg Cemetery, who gave their lives at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania and the Wilderness and rest in unknown graves, the following poem was read at Reunion of the 125th Pennsylvania Volunteers, at Altoona, Pa., by Mrs. M. E. Bewley.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

How vast the multitude of dead
  That 'neath thy sod doth lie,
Near Fredericksburg, in earthy bed
  Deaf to earth's battle cry.

So still, so peacefully they sleep,
  Their swords and guns laid down,
Unconsciously they wear the wreath
  That victory's brow doth crown.

Grave unto grave doth nestle close
  Their inmates side by side,
As if in death with solid front,
  To face the foe they 'd ride.

No costly monument uprears
  Its lofty shaft of stone;
A simple slab of marble white,
  And simply marked "Unknown,"

Marks the last resting place of those
  Who died afar from home,
No loving friend to close their eyes
  Or listen to their moan.

Unknown but not unhonored they,
  Their country's bravest, best—
Who most ungrudgingly did give
  Their lives at war's behest.

With flowers rare and beautiful,
  Let every grave be strewn
For unto God whose cause they served,
  Not one shall be "Unknown."

Not one forgotten in that day
  When He shall claim his own,
When wakened by the trumpet's call
  They'll come before His throne.

Unknown, amid the Nation's dead
  Unknown, by friend and foe
Unknown—on earth—but not above
  For God, each soul doth know.

Then loyal tribute let us pay
  To every soldier brave,
And scatter flowers lavishly
  O'er known and unknown grave.

THE SOLDIER'S REVERIE.

Composed, and dedicated to the Comrades of the 125th Volunteer Infantry of Pennsylvania in commemoration of their services to their country during the War of the Rebellion, by J. D. Hicks.

Boys, I'm thinking of the camp fire
  On Potomac's grassy banks,
When in days of rain and sunshine
  We were drilled with well-filled ranks.
Since that time how many changes
  Have come o'er life's troubled way,
And we view the past with sadness,
  With the memories of that day.

    Yet the flag, our glorious banner,
      Waves as then undimmed and bright,
    With its stars and stripes untarnished
      As the world's fair beacon light.

When the order came, "Fall in boys,"
  For the march—we knew not where—
And the bugle sounded forward
  Proudly then with martial air,
As we marched, and marched with gladness,
  Our young hearts were filled with cheer,
Little thought we of the sadness
  That would soon our pleasures mar.

Soon the marching led to battle,
  From our ranks there soon were borne,
By the shots and shells of traitors,
  Comrades killed and sorely torn.
Boys who bled, but never faltered
  In their march to duty's call,
Men who knew that in the conflict,
  Many brave were bound to fall.

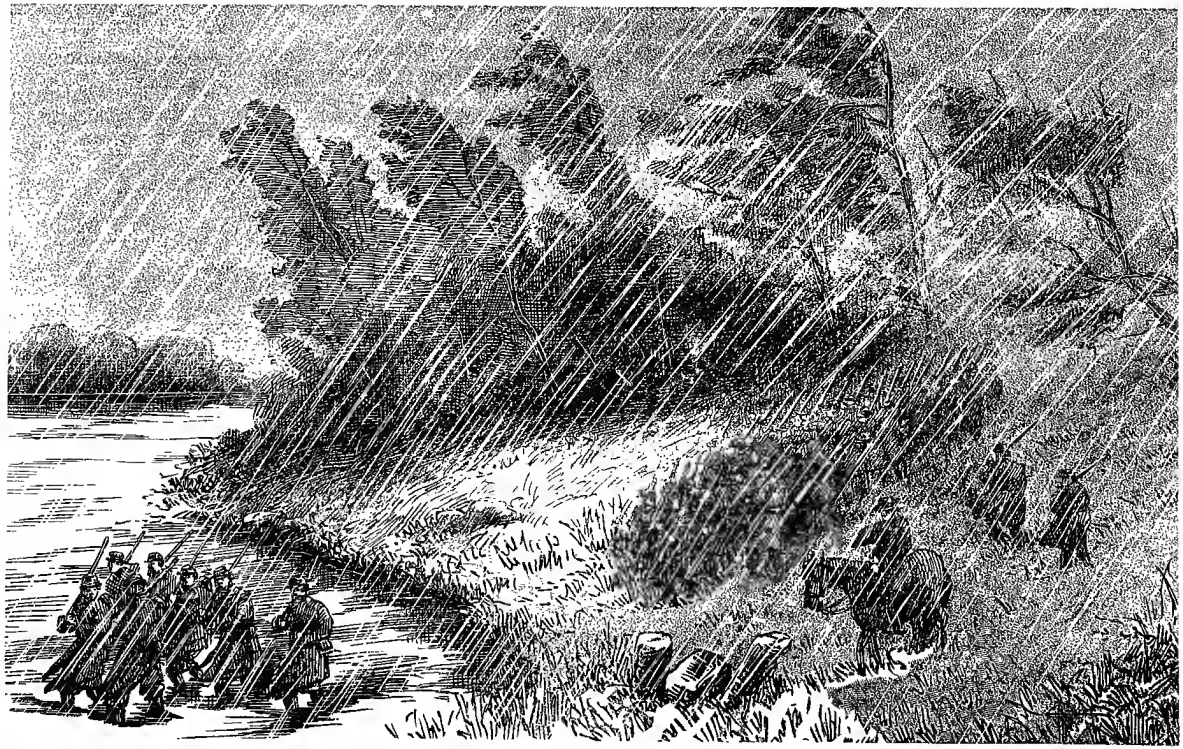
We remember well the order
  For our final muster out,
When for victory, home and country,
  The air was rent with cheer and shout.

Yet the thought of our dear comrades,
  Who with us had marched away,
Whom we left behind in sorrow,
  Bowed our heads in tears that day.

When we reached our homes and fireside,
  Victory ours, the Union won
From the schemes and hands of traitors,
  Our good work complete and done.
Again we sadly thought of comrades,
  Who with us had marched away,
Who looked forward to the welcome
  We received at home that day.

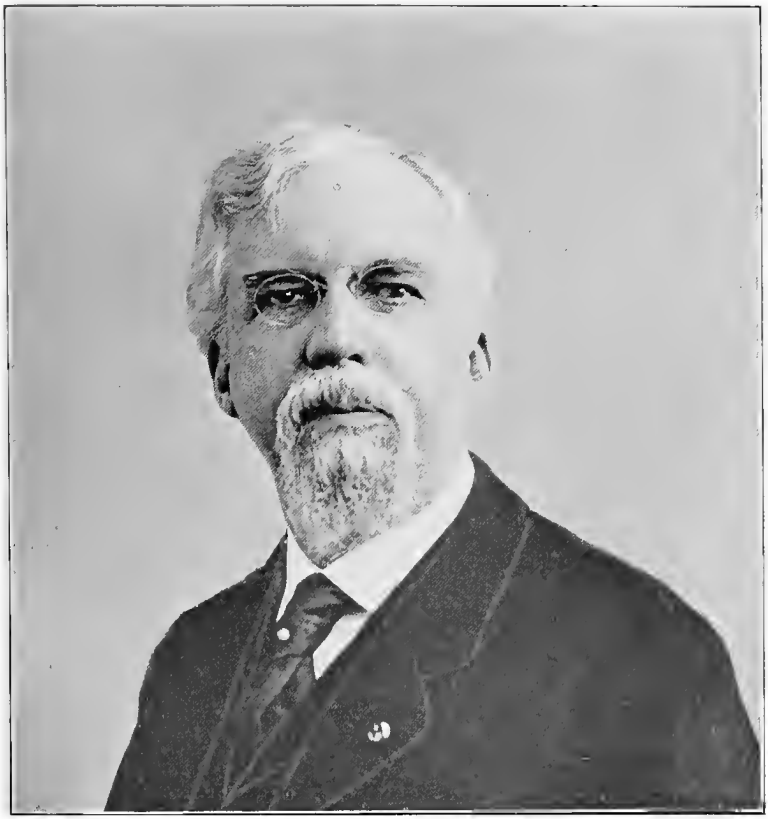
Oh, our country, blessed country,
  Precious blood it cost to save,
And of treasures many millions,
  Yet 'tis worth all that we gave.
'Tis a land of glorious freedom,
  Land that we have helped to save,
Land of homes and land of comfort,
  Homes of free and homes of brave.

And our flag, that dear old banner,
  Waves aloft undimmed and bright,
With its stars and stripes untarnished,
  'Tis our own fair beacon light.



THE REAR-GUARD (CHANCELLORSVILLE.)

Disappointed! Yet undaunted. We re-crossed the Rappahannock,
At "a-ready" though, when wanted, to face the foeman's coming shock.



"ON THE MARCH AND IN FIRE OF BATTLE"

By DR. THEODORE L. FLOOD,

SECOND LIEUTENANT, CO. C., 125th REGIMENT, P. V.

Theodore L. Flood, Second Lieutenant Company C, was born at Williamsburg, Pa., in 1842. He enlisted as a private in Company C August 7th, 1862, and was successively promoted to orderly Sergeant and Second Lieutenant. He was an efficient officer and served faithfully with his regiment in all its marches and battles during its whole term of service; when mustered out in May 1863 he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church; in later years he became the editor and publisher of the "Chatauquan," at Meadville, Pa., a journal which, under his vigorous administration, wielded a widely extended influence in religious channels. As a public spirited citizen and a ready public speaker his name was presented by his fellow citizens of that district as a prominent candidate for Congress in a recent contest for that position.

W. W. W.

"ON THE MARCH AND IN FIRE OF BATTLE"*

By THEODORE L. FLOOD.

When President Abraham Lincoln was organizing an army to defeat the Southern Confederacy he found no people more loyal to the old flag than in Pennsylvania, whose sons had been educated during all the life of the Republic to follow peaceful pursuits and to dwell in unity in their happy homes. At Huntingdon, the county-seat of Huntingdon County, a community of 4,000 souls nestled in a valley between the hills, located on the line of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad and the headquarters of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad Company, there was a prosperous community, and the blue Juniata River flowing by made it a delightful old town, as it is to this day. It was the home of John Scott, afterwards United States Senator; R. Milton Speer, afterwards a member of Congress, and R. Bruce Petriken, afterwards a State Senator, and of Hon. George D. Taylor, present Judge of the judicial district. These dignitaries, with a number of men of large wealth for the times, gave to the community a good deal of distinction in the commonwealth and inspired her citizens with a feeling of genuine pride in the town and its history.

The call of the President in 1862 for volunteers to increase the army of the Union stirred and stimulated the hearts of the patriotic sons of Huntingdon and Blair Counties to such action that the 125th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers was recruited from this territory. This chapter in the history of this regiment is laid among these young men as they organized and marched away to join the Union forces, in August, 1862. One of the most effective and heroic soldiers of this regiment was Captain William W. Wallace, then associated with his uncle, R. B. Wigton,

* This article is made up from records in a diary kept by Theodore L. Flood when he was a Lieutenant in Co. C, 125th Regiment, and now used for the first time.

in coal mining operations in the Broad Top territory, with their offices located in Huntingdon. Captain Wallace invited the writer into his office, where he talked about the war and the duty of young men to stand up for the Government by responding to the call of the President, and as the only direct way to do this was by enlisting in the army, Captain Wallace suggested that we open books and recruit as many men as possible in one or more companies, and in his characteristic way also suggested that we ought to do it in the name of God and religion. So he proposed that we organize the Huntingdon County Bible Company, every man to take his Bible with his musket, and that when we enter the service we have company prayers in the morning after roll-call, and that the company ought to have a motto, which was selected then and there—"In God We Trust." This motto was afterwards placed on the coin of the United States at the Mint in Philadelphia, and remains there to this day. It was further agreed that we should hang the American flag on the outer wall over the door of the office, and publish in the newspapers and by distributing circulars all over the county set forth our purposes and aims. When these preliminaries were arranged, Captain Wallace then said to me, in the most matter-of-fact way, "I will close the door, turn the key, and you and I will go into the back part of the office and kneel down together and pray to God for the success of this organization before a name is signed to the roll." Accordingly we then and there, with the door locked, knelt and prayed that God might direct the minds of the young, loyal, strong men to enlist at this time and place as soldiers in the United States army. The Captain was a Presbyterian, but was not accustomed to pray audibly, and I was asked to lead in audible prayer, which I did. When our devotions were ended the door was opened and the books were placed on the desk. Our names headed the list, and we invited young men who would join to subscribe their names to the roll. In a few days there were nearly two hundred names attached to that call. This was the gathering of men which made Company "C," and parts of other companies in the 125th Regiment. We reported to Governor Curtin that we were ready to march, and were accepted.

When we reached Harrisburg we were all privates. Company "C" was the first organized. William W. Wallace was elected captain; William B. Zeigler, former sheriff of Huntingdon

County, was made first lieutenant, and William F. McPherran was made second lieutenant. I was made first sergeant. John J. Lawrence, then superintendent of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad Company, was elected captain of Company " F," and a few days later, when the regiment selected officers, he was made major. The colonel, Jacob Higgins, came from Blair County, and the lieutenant-colonel, Jacob S. Szink, from Altoona, Blair County. The adjutant, Robert M. Johnston, was from Williamsburg, Blair County. Ours was made Company " C " and honored by being made color company, and George A. Simpson, of Huntingdon, was made color-bearer.

In less than three weeks from the time this regiment was recruited, it commenced active work and encountered exciting experiences, a part of which I will give to the reader in this article. We were transported to Harrisburg, and from Harrisburg to Washington, on freight cars. The battle of Bull Run was fought, and we helped for several days to throw up breastworks at Arlington Heights for the protection of Washington, and then marched to South Mountain, reaching there on Sunday evening, just as the battle of South Mountain was finished. We heard the roar of cannon and musketry most of the day, while marching toward the scene of conflict. We then took up the line of march on Monday, and, under the leadership of General McClellan, who commanded the army, and General Mansfield, as our corps commander, we marched to the battlefield of Antietam, where we went into that awful conflict early on the morning of Wednesday, the seventeenth day of September. While waiting in line of battle for orders to advance and fire, Adjutant Johnston, of our regiment, was mortally wounded and died in a few hours. The battle was on in full force. Confederate pickets were shooting down our officers, shells were flying over our heads, horses and men lay dead on the field. We were ordered forward in line of battle, and Captain Wallace stepped out in front of the company, waving his sword, and called out, " Boys, remember our battle-cry, ' In God We Trust.' " This was taken up as a battle-cry by adjoining companies along the line, until we reached the edge of a woods, where we were halted and ordered to fire. The enemy met us with a heavy charge. We could see them coming in line of battle as we loaded and fired. General Mansfield fell mortally wounded just in the right front of our regiment while reconnoitring. The blood

from his wound reddened his long white beard. As we stood firing into the ranks of the enemy the second man to me, George A. Simpson, while bravely holding the flag aloft, was hit with a bullet from a Confederate gun, which pierced his brain, and he fell dead. A second man picked up the flag, and he was shot down. A third, and he fell; the fourth took it up, and he was shot and fell. Then Sergeant W. W. Greenland picked up the flag, stained with the blood of Simpson, and Captain Wallace, taking it in charge, carried it across the field to the rear of the nearest battery, and there he, aided by Captains Bell and McKeage and Lieutenant Thomas McCamant, rallied about two hundred of the regiment, who remained in support, while our batteries operated with deadly execution upon the enemy, during the rest of the conflict.

The conflict was raging all along the line of the army; the Confederates were pressing us hard; our line was broken, and a new line of battle was formed in the rear. Two hundred and twenty-nine men of our regiment were killed and wounded in about twenty minutes; of these 84 were slightly wounded, but not disabled, and therefore were not reported. It was a dreadful struggle and we were thrust into the very furnace of battle. But, as another comrade has described the battle of Antietam in graphic style in this book, it will be my purpose to indulge in reminiscences of the regiment in this article, rather than in accurate historical detail. When evening came this great battle was at an end, and the serious duty then fell upon the surviving soldiers to gather up the bodies of the dead and give them a respectable and Christian burial, and to look with tender care after the wounded and dying, and minister to their wants, and it was not until then that we ascertained the full extent of the terrible loss that our regiment had suffered in killed and wounded, especially in the death of George A. Simpson, the wounding of his brother and disabling of others. Our losses were increased when, soon after this battle, Lieutenant McPherran, of Company "C," beloved by all his men, was stricken with disease and died. These calamities cast a gloom over the company that continued to the end of our enlistment. Very promptly Governor Curtin sent a commission as lieutenant to the writer to succeed Lieutenant McPherran, and I was mustered by General Crawford to fill this important place. Company "C" carried the flag of the regiment successfully on all our

was well remembered for years afterward, because there was a heavy fall of snow in our part of old Virginia, which made the country look like a veritable winter, but on the following day, under the rays of the sun, it soon melted and left the roads almost impassable.

One of the happy days of the 125th Regiment was April 10, 1863. It was seven o'clock in the morning, when we were in line marching toward Stafford Court House, to be reviewed by President Lincoln. The music of the drum corps, the cornet bands, the aides-de-camp hurrying to and fro, and the long column of soldiers, soon led us to see that our brigade and division, indeed the whole of the Twelfth Army Corps, was moving to the open field. When we reached the place assigned to us, we were ordered at parade rest, and waited some three hours, when the President, with General Hooker, appeared, and Mrs. Lincoln following closely in a carriage. On their arrival, a salute of twenty-one rounds was fired from a battery on the hill. The officers of the line appeared in their best uniforms, with glittering shoulder-straps and well burnished swords.

Following in the President's train was our corps commander, General Slocum; General Geary, our division commander, and General Kane, who commanded our brigade. There were also General Williams and Generals Green and Knipe, and enough of other generals, colonels and officers to make a company. It was the first time the President had visited this part of the army. The soldiers gave him a generous reception. They cheered wildly, until all along the Confederate line in front of us curiosity was awakened as to what had taken possession of the Twelfth Army Corps.

The President's personal appearance distinguished him among the multitude of officers by whom he was surrounded. Not a sign of being a soldier did he wear. He was of tall, slender form, a little bent forward at the shoulders, dressed in plain black, wearing a frock coat and a high silk hat, seated on a small bay horse, with his long legs hanging down until his feet nearly touched the ground. He was the most conspicuous person among the marshalled thousands on Stafford field that day. Every eye followed him in all his movements. The President, with General Hooker, rode up and then down in front of the lines of their proud soldiers, who stood at present arms. They then located

themselves on an elevated piece of ground, and the Army Corps, with General Slocum seated on his horse at the head of the column, marched in review, by division, in close order. It was a magnificent array of pioneers, infantry, cavalry, artillery and ambulance corps, with officers on horseback and on foot. All with good cheer, firm step and heads erect, marched past Abraham Lincoln, the man they idolized, and the President whose call had brought every soldier into his place in line. He was an inspiration to the army, and his visit was worth an additional division to that corps.

The return to camp ended a long and tiresome day, but every man had new nerve for the march to come, because he had seen President Lincoln.

On the following day began a series of alarms, but this was undoubtedly caused by the enthusiasm of the army and the appearance of the President. The following day cannonading and musketry were heard in the direction of Stafford. Our regiment was ordered into line ready for the march, and after waiting for more than two hours we were ordered to quarters and the cry began, "false alarm."

But these alarms grew more frequent as the days passed by. The officers commenced to send their best uniforms and dress swords home by express; requests for furloughs were not being granted as heretofore. The soldiers going on picket duty were given stricter orders; the lines were being drawn tighter, and army discipline grew more exacting. On April the fourteenth, very early in the morning, the regiment was aroused, beds were vacated and all the men were quickly in line. It meant that the officers were called to assemble at Colonel Higgins' headquarters. As they were gathered about the front of his tent the adjutant read an order from headquarters that every soldier should have five days' rations in his knapsack and three days' rations in haversacks—in all, rations for eight days. Each man was to have sixty rounds of cartridge in his cartridge box and enough in the wagons to make one hundred and fifty rounds to each man. We were also to be ready to move at a moment's notice. In other words, rest on our arms. Every man who had applied for a furlough now quickly sent word withdrawing the application, for no man with the spirit of a soldier desired to have his application in for a furlough when the order to march to the field of

battle had been issued and the very atmosphere of every company was that of war.

Our A tents were struck and turned in to the quartermaster. The smaller shelter tents that each soldier could carry were issued. Heavy rains commenced to fall that night, and for two days and nights the downpour of rain made the roads muddy and prevented the moving of heavy trains and artillery. It looked as if we were destined to remain in camp for some days, until the roads were passable.

From the day I returned from my visit to Snyder in his telegraph caboose we expected the army would move. In what direction and for what destination nobody could tell, except in a general way we expected to go to battle. "On to Richmond" was a conspicuous and popular headline for newspapers, and it was a common topic in the conversation of restless politicians all over the North. It was often used in derision by men who opposed the war, because they thought the Army of the Potomac would never make a successful advance against General Lee. However, the time had come for another march and another battle.

The common soldier knew that there was but one thing to do—obey orders, to do it cheerfully and with courage. At four o'clock on the morning of April the twenty-seventh the reveille called us from sleep to arms. At seven o'clock the Twelfth Army Corps, with full ranks, was in line on the road and marching to what proved to be the battle of Chancellorsville. We did not know where the battle would be fought nor when it would be fought, nor whether we would be in the fight or left as a reserve that would not be called into action at all.

We marched about ten miles the first day. The roads were not in good condition, but sunshine and a favorable breeze improved them every hour. When night came the soldiers were footsore and weary, so that a rubber blanket for a mattress spread on the ground was a welcome bed. The march was resumed vigorously the following morning, and ended when the day was gone within a mile of Kelly's Ford. General Hooker and his staff passed our regiment while we were at dinner, at noon, which indicated that the whole army was on the march, and caused all sorts of rumors to pass along the line.

We did not know where the army would make a stand or which army, Northern or Southern, would make the attack. At

daylight on the twenty-ninth we could see what seemed to be a never-ending line of soldiers. We were marching in a great column, as we were the day before. The Eleventh Army Corps crossed the Rappahannock in the middle of the night, on pontoons which were placed during the previous evening. They were to form the right wing of the army in the battle, so they went over the river first.

The Union cavalry captured a band of Confederate soldiers that morning a short distance from our regiment, and about a mile from the river. Among them was a lieutenant. And in the afternoon of the same day our cavalry swept down on sixty Confederates who were building a bridge at the Rapidan, and made prisoners of all.

After a march of about seven miles we reached the place on the Rapidan where our regiment, with most of the Twelfth Corps, marched across, at nine o'clock in the evening. It was a dark night and a dangerous crossing, but with a dark sky for a background, six bonfires burned brightly to light us on our way, making a weird and beautiful moving picture.

We camped in the night on the south side of the Rapidan, while the rain fell in torrents, soaking clothing, blankets and food, but sleep was sweet to tired men, even in the enemy's country, and when we awakened early in the morning it seemed that the night had been too short. The thirtieth day of April had come, and we were again on the tramp, and kept moving until we made a junction with the Fifth Army Corps in front of the brick tavern, where we were ordered to camp. We learned later that it was the field of Chancellorsville, where great and daring deeds were now to take place. The cavalry of the Fifth Corps dashed up in rear of a company of Confederates while they were digging a rifle pit and captured the whole band, but not until they had killed one of our men and four horses, while they were making the charge.

After we were adjusted in camp, I visited the prisoners and learned that there were one hundred of them, including eight officers. Here the 125th Regiment, for about a mile in front and to the right, was to do its part in the battle of Chancellorsville. This was to be our place in the long line of battle, and it demonstrated how pleasant memories and stern war come together. It was Friday morning and May Day. Our regiment was located in front of the brick tavern, to the right of the Plank Road.

Word was passed along the line that General Hooker had arrived during the night, and located his headquarters in the tavern.

It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon when the advance of the Fifth Corps and ours, the Twelfth, marched out about a mile in front of the brick tavern. General Sykes' division had been firing on the enemy and drew their fire. The 125th Regiment was in advance of our corps. We unslung knapsacks, formed in line of battle and advanced across the field and through a swamp overgrown with underbrush and tall trees. At this time the Confederates and General Sykes' men were exchanging fire rapidly. Skirmish lines were driven in, the cannon roared, musketry fire was brisk in both armies, shells flew over our heads, and finally the Twelfth United States Regulars charged on a Confederate battery and were repulsed. Our regiment was supported by the rest of the brigade, and we made a junction with the right wing, which proved to be General Greene's line of battle.

After we had marched within one-fourth of a mile of a Confederate battery, a retreat was ordered and executed to the place where we had unslung knapsacks. Here we laid down flat on the ground under orders to await developments. In a few minutes a retreat on double-quick was ordered to the camp we occupied the previous night, in front of the brick tavern. The Confederate skirmishers followed us closely, and their artillery continued firing until we made a stand. We quickly re-formed our line of battle and laid down, the Confederate fire passing over us.

Immediately the Confederate cavalry made a charge down the Plank Road, while their infantry came out of the woods in front of us, at the same time making a charge on one of our batteries at the crossroads. They were driven back with grape and canister, and the 28th Pennsylvania charged on their rear. The Confederates engaged our artillery on our right and our infantry in supporting them made a charge and were repulsed. The battle of Chancellorsville was on, and as we held our position on the right of the Plank Road, General Geary rode up, waving his sword, and said, "For God's sake, get your men off that Plank Road. The Rebels are planting a battery up there and will sweep them away."

On the night of May first, 1863, the sky was clear and the moon was shining brightly. All nature told us that spring had come. But we were at war. The Eleventh Corps was on the right

wing of the army, and General Howard was in command. The gauge of battle was set, and we were now placed in the long line of soldiers where we were to do our part in the struggle. We heard General Hooker's order read to the army, urging every man to do his duty by fighting bravely for his country and the flag.

The soldiers all along our line commenced throwing up breastworks, by heaping poles and logs and stumps of trees. Then we dug up the earth with our bayonets and shoveled it upon the logs with our hands and the tin plates upon which we had eaten our plain meals. Late in the night shovels were distributed and used with a will, until we had built very satisfactory breastworks, which on the following days and nights proved a great protection from the fire of the enemy. When this work was done we laid down for a sleep, but we slept very little that night. The pioneers were in our front, and with steady blows from their axes felled the trees for about sixty yards in front of our breastworks, crossed them and made a tangled mass, over which no body of troops could come with any degree of speed.

Early on Saturday morning our ears were greeted with the noise of cannon on the left, on the Plank Road. The Confederates had marched down by the flank to the edge of the woods, when our boys opened fire on them with grape and canister and drove them back. We heard the moans of one man out in front and a little to the left of our regiment nearly all the forenoon. It was a Confederate soldier who had both legs shot off. His pitiful cries attracted attention from our men until noon, when he was carried to the rear of our lines and cared for.

All the forenoon our skirmishers were engaged in sharp firing with the skirmish lines of the enemy. About three o'clock in the afternoon our brigade was ordered out on double-quick, up the Plank Road, and our regiment was deployed in line of battle and advanced through the woods. A regiment of our troops in front of us opened fire with musketry on the Confederates. The underbrush was so thick and the woods so dense we did not know that they were our men and we fired a volley into their ranks. Our fire was suppressed by a captain in front of us coming back, waving his sword and yelling at the top of his voice to cease firing. Jerry Brenneman, of Company "C," was wounded in the forehead by a Confederate bullet immediately in front of me. He turned round dazed, dropped his musket and reeled down

behind a tree, the blood flowing down over his right eye, but the wound proved to be a scalp wound. We had not advanced far until a retreat was ordered, and we fell back to our intrenchments. Immediately a firing of musketry began on our right, in General Williams' division of our corps. It extended clear out to General Howard's corps, and continued with great fury on both sides until nine o'clock at night. General Greene's brigade of our division was marched on double-quick to support General Williams. The whole line on our right was engaged in fierce battle. The thunder and roar of cannon shook the earth, while deafening sounds of battle filled the air. The contest was renewed with great fury on the right wing of our army. Stonewall Jackson's men were hammering Howard's corps, and they kept it up until Howard's lines were turned and driven back. Many men ran wildly down and up against our lines. The firing in our front continued with fury, while we answered back with sheets of leaden hail.

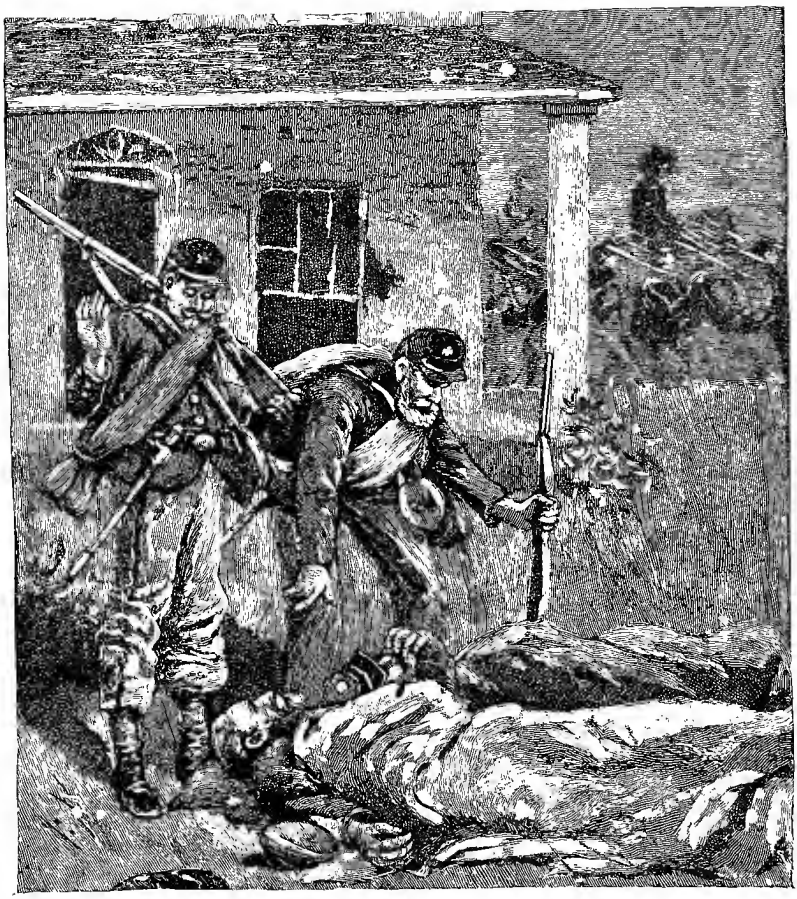
The turning of the right wing placed us between two fires. We were engaged with musketry firing in our front, with the Confederate grape and canister coming in from our rear. We soon discovered that the Eleventh Army Corps had broken. Howard's men ran down past us, some throwing away their guns and accoutrements that they might go more swiftly. By eleven o'clock the storm of battle seemed to have spent itself, but very soon the engagement was renewed, and at midnight word was passed that our right wing had regained their lost ground.

We rested on our arms behind our breastworks until Sunday morning, the third day of May, dawned. But it was hardly daylight when the noise of musketry firing and the roar of cannon began again. The furies of war were flying in the air. We seemed to be located right at the bend in our great line of battle. About eight o'clock the Confederates pressed the right wing of our army back again, which brought us between two fires. Indeed, it seemed like three fires, one from the front, one from the rear and one from the right wing. It was like a hurricane sweeping the face of the earth. The musketry firing and the roar of cannon were terrific in the extreme. It was not equalled by any noise that we ever heard from the thunders of the skies. It was the surging and plunging of two great armies in deadly battle. Every inch of ground was strongly contested, but the right wing and

centre of our lines seemed to be back to back. Musket balls, grape and canister and shells flew around us like hail, but our intrenchments were a great protection.

At last there was a lull in the firing, the noise was ceasing, and the awful battle was over. We found that Lieutenant Jesse H. Stewart, of Company "A," was killed by a shell, which struck him in the head while lying behind the breastworks. It seemed that he had a premonition of his death, for two days before the battle he handed his will to our chaplain, who was his brother, and said, "John, see that my will is executed. Take good care of my children, for I shall never come out of this battle alive."

When all hope of gaining our lost ground on the right was gone, we were ordered to retreat on the road leading to the United States fording. This was done between raking fires of grape, canister, shells and bullets. There was a good deal of confusion attending the retreat, and when we got out of range of the fire the regiment was put in line of battle. The contest was over. The battle of Chancellorsville had been fought. Hooker and his army were defeated, but it was not such a defeat as had been seen on other fields, for General Stonewall Jackson, of the Confederate army, had been killed in the awful conflict between his men and General Howard's corps. It was said that his loss to the Confederate army was greater than the destruction of 25,000 men. Next to General Lee, he was the greatest military genius and fighting general the Southern Confederacy had developed. No greater loss could have come to the Confederate army but that of Lee himself. General Lee's army was never the same powerful manœuvering and fighting machine after Stonewall Jackson's death that it was before. His name had been a perpetual inspiration to Lee's host, and he was the most dreaded by Union soldiers of all the Confederate commanders. So that, while we suffered what writers of history called a defeat, it proved to be only a repulse, because Stonewall Jackson left no successor, and his death meant a great deal more to the Confederacy than all the Union killed and wounded who fell on that bloody field did to us. The repulse at Chancellorsville delayed the final victory, but our army had struck the Confederacy its hardest blow, and in this we won a great victory, while we lost the battle that day. The final triumph was delayed till Appomattox put the finishing stroke to the Rebellion.



"THEY WILL NEVER FIGHT AGAIN."

Comrade, Adieu! with you it is well,
Your marches and battles are ended,
With tear-moistened eyes,
We look up to the skies,
Where, there is no funeral knell,
But a patriot's welcome splendid.

WM. W. WALLACE.

WAR REMINISCENCES

BY WM. W. WALLACE

Captain of Company "C"

125th REGIMENT

Pennsylvania Volunteers

Introductory

In all previous wars and battles on land and sea, in which our country had engaged, her citizens were united and they fought the Indians and the French in Colonial days, from 1675 to 1753; the War of Independence, 1775 to 1783; Barbary, 1803; Tecumseh, 1804; England again, 1812; Algeria, 1815; Seminoles, 1817 and 1835; Mexico, 1846, shoulder to shoulder, under one flag and for mutual protection and rights; but a bitter controversy arose between the Northern and Southern states over the institution of Negro slavery and the right of a state to secede from the Union.

WAR REMINISCENCES

By WM. W. WALLACE, Captain of Company C., 125th Regiment, P. V.

Slavery was introduced into the country by the landing of a cargo of slaves from Africa at Jamestown, Va., in 1619, and from that small beginning it took root and spread throughout the South, until it became a national issue which admitted of no compromise by civil laws and regulations, and finally led the two sections to engage in civil war, which raged through four years, from 1861 to 1865, and proved one of the most sanguinary wars in human history.

Immediately following the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States, mainly by Northern votes, the Southern states seceded from the Union and inaugurated a Southern Confederacy, of which Jefferson Davis became the President. They quickly raised a formidable army and commenced hostilities by firing upon the United States flag at Fort Sumter, S. C. This act aroused the whole North, and in response to President Lincoln's call for troops to suppress the rebellion and preserve the Union and maintain the authority of the United States Government, volunteers by thousands promptly enlisted to battle for their country and avert the impending calamity of disunion.

The results of the first year's struggle were discouraging, and the contest had assumed such immense proportions that another appeal for 300,000 *additional* volunteers was made by President Lincoln, July 1, 1862, and it was in compliance with this appeal that the 125th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, had its origin, and took part in the struggle and helped to make history. It was recruited in Blair and Huntingdon Counties (including about forty from Cambria County), and its membership comprised all the varied occupations and professions of civil life. They were all worthy sons of patriotic sires, who for intelligence, bravery, love of country and devotion to duty were not surpassed—if equalled—by any regiment in the service. Their forefathers had fought and established a free and independent nation on this continent, and bequeathed to them a priceless heritage, consecrated to

virtue, liberty, independence and national unity, and it was these *inherited* military instincts and patriotic impulses which prompted this later generation to deeds of heroic daring and unselfish devotion when their imperilled country called them to the rifle pit and cannon's mouth in its defense. As other writers in this volume will narrate events in circumstantial detail in connection with the regimental service, it is not unlikely that some portions of my narrative will be found better told by them; but I will confine this article mainly to incidents with which I was personally identified, and as all the facts leading up to the formation of a regiment are properly part of its history, some matters, personal, may be deemed appropriate to allude to in this narrative of events.

At the time of President Lincoln's call for additional volunteers I was residing in Huntingdon, Pa. His previous calls had been more than filled, and the need of more troops was not realized until the return of the Army of the Potomac from an unsuccessful attempt to capture Richmond made it apparent that the war was going to tax all the resources of the North in men and money to bring it to a successful issue. The need was imperative and the duty was manifest, and further hesitation and delay would have been recreancy. I therefore came to a prompt decision to enlist, and issued an appeal to the public, as follows:

TO MY COUNTRYMEN.

Huntingdon County is moving too slow, and being persuaded that I am actuated by an eye single to God's glory, and my country's welfare, I am led thus publicly to ask:

Who controls the issues of battles?

To what cause shall we attribute the Bull Run panic and slaughter and other reverses?

(God assuredly was not with us to direct in council, or to strengthen our hearts.)

In responding to *OUR COUNTRY'S CALL* for more men, let us humble ourselves in the sight of the Lord, and so deport us that he will dwell with us, guide our counsel, go out before us, and strengthen our hearts in the shock of battle. I therefore propose to you, my countrymen, to raise a company, every man of which shall take his BIBLE with his musket, and go out in His fear.

All who will unite with us in this spirit, will report themselves at once to the undersigned, and have their names enrolled.

WM. W. WALLACE.

Huntingdon, Pa., July 30, 1862.

With the active co-operation of several ardent comrades (notably Theodore L. Flood, a young student of divinity; J. Randolph Simpson, a law student, who was badly wounded at Antietam, and his brother, George A. Simpson, who became regimental color-bearer, and was killed at Antietam, and others less conspicuously), we had the satisfaction of enrolling in my office in a few days 170 men, one hundred of whom formed a company organization and elected the writer as captain, Sheriff William B. Ziegler first lieutenant and William F. McPherran second lieutenant. The remaining seventy then distributed themselves among other companies of the regiment then in process of formation.

Transportation was furnished us via the Pennsylvania Railroad in box cars to Harrisburg, and on August 11, 1862, we were mustered into the service of the United States as Company "C," 125th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, for nine months.

Mine was the color company, and was also known as the Bible company, because every member of it had been presented with a pocket Bible by the good people of Huntingdon, in consequence of a suggestion made in my public circular, that we should carry our Bibles in camp with our muskets.

The regimental organization was effected by the election and appointment of Jacob Higgins, colonel; Jacob Szink, lieutenant-colonel; John J. Lawrence, major; Doctors John Feay and F. B. Davidson, assistant surgeons; Rev. John D. Stewart, chaplain; William C. Bayley, quartermaster, and Robert M. Johnston, adjutant.

We left Camp Curtin on Saturday, August 16, 1862, at 6 P. M., reached Baltimore by rail at 5 A. M. Sunday (where Company "C's" first public act was to fall in line for a short service of prayer). Leaving there at 8 A. M., we arrived in Washington, D. C., at 11 A. M., August 17, and quartered that night in Washington, D. C., barracks, General Casey in command. The next day, Monday, August 18, crossed the long bridge over the Potomac into Virginia, and camped that night at Hunter's Chapel, Va., General Whipple in command, and remained in that vicinity until on Tuesday, August 26, we marched to Fort Bernard, where we were drilled and placed on picket duty. Our first experience and close contact with war's horrors was on the picket line, August 30, at the second battle of Bull Run, in which the Union army, under General Pope, was defeated, and we were hourly expecting the

Confederates to follow up their victory by an assault on our inner line, in an effort to capture Washington. At that period of the war there were many in that city who were disloyal and in secret communication with the Confederates, and great vigilance was enjoined upon all Union officers along the picket line, to see that none passed in or out without the countersign. During the battle and the day following I was in command of a picket line detail posted across a road leading to the battlefield from Washington, with strict orders to pass no civilians out. On the morning after the battle a closed carriage drove up, containing some gentlemen from Washington, who represented that they were carrying succor for the wounded, which on investigation I found to consist of a bottle of brandy, already partly used by themselves. I recognized them as men of high social standing, but I told them of my orders, and, paying no heed to their expostulations, bade the driver turn his horses and go back to Washington. Later in the day the same party returned, escorted by a young officer in a new uniform, who rode up to me pompously and said with an authoritative air, "Pass these gentlemen through the line." I said, "Who *are* you?" His reply was, "I am Lieutenant ————, and aide on the staff of General ————." My reply was, "I cannot take my orders from you, sir! and these gentlemen must return to Washington," which they accordingly did. The young officer, taking my name, graciously promised to report me for a summary *court-martial;* but I never saw or heard from him again. The succeeding five days were passed in an attitude of uncertainty as to the enemy's intentions; but at length it became evident that they had abandoned their attempt on Washington and were moving northward, and the Union army, having been quickly reorganized under General McClellan, who had been again placed in command, started on Saturday, September 6, and followed them cautiously into Maryland, with the Potomac River between. Our first halt was at Rockville, which we reached Sunday, September 7, and left on September 9, passing through Ijamsville. We reached Frederick September 13, and camped there that night. On Sunday morning, September 14, at daybreak, we marched from Frederick to the South Mountain battlefield, which we reached long after midnight, following an exhausting march, and stretched our weary bodies on the ground for a few hours' rest until daybreak, when a renewal of the conflict was expected. An

incident of this march will practically illustrate its weariness. Just as we were starting, a foraging party in passing handed me three roasting ears in the husk, which I thrust into my haversack. About nine hours later, say three o'clock, they had been increasing hourly in weight, and I threw one ear away. About seven P. M. another ear was dropped by the roadside, and about eleven P. M. the third and last ear was too heavy, and was dropped, and at about 1.30 A. M. when we reached the battlefield and broke ranks, I dropped in the nearest furrow with a clod of earth for a pillow, and slept without rocking. Only about sixty of the regiment were able to hold out to the end, but the remainder came straggling in from the wayside fence corners at early morning. But the enemy, having suffered heavily, had withdrawn, leaving us in possession of the field. The Union loss in that battle was 433 killed, 1,806 wounded. Among the killed was General Reno. A wounded soldier with a shattered arm, who was accompanying the ambulance containing the dead General to the rear, shouted to us in passing, "Hurry up, boys! You are going to catch h—l up there." We knew there was *warm* work going on ahead, and his strenuous ejaculation was full of gruesome suggestiveness, but fortunately I suppose for us, on reaching the summit the worst was over for that occasion, the enemy having retreated. Then followed many hours of suspense, marching, halting and manœuvering on both sides. Tuesday, September 16, at 11 P. M., we left Keedyville and reached Antietam battlefield at about one or two o'clock A. M., and rested until daybreak near George Lines' farmhouse. At early dawn on that eventful Wednesday, September 17, we were aroused from our very brief slumbers by the sounds of the opening conflict, and with no time to fortify our empty stomachs with "coffee and hardtack," were led to the front and placed in position near the centre of a widely extended line of battle and directly in front of the Dunker church. The Confederate and Union armies, like two great giants, then grappled in a deadly struggle for the mastery. There had been some preliminary fighting in some parts of the field on the day previous, but it was not until the 17th that the main forces of both armies met for the final and decisive results, and war statistics prove this to have been the bloodiest one-day battle of the war. It surpasses the descriptive power of pen or imagination to convey an adequate idea of the horrors of such an encounter between such masses of

brave and determined men bent on mutual extermination; but some conception of the fearful carnage that resulted may be formed from the official reports, which give the Union loss as 2,010 killed and 10,459 wounded and the Confederate loss in killed and wounded as 13,687, making a total loss of 26,156. Of our own regiment who went out with us that morning, 229 were killed or wounded, of whom 84, being slightly wounded but not disabled from further service, were not officially reported, making the casualties over 30 per cent. of the number engaged. It was with saddened hearts that we contemplated the vacant places in our ranks so lately filled by these gallant comrades, and realized that we were to see their faces and enjoy their companionship no more, but they had fallen in a noble cause as martyrs for their country's weal. Among the first to fall while directing our advance movement was our corps commander, that gallant old war veteran, Major-General Mansfield, whose loss was keenly felt by every soldier in his command. He had only recently been assigned to the command of our corps, and my first sight of him was on Monday's march, September 15th. We had been halted and kept standing for some time exposed to a sweltering sun, when a venerable, white-haired officer came galloping along the line, and, noticing this oversight, exclaimed, "Why are the men kept standing in the sun?" and immediately directed us to be moved to the welcome shade of a woods close by. This was Mansfield, and the incident revealed his considerate care for his men, but he was not to be with us long, for early on Wednesday morning he was mortally wounded in the immediate vicinity of our regiment, and the melancholy privilege fell to the lot of some of our comrades to help him from his horse and carry him tenderly to the rear and deliver him to the care of others, by whom he was conveyed to the field hospital for surgical care, but before the sun set that day his patriotic soul had entered upon a "Soldier's Rest on the Eternal Camping Ground."

The loss of our genial and gallant young adjutant, Robert N. Johnston, was also deeply lamented. At the time he was wounded his emphatic expression of vexation at being obliged to go to the rear to have his wound dressed caused his comrades some temporary amusement, but alas! his wound proved to be more serious than we supposed, and his young life was ended in a few hours. My last recollection of him on the field just

before he received his death wound was his salutation in passing, and in connection therewith he waved a pair of gauntlet gloves which he had picked up, and exclaimed, " It is a rebel major-general's." I learned subsequently that he handed them to Colonel Higgins, and that the dead Confederate officer to whom they belonged was Colonel H. B. Strong, of the 6th Louisiana. Another incident that happened about this time impressed itself upon my memory. Uriah D. Hoffman, of Company " C," was the spokesman for a group of young men who called upon me at Huntingdon and informed me that he and his comrades had decided to go with me if I enlisted. The proposition, coming at the time it did and the manner of it, influenced me to a prompt decision, and this was my first acquaintance with Uriah.

On our advance movement upon the Dunker church woods, into which the enemy had retreated, we marched over a Confederate officer who had fallen and been left by his men, in the frenzy of the excitement of battle. Uriah was in the act of thrusting his bayonet into him when I arrested his arm. My attention was then engrossed with other strenuous duties of the conflict, and that is my last recollection of him. I never saw him again dead or alive. After the battle he was not among the survivors at roll-call, and we did not identify his body among the dead we buried, nor find him at the hospital among the wounded, and, supposing him to have been captured, I reported him on the rolls as missing. His fate remained a mystery to me for years, until happening to allude to the matter in the presence of David Henderson, of Company " C," he informed me that Uriah was next to him in the ranks and he saw him shot and killed, and not being present when my inquiries were made, he was not aware that the fact was not known, but it appears that the body was identified by some one, and rests properly marked among other Union patriot dead in the National Cemetery at Sharpsburg.

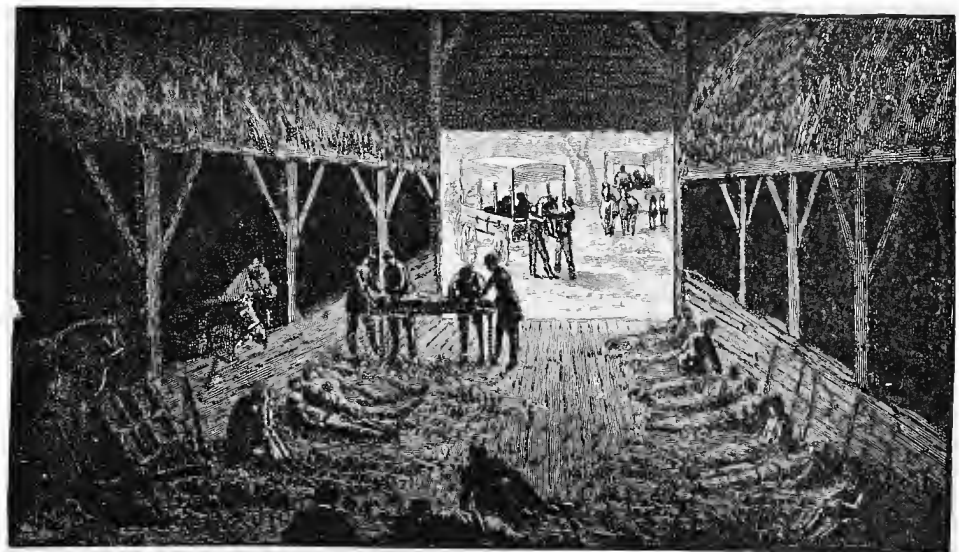
Sergeant George A. Simpson, our regimental color-bearer, was another martyr who fell at his post of duty while bravely bearing the flag aloft. When he was shot down, another comrade of the color guard, Private Eugene Bablits, of Company " I," grasped the colors and was also struck down by a bullet, which crippled him for life. The general impression is that two or three other comrades of the color guard were killed or wounded in handling the flag, but as the color guard was made up of details

from various companies of the regiment, I have no records at hand to enable me to name them. The manner of its coming into my hands I will state later on, but at this juncture an eventful circumstance transpired. The Confederates were largely concealed in the west woods, upon which we were advancing from the open field, and we had not penetrated much beyond the borders of the woods when (in my immediate front) I caught sight of a flag indistinctly through the thickets and tree branches which looked alarmingly like a Union flag, and to assure myself that we were not, through some blundering tactics, firing upon Union soldiers, I hastily advanced in front of my own company for a closer inspection, and while intent on that investigation a retrograde movement which had commenced on the left wing of the regiment rapidly extended along the whole line, and it was a most unwelcome surprise that greeted my eyes on facing about, after satisfying myself that it was indeed a Confederate flag, to behold the whole regiment melting away. It seems that an order had been issued to retreat and re-form in the rear of our batteries, to allow them to operate upon the woods. This order had not been heard, and hence the disorder that ensued in carrying it out. My own impression always has been that it was a grave mistake for the regiment to have advanced unsupported so far beyond our regular line of battle and into a dense woods occupied by the enemy, until it had been previously and thoroughly shelled by our batteries. The first comrade whom I overtook was David Kuhn, of Company "C," who seemed to have a scalp wound, which did not disable him from walking. I laid my hands encouragingly upon his shoulder, and told him to make his way to the field hospital. The next object that immediately claimed my attention was Sergeant Walter W. Greenland approaching me with the flag in his possession, which he had just received from one of the color guard, who had been wounded. As Walter was not one of the color guard, I relieved him of it, to use it in rallying the regiment. The nearest Union battery, as closely as I can estimate the distance, from the spot where I took possession of the flag was about 400 yards, and to avoid being made too conspicuous a target for the watchful enemy at such close range across that open field, I prudently kept the flag furled until I reached the rear of the battery nearest the cornfield, and there unfurled it for a rallying point for the scattered comrades.

"Oh, Captain! it is John!"

Among the slain at Antietam was John S. McCoy, of Company C, 125th Regiment, P. V. Exposure to the sun had so changed his features and color that his Captain did not know him, until William R. McCoy approached and identified his brother.

The first comrade to greet me on my arrival was Captain F. M. Bell, who excitedly exclaimed, "Captain, this is murder!" (It was a new and tragic experience to him, and the loss of many of his brave men affected him deeply.) With the aid of Captain Bell and Captain McKeage and Lieutenant Thomas McCamant (who in later years was honored in being elected Auditor-General of Pennsylvania), we soon had a formidable number of the men rallied and aligned at that point. The other portion of the regiment was rallied by the field officers and did good service at another battery, nearer the Smoketown road, which also was threatened, but meanwhile all our batteries had opened with telling effect, and our manifest readiness to receive and repel their assault under changed conditions led the enemy quickly to abandon all attempts to come "out in the open." The combat then became an artillery duel across the intervening space, and we awaited further developments before risking more lives in another effort to dislodge them from their entrenchments, and so ended that day's fight. The next day, for some reason, the conflict was not renewed, and we proceeded to gather in the wounded and bury the dead, thousands of whom, Union and Confederate, were thickly strewn along the battle line for miles. But the whole of this sad duty devolved upon Union soldiers, as the Confederates, for reasons no doubt justified by their losses and impending defeat, had retreated and left to us the care of their wounded and dead, and these were cared for with that consideration and respect which all true soldiers will have for a brave and fallen foe. Early on the morning of the 18th I accompanied a detail in search of my own company's killed and wounded. Among the dead was David Kuhn, whom I had directed to go to the hospital to have his wound dressed. Another bullet had probably reached him before he had proceeded many steps on his way. There were two brothers in my company, named John S. and William R. McCoy. William was with me on this detail, and while standing over a corpse which I did not at first recognize, William came up, and with an instantaneous glance of recognition he exclaimed, in most pathetic tones, "Oh, Captain! it's my brother John." Nicholas Decker was our next "find." Stretched upon the ground with a badly shattered leg, he had been lying there helpless and exposed all these weary hours. All that hospital care and skill could do was done for him, but he lingered and died October 11th.



A Barn Hospital at Antietam.
(From the Century Magazine.)

By a strange coincidence, I came across a young Confederate soldier from Georgia in the west woods, from which we had been repelled the day before, who had a leg wound similar to Decker's, and had been left helpless and alone by his retreating comrades under the exigencies of battle. He was suffering from thirst, and to my intense regret I discovered that the last drop in my canteen had been used. My search for other comrades was not yet ended, and carried me so far from the spot and consumed so much time, that when I returned to have him brought in I was unable to find him, and supposed others had carried him in; but to this day that young soldier's uncertain fate remains as a sad memory, for there was a refinement and gentleness about him that appealed powerfully to my sympathy, and, living or dead, it would have been a relief to me to have had him know that I returned to have him humanely cared for.

In this connection a letter received from General John B. Gordon, who commanded the Georgia troops on that day, is of historic interest. It was written during his last illness by dictation to his son Frank, and addressed to me, with the kindest expression of personal regard, and says that he was carried from the field of Antietam unconscious, and deeply regrets his inability to furnish the information desired. He got five wounds about the time we penetrated the woods and delivered our volleys, and it was to obtain reliable data for our history from "his side of the fence" that I had written him.

My visit to the barn hospital when darkness set in left some unfading memories. The amputated limbs strewn around outside made a ghastly sight under the glare of the torchlights, and the audible sufferings of the maimed and wounded comrades and the comatose condition of others would have made the vocation of a soldier for empty honor or fame utterly abhorrent to me. But we were actuated by higher motives, and the righteousness of our cause justified the sacrifice. Threading my way carefully among the cots, I came to one that claimed my special interest. The occupant had just aroused from a condition of stupor, and with returning consciousness of great pain. He was a young law student from Huntingdon. The body of his brother, George A. Simpson, our color-bearer, was awaiting burial, and the parents had no other son. The surgeon, who had pronounced his wound mortal, was prevailed upon to diagnose the case more

carefully, and made the discovery that the bullet, instead of going straight through a vital organ, had been diverted, took its line of direction around by the ribs and came out from the back nearly opposite its point of entrance. The surgeon then said, "His life can probably be saved by careful home nursing," and by a favoring Providence and months of careful "home nursing," J. Randolph Simpson, attorney, at Huntingdon, was spared for a life of usefulness and honor in the legal profession and to become an influential member of the Presbyterian Church, but he does not expose his scars to the public gaze, and few of the later generation know what it cost him to help save the nation.

There were many more good and true men lying there and elsewhere of my own and other companies—too many in number to make special allusion to here, but their names will have honorable mention in the roster of the regiment, which will be appended to this volume.

Friday morning, September 19th, we got our marching orders, and by that time one individual discovered that he was very hungry. To the best of my recollection, I had been without food or coffee since the preceding Tuesday night (an interval of three nights and two days—about sixty hours). This was owing to two causes, one of which was the preoccupation of body and mind under the exciting conditions which prevented my giving thought to sustenance in the earlier part of the fast; and the other reason was the mysterious disappearance of my cook, with my haversack and provender (and a travelling *blanket,* for I passed the nights with only the open sky for a covering). In this connection I may as well relate an amusing episode in my experience.

I did not relish my coffee in a tin cup, and had stopped at a farm house to purchase a common earthen cup, such as you pay about six cents for at any country store. The good woman said her daughter had a cup she would sell, and when produced it proved to be a fine china cup, a Christmas gift, inscribed, "A token of affection." It was ridiculously unsuited for my purpose, but gallantry prevented my saying so. Having placed it in my haversack, I inquired the price, and when informed that it cost $2.50, paid it. This was on our way to Antietam, and about the same time a tall mulatto accosted me, offering his services as cook and luggage carrier. We quickly struck a bargain. When asked his name he replied, "Juan Fernandez Miles Ferdinand Hughes,"

which for convenience I abbreviated to "Miles." When we went into battle at Antietam, I left him in charge of my blankets and haversack, which contained my provisions and this china cup. After the battle Miles had disappeared, and with him all my traps and the cup. His absence remained a mystery for about eight years, when we accidentally met, and the recognition was mutual. I hailed him and said, "Why, Juan Fernandez Miles Ferdinand Hughes, where have you been, sir!" With a grin extending from ear to ear, he replied, "Well, Cap'n, w'en you lef' me back dar alone wid de traps in dat woods it was all right 'til dem ar bullets cum a wizzen' and de shells a screechin' and tearen' tro' de branches and a plowin' up de groun', and den I jus' remembe' dat my good ole mudder hadn't seen me for a good w'ile an' mus' be wantin' to see me mighty bad, and so I cut a straight streak for hum." The war had long since ended, and I forgave Miles for the loss of my traps and "token of affection."

Just before starting on Friday morning, while the men were in line, it became necessary to appoint a new color-bearer to succeed Sergeant Simpson, who had yielded up his life while carrying the flag. It was recognized as a hazardous trust, and I felt a delicacy in making its acceptance obligatory. They were all brave men, and any one of the sergeants or corporals could safely have been entrusted with it, but I decided to leave it to their voluntary action, and therefore called for a volunteer. After a brief pause, Sergeant Frank Wattson stepped out from the ranks. The appointment was ratified by the colonel, and this act placed Wattson in the line of promotion, and, following the death of Lieutenant McPherron, and the resignation of Lieutenant Ziegler, Wattson was commissioned as first lieutenant, and Sergeant Theodore L. Flood was commissioned as second lieutenant. I place this statement on record here in explanation of a matter that was never clearly understood. Sergeant Greenland would have been my choice for the position for the share he had in the recovery of the flag on the field, but Wattson ranked him as third sergeant, and his prompt action secured it. (Greenland's substantial recognition, however, came in later years, in a way that I will explain in another connection in this narrative.) On the march one of the comrades, discovering that I was nearly famished, shared his hardtack with me.

We arrived at Harper's Ferry about noon on the 19th, and

were kept shifting to and fro between Maryland Heights and Pleasant Valley until October 3d, during which time much sickness prevailed and many died from camp fever, etc. On November 1st we crossed the Potomac and camped in Loudon Valley, where we were occupied in daily drills and on picket duty until December 10th, when we again got marching orders, and reached Bowlsborough through Thoroughfare Gap on that day, thence passing through Leesburg December 11th and Fairfax December 15th, reached Dumfries December 16th, and then pitched our tents at Fairfax Station for some weeks, which were spent in drill and picket duty. On January 20th we were at Dumfries, January 22d at Shipping Point, and from January 24th to March 24th we were encamped near Stafford Court House. During this interval a case of conscience was presented for me to solve.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

One Saturday evening, following a long resting spell, an order was issued from headquarters to be ready with rations and arms to march next morning (Sunday). Our orderly sergeant had conscientious views on the sanctity of the Sabbath, and was opposed to any marching or work on that day that was not strictly necessary, and, coming to my tent, expressed his convictions that the movement would not prosper. I consented to let him call on General Kane and argue the point with him, which he did, but returned, saying that the order was issued higher up, and General Kane said he was not responsible for it, and, such being the case, his duty as a soldier was to obey.

We marched all day Sunday, did not find the enemy we were in search of, slept that night under the sky, marched back to our camp on Monday, and then learned, to our vexation, that the wary enemy had attacked the station in our absence, destroyed some property and carried away provender. The sergeant's intuitions seem to have been prophetic, for if we had rested on Sunday we should have saved our property on Monday.

The tragedies and hardships of war were occasionally relieved by incidents of a humorous character. While we were in winter quarters near Stafford Court House, one of the officers of our regiment was detailed for court-martial duty, and went into the town to secure suitable quarters, and presently returned for his luggage in quite jubilant mood, and informed us in glowing terms,

which almost made us homesick, that he had discovered the nicest, cosiest, homelike place in all the great United States (with the one exception of the home he had left in Pennsylvania). The family consisted of a mother, who was a lady of most attractive manners, and two charming daughters, cultured, genial and accomplished housekeepers; rooms neat and clean, table first-class, etc., etc. A few days after his departure, while I was making my rounds as officer of the day, a sad-faced officer came into camp carrying his traps, of whom in surprise I asked the why and wherefore. "Is the court-martial over so soon?" "Oh, no," said he, "but I am going to tent it with my comrades and live on army rations and attend to the court-martial duties too." This called for an explanation, which he gave me as follows:

"Everything was just lovely for a time, until some relatives visited the family from South Carolina, and to-day at mealtime the conversation turned upon the war, and remarks were made aspersing the Union side, which in self-respect I was compelled to reply to, and one thing brought on another until the temper of all was aroused, and a climax was reached by one of these charming daughters bouncing up in a rage and calling me a good-for-nothing Yankee cut-throat, and vanishing from the room. Do you blame me for coveting my old quarters?" "Of course I don't; pass in," I replied.

"THE FIRST FALL."

From the humorous point of view I claim to have been probably the first one in the regiment "to fall" on the advance to Dunker church, but it was not caused by a bullet or shell. My company was approaching a fence about three rails high, and to be in readiness to align it properly on the other side, I took a running jump to clear it. My sword scabbard catching on the top rail, I plunged headforemost over it to the ground. Fortunately the only injury sustained was a bad shaking up, and I quickly reassured my men, who thought I had been "plugged" by a sharp-shooter.

BURIED ALIVE.

During our temporary stay at Stafford Court House I occupied a "sugar-loaf" tent, having a tripod in the centre from which to hang a kettle, with fire underneath for cooking and heat,

and an opening at the top for the smoke to ascend. The boys had burrowed and built themselves cave cabins of various sizes and shapes, with such materials as they had gathered, such as rails, saplings, tree branches, leaves and earth. I, with the aid of a Virginia colored lad, had constructed two bean-pole cots on opposite sides of the tent, one for the lad and the other for myself. One evening a heavy snowstorm set in, and I turned in to my cot in anticipation of an undisturbed rest, sheltered from the storm and thankful that it was not my turn out on the picket line on such a night. I was soon wrapped in slumber too profound for dreams, and therefore not dreaming of an impending catastrophe, which came with startling suddenness, for in the dead of night, probably about two o'clock, I was aroused by a shout of alarm from my darkey boy. "Cap'n, de tent is comin' down!" and, sure enough, I had barely time to hustle myself under the tripod, where the boy was already ensconced, when the whole tent came crashing down as flat as a pancake under an accumulated weight of snow, and there we were, shut in like two rats in a trap. To be turned out of a warm bed and have to burrow your chill way out into the open in mid-winter, and face a blinding snowstorm in the night, half clad, and exhume your house from under an avalanche of snow and build it up again in cheerless gloom and darkness was an experience not to be envied. In fact, it was literally a "wet blanket" spell thrown over my hopes and anticipations of a night of shelter and repose, for my fire was out and my blankets very wet.

On February 22d, 1863, I was ordered to report at brigade headquarters at Stafford Court House, as field officer of the day. It being Washington's birthday, the officers of the brigade decided to commemorate it by some conventionalities, and, procuring a large vessel, they filled it with a combination of liquors, lemons, etc., which they called "punch," of which we all were invited to partake. As I was in good health, and had no use for anything stronger than good coffee and cold water, it was soon noticed that I was not partaking, and some good-natured comments were made at my expense. This attracted the attention of Surgeon Cummings, who said, "By the way, Captain, how is it that you are the only officer who has not been on my book for treatment?" My reply was, "Well, Surgeon, my excuse for not being on your list of patients is that I have thus far had no need for your pro-

fessional services, and in this connection one fact just revealed is very significant. Colonel ——— has just informed me that I am the only officer who has not partaken of that punch, and you say I am the only officer who has not applied to you for treatment. Now I will appeal to all of my comrades present, to say if I have not had rather more than my share of exposure on picket duty by reason of having to take the place of others excused on sick list. This being the case, won't you all admit that cold water and coffee are a better combination for exposure and endurance than liquor and lemons?" My argument met with no rebuttals.

On March 24th we left Stafford Court House, and arrived the same day at Acquia Creek Landing, where we remained in camp until April 27th. While here we indulged in the luxury of fresh bread and Potomac shad, a most agreeable change from hardtack and bacon. The intervening weeks were occupied in daily drills, guard mounting and picket duty. The sutlers were very much in evidence at the Landing, and were freely patronized by the men for things needful, and by some for things not needful, for it transpired that liquor was being furnished to the men contrary to orders, and this was the occasion of my first personal contact with our division commander, General John W. Geary, under circumstances that inspired my confidence in his sobriety and my respect for his character. One morning at roll-call one of our men was missing, and the orderly sergeant speedily ascertained that he was away from camp and had been absent all night. About noon I was summoned to report at the division headquarters, and was there informed by General Geary that he had arrested one of my men for disorderly conduct the day before, that he was now in the guard house, and he (Geary) had sent for me to confer as to further discipline. I soon discovered that it was our missing man, who had been down at the Landing and been plied with liquor by a sutler, and while under its influence had brought himself into disgrace. I then explained the situation to General Geary, and bore testimony to his previous good record and that it was his first offense, and requested that he be let off with a reprimand. To this the General readily assented, and, having ordered the guard to bring him into his presence, he addressed him in my presence, as follows:

"Young man, I had as my guest yesterday the commander-in-chief, General Hooker, and was priding myself on the good

order which prevailed in my camp, when I was greatly mortified by a noisy brawl outside of my tent, which I discovered was caused by you, and immediately ordered you under arrest. Your captain tells me that you have a good soldierly record, that this is your first offense, and that liquor is the cause. I have therefore decided to release you from confinement, trusting that the night passed in the guard house will make a lasting impression for your good, and I want you to take this counsel with you from your General, and that is to abstain from intoxicating drinks. Shun it as long as you live. All the success I have had in my career I owe to a resolution taken in my early manhood, to avoid the use of liquor in any form as a beverage. Now, sir, you can return to your quarters."

The lesson proved salutary, and that comrade gave me no more trouble, but I had a livelier experience with another soldier from the same cause.

QUELLING A WHISKY INSURRECTION.

It is a trite and true saying, "When whiskey gets in, reason gets out of a man." One evening when I was on duty as officer of the day, and responsible for the good order and discipline of the camp, a squad of soldiers returned from the Landing much the worse for liquor. They were quickly taken in hand and hurried to their tents, all submitting to control with one exception. He would heed no persuasion, refused to be quiet, would not go to his tent, and grew violent and dangerous. His record previous to enlistment was that of one in whom drink produced madness, and it was said he had escaped arrest for shooting a man while under that influence, and that the prosecution was not pressed when he enlisted. Finding persuasion unavailing, I summoned a guard of four men to arrest and secure him. When they arrived he snatched one of their guns, and, wielding it as a club, threatened to brain any and all who came within its range. At this juncture the lieutenant of his company arrived and endeavored to bring him to submission, but with no success. I was reluctant to have the men use their bayonets, and therefore quietly arranged with the lieutenant that we rush in on him from opposite sides, which we quickly did. The sweep of his gun knocked my cap from my head, but I reached him first and got a firm waist hold, and with the prompt assistance of the lieutenant we quickly

had him on the ground, and while the guards held him I succeeded in tying his arms securely with a stout cord conveniently at hand, and then sent him off to the guard house. All through the night he raved and threatened the lives of all concerned. The next morning he was still ugly, and I left him tied. Towards noon the whiskey mood was subsiding, and on my third visit he was rational, tractable and humble. On being asked if he knew what he had been doing, he replied, "No, but I find myself in the guard house and tied fast." I then said, "You came into camp last evening drunk and violently disorderly. You refused to obey the orders of your lieutenant, and made it necessary for me to arrest you, and in so doing you struck at me viciously with a comrade's gun, which you had snatched, and would probably have killed me if I had not dodged the blow. If I report you to General Kane, he will have you court-martialed and perhaps shot for such a breech of military discipline; but I don't want to do this, and will not bring any charge against you for this offense if you will agree to avoid liquor and promise not to let this occur again." He promptly gave me the satisfactory assurance and I unloosed him and sent him to his quarters. I scarcely need say that the whiskey-inspired threat of bodily harm to me was never fulfilled, and for the balance of his term I probably had no better friend in the camp than he.

During our stay at the Landing an alarm was sounded one evening, which brought us quickly into line to repel some apprehended danger. Whether our show of readiness averted an attack from the enemy or whether it was a false alarm I know not, but after a patient waiting we were finally ordered to our tents again. But meanwhile some of the officers had obtained from the surgeon some liquor in their canteens for "medicinal purposes," and, not being careful in its use, one or two of them became quite noticeably affected by it. The surgeon in passing along the line noticed it, and in reply to my remark that it was unwise on his part to allow his patients to do their own dosing he replied with much fervor, "I pledge you my word, Captain, that I will never again trust an officer with more liquor than I have occasion to put down his throat myself." In reciting these incidents I would not be understood as assailing the use of liquor as a medicine, for it is of great value in the hands of a skilful physician, but as a beverage my experience and observation have

long since convinced me that it ought to be regarded as a foe to the human family.

Profanity was another bad habit that some good soldiers had acquired. It was also objectionable to me, and although my own company was comparatively free from it, yet I occasionally had to reprimand others in the regiment, especially when, as officer of the day, the good order of the camp devolved upon me. On one such occasion my ears were assailed by a volley of energetic oaths that were rattling off with the fluency and celerity of a gatling gun, and on reaching the offender I promptly called him to account. He was holding one side of his face in his hands, and I discovered to my surprise that he was afflicted with an impediment in his speech, which had not been in the slightest degree evident in his ability to swear, and his stuttering apology was in striking contrast to it, as he laboriously said, " Ca-Ca-Captain, I-I co-co-couldn't help it! A b-b-bee st-stung me." I passed on quickly without further comment, but how a stuttering man could swear so fluently was a problem that puzzled me. In the case of another stutterer, who was devout and could pray fluently without impediment, his fluency was attributed to a special dispensation of Providence, but in this case the anomaly calls for some other solution than to assign it to divine aid.

Our regiment now formed part of the second brigade (General Thomas L. Kane), second division (General John W. Geary), Twelfth Army Corps (Major-General Slocum), and on April 28th, 1863, we left Acquia Creek Landing, with the Union army under orders from Major-General Joseph E. Hooker, commanding, and set out on the Chancellorsville campaign.

President Lincoln had previously visited the camp, and on Friday, April 10th, a grand review of the army was held, which made a brilliant and impressive spectacle.

The President on horseback, in civilian dress and high hat, escorted by General Hooker and his staff in their brilliant uniforms, presented a striking contrast. His tall form loomed up conspicuously, but he was not a graceful rider, and alongside of the splendid martial figure of General Hooker he was not an attractive-looking object to the soldier's eye from a spectacular point of view, as he rode along the line, but I regarded him with profound veneration and sympathy. Knowing full well what a crushing weight of responsibility and suspense and anxiety was

at that time oppressing him. His Emancipation Proclamation had been vehemently assailed by thousands in the North, and was far from being cordially received by all the soldiers, especially some of the war Democrats. It was not an uncommon thing to hear expressions of dissatisfaction, such as "We enlisted to fight for the Union, and did not come out to fight for the niggers," and the "copperhead" journals were filled with inflammatory editorials to intensify the spirit of opposition.

As a justifiable war measure, however, it was generally acquiesced in by the army, and to frustrate the aims of the "peace at any price" agitators and dispel all doubts as to the attitude and sentiments of the regiment, a mass-meeting was held, at which Colonel Higgins presided. Lieutenant-Colonel Szink and Major Lawrence acted as vice-presidents, and Chaplain J. D. Stewart, Surgeon L. C. Cummings and Captain W. W. Wallace as secretaries. A committee of five, consisting of the secretaries and Captains Bell and McKeage, was appointed for the purpose, and embodied the views of their comrades in the following document, which was adopted and ordered to be transmitted for publication to the Northern papers.

The Camp, Kane's Landing on the Potomac, March 20, 1863.

The 125th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers

To her loyal friends sends greeting:

We, your fellow citizens, here assembled in arms, not from love of war, but prompted solely by love of country and sense of duty, having put aside all partisan feelings, are now, in common with hosts of other loyal men, grappling with rebellion, and by the blessing of God hope effectually to crush it.

To remove all misapprehension of our sentiments, a meeting of the regiment was held this day, and the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The attempts of the so-called peace party in Pennsylvania are, in effect throwing impediments in the way while we are fighting the enemy in front;

And whereas, On the result of this conflict the existence of our country depends, therefore, be it resolved: That all propositions to compromise with armed treason must be rejected, as unworthy the land that gave us birth;

Resolved, That the only compromise we can make is that the South shall return to its former allegiance.

Resolved, That the only way to secure this result lies in a vigorous prosecution of the war, until the supremacy of the U. S. Government is fully established.

Resolved, That the reports at home that "the Army of the Potomac is in a demoralized condition" are false, and without foundation in fact, and that we look upon the authors of such reports as enemies of their country.

Resolved, That we call upon all loyal citizens to organize and counteract these conspiracies to aid Rebellion.

Resolved, That the President of the United States is the Constitutional representative of our Government, and his administration must and shall be sustained, and that Governor Andrew G. Cartin is deserving of our highest respect and esteem for his eminently patriotic labors in behalf of Pennsylvania's wounded and sick soldiers.

No public official ever encountered more adverse criticism and venomous abuse than did President Lincoln, while loyally, patiently, wisely and unselfishly guarding the ship of state through the storm that threatened to engulf her and amid the breakers that would have wrecked her. The spirit of unrest and criticism was rampant, and even General Hooker had been led to indulge in some rash utterances, for which President Lincoln had administered to him a mild rebuke in his characteristic way, as follows:

"I am told that you say 'the country needs a dictator.' Of course, it is not for this, but in spite of it, that I place you in command of the Army of the Potomac, and now all I ask of you is to achieve victory, and I will risk the dictatorship." My next sight of that magnanimous man was to gaze upon his sad upturned face as he lay in his casket in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, en route to his sepulchre, in April, 1865, following his assassination by Booth.

General Hooker had acquired a reputation for skill and bravery that inspired the men with confidence and created high expectations, and the army was set in motion with the impress of victory as a foregone conclusion, but (in the words of Robert Burns) "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," and (to quote Billings) "if our foresight" (on April 30th) "had been equal to our hindsight" (on May 6th) "we would undoubtedly have done some things differently." On the afternoon of April 30th we seemingly had the game in our hands. An energetic, aggressive forward movement at that time, it is thought, would have caught the Confederates at a fatal disadvantage, and

Hooker's star would have been in the ascendant. But for some reason, unknown to the rank and file, instead of utilizing our "flood tide" that was leading on to victory, we halted, "omitted" the opportunity—and thousands of lives were sacrificed for nought, unless the death of Jackson, which was an irreparable loss to the Confederacy, be deemed a result worth the cost to us.

OUR REGIMENT.

At daylight, April 29th, we crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, and marched to the Rapidan, which we crossed at Germania Ford (where 150 Confederates had just been surprised and captured while building a bridge), thence to Chancellorsville, which we reached on Thursday, April 30th, about two o'clock P. M., and the following order was issued by General Hooker: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the General Commanding announces that the operation of the last three days has determined that our enemies must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind their defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits them."

My first exploit was to pick up a lady's slipper on the lawn of the Chancellorsville Mansion, evidently dropped in a hasty flight. Thrusting it in my belt, I hoped for an opportunity to return it to the fair owner. I had not proceeded far when an officer passing me on horseback noticed my prize, and, producing its mate, proposed that we "toss up" for possession of both, to which I agreed and became the temporary custodian of the pair, but alas! when Jackson, two days later, routed the Eleventh Corps and we "double-quicked" to that part of the field to resist his advance, we left our traps behind us, and in the evolutions of battle that followed we did not get back to that vicinity, and some lucky Confederate probably got the slippers and spoiled my gallant purpose.

Posting our pickets, we rested for the night, and the next morning our brigade commander, General Thomas L. Kane, led us by a plank road across a swamp and out beyond our line, probably half a mile, to an elevated ridge of land, and, there halting us, made a brief address, as follows: "Men, this is the first of May, a day on which it was our custom in my school days to bring our teachers bouquets of flowers, and now over there (pointing to a

hill beyond) is a rebel battery that I want you to present to me to-day——" Just at this moment a courier rode up rapidly and delivered an order from headquarters to return with his men at once. This he showed extreme reluctance to obey, and it was only when a second and peremptory order quickly followed, that he "faced us about," and by a rapid movement, but in good order, we reached our main line in time to avoid a conflict with a superior force which aimed to intercept and cut us off. The incident caused the brigade the loss of two killed and a few captured, and gave rise to a brisk controversy.

Some officers allege that Kane should have been reinforced and his position held, others that it was a rash movement and his prompt recall saved us from capture. The question is one of those debatable problems that are involved in the vital turning point of every great battle in which contingencies occur that cannot be foreseen or provided for by human skill or strategy. But it seems probable in this case that if we could have held that point of observation General Jackson could not have so stealthily executed that flank movement by which he surprised and routed the Eleventh Corps on the evening of the next day, May 2d, and thereby frustrated General Hooker's plans and made it necessary to fall back on a defensive line of battle on May 3d, and eventually compelled the Union army to withdraw from the field on May 6, with the loss of prestige and confidence in its commander, which defeat under such aggravating circumstances always brings; for the "rank and file" of the army grow impatient under defeat and demand victories to inspire confidence. The soldiers all liked Hooker and had entire faith in his bravery and patriotism, but they soon discovered that his plans had been checkmated. It may have been by General Hooker's order that Kane was recalled from his advanced position, and if so I think it probable that Kane was not aware of it, and attributed it to General Geary.

Our division commander, General John W. Geary, afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania, was a brave, patriotic and experienced soldier, who served with distinction in the Mexican War. That quality of prudence which deterred him from any rash undertakings made him perhaps a safer leader than our impetuous and plucky brigade commander, General Kane, who knew no fear, and was eager to fight. The incident led to a coolness between

them for a time, but when in after years Geary became Governor he showed his appreciation of Kane by appointing him to a position of honor and trust in the service of the Commonwealth, which healed all differences. On that evening, however, May 1st, he held a conference with the officers of his brigade, to which I was invited, and he expressed his dissatisfaction and disapproval of the events of the day in strong terms, which he probably regretted when he cooled down; but the conference terminated abruptly by the sudden advent of Geary, who took him aside, and we gladly dispersed, for we felt the impropriety into which a hasty temper had led a man whom we admired.

A PRESENTIMENT.

Immediately following this conference, there occurred another incident that invested that brief period of rest with a peculiar interest. On my return to my post a young soldier accosted me, saying, "I am John W. Scott, private in Company 'I,' and here is a watch that I want to leave with you to send to my mother." I told him my life was under greater risk than his in the battle, and advised him to get the sutler to attend to it. The incident was recalled some time later when, in looking over the list of killed and wounded, I noticed with surprise that he was killed on May 3, and the only man of his company lost in that battle. Those five days and nights of carnage and unrest were such as tried human endurance to the uttermost. The continuous volleys of artillery and musketry brought on rain, which made life absolutely cheerless, as though the heavens were weeping over the scenes of carnage.

On one of these days, during a suspicious lull in operations, a field officer near me, training his glass on a distant woods, drew my attention to a column of the enemy moving eastward in front of that woods. It was apparently a large force, but, as we kept watching it, we were surprised by the occasional reappearance of an officer on a white horse. In each instance he would emerge from our right and disappear upon our left, and as it was the same officer, we found that we were witnessing a bit of war strategy, and that a small force was circling many times around that woods to convey the impression that it was an army change of base in one direction, while in reality it was moving the other way. On the evening previous to our withdrawal from Chancellorsville

I was ordered to report at General Kane's headquarters, and found him much chagrined at the situation, as the decision to withdraw had just been received by him. Following some brief remarks, personal and complimentary, he said, "How many men can you muster?" I replied, "Seventy-one." He said, "We are to withdraw and cross the Rappahannock, and you will proceed at once with your men and form a picket line towards the Ford, and connect with the next brigade." At this moment an orderly rode up and handed him a paper, which caused him to say, more audibly than he intended, "Heavens! Must my poor boys be slaughtered in this way?" Then, turning to me, he said, "Captain, this order informs me that my brigade will have the post of honor, and will act as the rear-guard to cover the retreat." I appreciated the peril probably more than the honor of the assignment.

It was a wet and starless night; we were in such close touch with the enemy that torches could not be used, and I had a perilous mission to carry out in a locality in which I was a perfect stranger; but, getting the boys together, we groped our way silently and warily over hills and ravines, through thickets and woods. They were posted one by one at proper intervals, forming a line in the darkness as straight as a "ram's horn" and undulating as the "sea serpent," and when the last picket was placed I waited in anxious suspense for daylight, in anticipation of exulting Johnnies to swoop down with devouring shot and shell upon the devoted few of the rear-guard who would be left on this side of the ford crossing.

But happily our retreat was not discovered. No rebel batteries were yet planted to open on our pontoons, and, although we were about the last to cross, we reached the other side, and felt that we had a new lease of life. Further details of the night's experience from other comrades would be interesting and exhibit some of the hardships that soldiers have to endure in war's severe exactions. Dave Henderson has doubtless told his grandchildren how he dropped from exhaustion, and I scarcely expected him to live through the night for the Johnnies to finish him at daybreak. Jerry Brennem was one whom the Confederates could n't kill. A bullet in the head dropped him senseless, but after lying stunned for a while, he scrambled to his feet, shook himself to make sure he was not some other man, then had his head bandaged and resumed his place in the ranks, ready to blaze away

again with his musket at any Johnnie who should come within range.

As General Hooker has been severely criticised, and to some extent perhaps unjustly, for the failure of his Chancellorsville campaign, in which victory was wrested from his grasp by contingencies that occurred through the alleged fault of others, it is due to him to place before our readers a brief summary of his plans, as narrated by one of his staunch defenders, whose severe arraignment of the subordinate generals, from his point of view, need not be quoted here.

GENERAL HOOKER'S PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The Union Army numbered about 124,000 including 11,500 Cavalry. The Confederates numbered about 62,000 including 3,000 Cavalry. (General Longstreet with 24,000 had been detached to another department), and on learning this fact on April 27th, 1863, General Hooker started the 5th Corps, and 11th and 12th Corps, under command of General Slocum, with 3 batteries to each, northward, unobserved by the enemy, and they crossed the Rappahannock at Kellys and Germania Fords.

On April 28th the 6th Corps (Sedgwick's) and the 1st Corps (Reynolds) and the 3rd Corps (Sickles) marched purposely in full view of the enemy down the river to some miles below Fredericksburg, causing General Lee to believe that his right flank was threatened. The same day two pontoon-bridges were placed at Franklin's crossing for the 6th corps and two more a mile below for the 1st corps to cross; on the night of the 28th the cavalry crossed the Kellys and Germania Fords, and on April 29th (morning), the infantry, under Slocum, crossed the Rapidan at Morton and Raccoon Fords and arrived at Chancellorsville at 6 P.M. April 30th, and were joined to two divisions of the 2nd Corps. The other division of the 2nd corps remained at Falmouth in full view of the enemy, who were thus successfully blinded as to the movemen underway of the main body; April 30th, the 3rd corps (Sickles) reached the U. S. Ford and camped there that night, and reached the U. S. Ford about 11 A.M. May 1st and took position in rear and west of Chancellorsville house about 10 miles west of Fredericksburg.

It was not until the evening of April 30th, that General Stewart discovered and reported to General Lee, that the Union army had crossed and was in position at Chancellorsville. Lee at once ordered Jackson from his right flank to the point threatened, leaving General Early's division to defend Fredericksburg, he with the balance of his forces spent all of that night in reforming their new line of defence. Jackson reached his position at 8 A.M. 1st, and lay-in-wait in the dense woods awaiting developments. About 11 A.M. Hooker ordered an attack, the 12th corps

(Slocums) and 11th corps (Howard) via the Plank Road Silkes' division (5th corps) and Hancock's division (2nd corps) advanced on via the Turnpike (Center), the balance of the 5th corps, via the river road, French's division (2nd corps) advanced on the right to Todd's Tavern. Each column was preceded by a cavalry force (Pleasanton's) Sickles' 3rd corps was held in reserve west of Chancellorsville house, with Graham's brigade advanced to Dowdle's tavern, Hooker's purpose was to advance, drive the enemy, and establish his line with the right resting on Tabernacle Church, 4 miles east, and his left covering Bank's ford, but an impenetrable woods foiled every effort to deploy in proper formation to dislodge a vigilant enemy in ambush, and that method had to be abandoned. General Hooker's action in a rapid change of plan and adopting the position held on the morning of May 2, is commended as a skilful tactical movement. The 5th corps rested on the river near Scott's dam, the 2nd and 3rd corps were south and southwest of the house, the 11th corps about two miles west at the junction of the plank road and the pike, extending westward along the pike about three-quarters of a mile, in position to resist a front atack, but by a fatal oversight, no provision was made to meet a flank attack, and Stewart on a cavalry reconnoisance discovered that the right flank opposite the 11th corps was unsupported, and at once informed Lee, who promptly despatched Jackson with 26,000 men to strike at that point which he did with characteristic energy and skill, and so successfully that it effectually disarranged Hooker's well laid plan of battle and placed the Union Army on the defensive during the remaining days of the conflict; the position of a Commanding General in defeat is not an enviable one, for in addition to the mortification of failure he has to undergo the censorious and galling criticism of his enemies from a very imperfect knowledge of all the facts.

In this instance the responsibility for the disaster, it would seem, from the conflicting testimony presented, might justly be shared by some of his subordinates who should have anticipated a flank attack from such an enterprising foe as Jackson, and made a better disposition of their forced to repel him. General J. Hooker says that at 9.30 A.M. he issued an order to the commander of the 11th and 12th corps as follows: "The disposition you have made with your corps has been with a view to a front attack of the enemy. If he should throw himself on your flanks, examine the ground and determine upon the position you will take in that event. Have heavy reserves well in hand to meet this contingency. The right of your line does not appear strong enough. We have good reason to suppose that the enemy is moving to our right. Advance your pickets to obtain timely information of their approach."

This order, issued about ten hours previous to Jackson's attack at that end of the line, should have put them on their guard and found them in readiness to receive him, but the commander

of the Eleventh Corps says in his defence that this order did not reach him; consequently these vital instructions were not carried out and we lost the battle.

On May 6th, 1863, the 125th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, was sent back to Acquia Creek Landing, and as its term of service was to expire on May 11th, it was transported by steamboat to Washington, D. C., thence by rail to Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pa., and there mustered out on that day, and the comrades returned to their homes to enjoy temporarily a well-earned rest. But the war had not ended, and the services to the country of the regiment did not end with Chancellorsville. Very many of its members re-enlisted, as trained soldiers, for the war, and served until its close, some of them with distinction, and their record we think properly should be placed to the credit of the regiment that produced and trained them, and where ascertainable should be recorded in our volume as part of our contributory service.

The comrades had scarcely reached their homes in Huntingdon and Blair Counties when an alarm was sounded through the North that the Confederate army was invading Pennsylvania.

About one thousand of the returned soldiers promptly assembled at Mt. Union, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which was supposed to be the point first threatened, for the purpose of cutting off the Union line of communication east and west. Major John J. Lawrence was placed in command, and I, with probably 80 or 90 men, marched down toward the Maryland line on a reconnoissance. At our arrival at McConnellsburg, Pa., I met Colonel Moss, of the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry, with about 300 cavalry, part of General Milroys' force that had just been defeated and driven north by General Early at Winchester. Colonel Moss, riding up to me, said, "Captain, my scouts bring me word that the enemy are coming this way, and I purpose to make a stand on the mountain to prevent them crossing. Can I have your co-operation with infantry?" I quickly assured him of our readiness to aid him, and he started with his cavalry at a brisk pace, while we followed on foot, making good time. The cavalry rounded the summit and were out of sight about the time we reached the base of the mountain; but in a very few minutes they reappeared, riding briskly, and in passing the colonel said: "The force is too strong to attack successfully, and I am going with my men to Bloody Run." Another considerable body of

infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Szink was also returning by a branch road, he prudently having decided to avoid risking an engagement on learning the strength of the enemy, and, although these officers have been criticized for retiring without a fight, my own judgment is that they were entirely justified in so doing. I had not, however, yet seen the enemy, and in coming down the valley had been deceived by frightened farmers from below, and I decided to ascertain for myself such information as to their number and destination as would enable me to make a reliable report at our Mt. Union headquarters on my return, and so, halting my men, I asked for a few volunteers to remain with me for a closer inspection of the enemy, and about twenty-six stepped out of the ranks. I then put the remainder of the men in the charge of a lieutenant and instructed him to march them back to Fort Littleton, some miles up the valley and there await my coming. Then, throwing the brave little band into single file, I cautioned them to follow me in silence and keep their eyes upon me, in readiness on a wave of my hand to leave the road, clamber up the bank, which no cavalry could have mounted, and each one to conceal himself securely in the thick brushwood that skirted the road. It was not my intention to attack or expose my men if the enemy should prove as large as represented, but an engagement was brought on by a peculiar circumstance. When we were half way up the long, slanting road a gallant young lieutenant (McDonald) with four cavalrymen, who had slipped off from Colonel Moss' command, overtook me and said, "Captain, I have come back to see if I can be of any service to you." I promptly accepted his co-operation, and said, "Ride on ahead as far as you can do so without danger of capture, and return with timely information of the approach of the enemy." He started off with his squad, and was soon out of sight. We plodded on, and had nearly reached the summit when I heard the rapid tread of hoofs and the lieutenant and his men reappeared, coming at full speed. I immediately waved the boys into ambush, and we were all snugly out of sight as the lieutenant shouted in passing, "They are coming, Captain! and a h—l of a lot of them." (I reproduce his exact phrase because under the exciting circumstances a little emphatic language seemed excusable); and, sure enough, his little band had scarcely passed me when a considerable force of Confederate cavalry came dashing into view, vociferously shouting,

"Halt! Halt! You blank Yankees!" and accompanying their shouts with volleys from their carbines, which wounded one of the lieutenant's men but did not unseat him, and they all escaped, because the pursuit was very suddenly checked.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

For my obligations to those gallant comrades outweighed all prudential considerations, and when the enemy got abreast of our line we gave them a rattling volley in return, which effectually changed their purpose and sent them back in haste and great disorder. I emptied four barrels of my navy revolver at them as they retreated by way of a parting salutation, just to "keep up the racket" and accelerate their flight. The attack had the effect of halting the whole brigade for some hours, as we had all the advantages attending a surprise and their uncertainty as to our numbers.

They brought up their artillery and commenced to shell the woods, but by that time our little band was out of their reach, and, keeping to the mountain, we made our way to Fort Littleton, where, being reinforced by a company sent down by Major Lawrence, I threw out pickets and prepared to contest the approach further north of the enemy's scouting parties, but none came our way. I have since learned that they had an absurdly erroneous idea of the number of men I had with me. Our skirmish with them at McConnellsburg took place on June 24th. The battle of Gettysburg was approaching, and General Lee was obliged to concentrate his forces at that place, so that after a brief sojourn in our vicinity, the Confederates withdrew from that part of the state. It was claimed that our encounter was the first check they had on Pennsylvania soil, but this has been disputed, and perhaps correctly. I never investigated the matter.

This practically closed my active participation, for, though I subsequently raised a cavalry company, it was not called into active service, and as the War Department had decided not to accept any new regiments, I followed the advice of Governor Curtin and accepted a business proposition that brought me to Philadelphia, where I have remained ever since.

Among my letters of the war period, I find the following well-merited tribute to an officer of the regiment, whose death from

disease contracted at Antietam was deplored by all his comrades. It was addressed to me by his physician, and reads as follows:

Alexandria, Feb. 6th, 1863.

Dear Sir:—

I inform you that 2nd Lieutenant William F. McPherran departed this life about one o'clock this afternoon—I have known him in private life from childhood up, and must say that I believe he possessed all the traits of character requisite to constitute one of our best men, and his untimely loss will be deeply lamented here.

(Signed.) WILLIAM CHRISTY.

Another paper is a copy of a list of money sent by comrades of the regiment with Chaplain John D. Stewart, in February, 1863, the total amount being $2490.50, and the receipt and disbursement of it to their respective families was acknowledged February 28th by Major George W. Garrettson, who was then cashier of the Huntington Bank, and warmly interested in the welfare of the regiment and glad to serve the comrades in every way.

The circumstances attending the death of Lieutenant Stewart (the chaplain's brother) were most pathetic. He was an exemplary and pleasing comrade. Earlier in life he had contracted a fondness for drink, which took strong hold of him and impaired his health and prospect. He was reclaimed, however, and went to the front and was in every respect a brave and efficient officer. Unfortunately, shortly before the Chancellorsville battle, he paid a visit to some of his friends in another brigade, and they got him under the influence of liquor, and he returned to our camp with a deep feeling of humiliation and regret, which he expressed at length in his diary, and ended his penitential confession with the remarkable statement that the Lord had forgiven him and would call him home at the coming battle, and so it turned out, and he was the only officer of his company killed in that battle. I have never envied the feelings of those officers who in culpable thoughtlessness and from mistaken ideas of true hospitality plied their unfortunate comrade with the liquor that wrought his downfall.

J. Fletcher Conrad was originally appointed one of the committee on the history of the regiment. His death after a brief illness sadly interrupted his labors, and proved an almost irreparable loss to the committee. He was one of the most unselfish,

energetic, untiring and patriotic workers that we had in the regiment. He had a zeal in the service of his country and in extending the "helping hand" to any of his comrades that knew no limit. It was his earnest letter, sent with my approval, to Governor Pattison, that largely influenced him to appoint Sergeant Greenland Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania. Upon one occasion Conrad confronted the Secretary of War and by sheer pluck and persistence secured the appointment of chaplain in the United States Army for a deserving and efficient minister who had a good record and in whose success we were all warmly interested. Conrad was born at Franklinville, Pa., August 15th, 1840; he enlisted in Company "C," 125th Regiment; was transferred to the Hospital Department, for which as a druggist he was especially well qualified, and performed his duties well. When mustered out with his regiment, May 18th, 1863, he commenced an active and successful business career, and some years later, when he settled in Philadelphia, it was my privilege to again become associated with him as a comrade in George G. Meade Post, No. 1, G. A. R., and in 1897, when the post chose me as its commander, it gave me great pleasure to appoint him to the position of adjutant, and no commander ever had an aide who brought greater ability or faithfulness to the duties of that office.

He died May 14th, 1898, and received a soldier's funeral. He was interred at West Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia, where his surviving comrades annually place a wreath on his grave on Memorial Day.

Captain McKeage, of our regiment, deserves a brief tribute to his memory. Our separate duties prevented a close intimacy between us, but our personal relations were cordial, for I liked the man, and I think that he held the same kindly feelings for me, notwithstanding the fact that when he was a candidate for lieutenant-colonel and there was a tie vote between him and Szink, I had the casting vote, and being unacquainted with either, I decided in favor of Szink. This action, on better acquaintance with both, I regretted, because, while Szink was a genial good comrade, whom we all liked, yet McKeage impressed me as better fitted to command men. I regarded him as the best fighting officer in the regiment. He was such a man as I would select to lead an attack, who by his courage and skill and example would hold his men to work. Captain McKeage respected my rigid notions about

drink, although he was accustomed to take a drop now and then, and I recall an amusing incident in this connection.

On my rounds as officer of the day I had occasion to call on him, and as we did not have "knockers on the doors" of our tent, we had to enter unceremoniously, and the sight that greeted my eyes was our brave captain standing erect, face upturned, arm uplifted, holding a bottle inverted, and absorbing the contents with evident enjoyment. My abrupt entrance disturbed the proceeding, and the Captain's respect for my views on that custom led him to hastily place the bottle out of sight, and he reminded me in his confusion of a boy whose mother had caught him foraging in a pantry for doughnuts, but with this difference: McKeage's embarrassment was that of the courteous host at the unexpected entrance of a guest to whom he could not offer that kind of refreshment. The Captain was among the first to help me rally the men on the flag at the battery, at Antietam, in reforming after the retreat. Upon retiring from the army he resided at Hollidaysburg, a highly respected citizen, until his death, February 12th, 1874. Peace to thy memory, gallant comrade!

Among my war papers is the following letter, which shows that the veterans of the 125th Regiment were in readiness to repel the invaders in the campaign that ended at Gettysburg, Pa.:

Fort Littleton, June 24, 1863.

Captain W. W. Wallace,

Dear Sir:—

I arrived here in the night with the enclosed message to you from Major J. J. Lawrence commanding. I found some men at New Granada, nine miles from here, in the direction of Broad Top; Captain Reed decided to take position at Sprout's Stand, on the top of Rey's Hill, where the State Road and Pike cross, fourteen miles from here, and about eight miles from Bloody Run. He expects to increase his force to 125 men to-day, and station part of them at Kegrice's Stand, five miles this way from Sprouts on the State Road. Captain Shorthill is at New Granada with about 25 men, and expects to fill up his Company. Captain Watson expects to be back with a full company. Another company will be organized to-day, and will report to you at this place, near which it is desired that you remain, that you may the better command and direct the interest of this intended line. General Smith, by General Couch's orders, directed the line to he established as above indicated, and that rifle pits be thrown up at or near Lyon's Farm, about six miles from here on the State Road, nearly on a line with Captain Bell's position

who starts to-day with some of his men; the balance remain here under Captain Jolly.

The companies coming from Broad Top and elsewhere will report to you at this place——————. You will hear from Major Lawrence commanding soon again.

F. H. LANE,
First Lieutenant and Acting Aid.

The history of the services of the 125th Regiment can never be fully recorded, for there were perils encountered and sufferings endured and exploits performed by individual members, of whom many are dead, who left no written record of their deeds, but the committee obtained from some of the comrades living interesting contributions to the unwritten history of the war, which are here inserted:

Levi Decker, Private, Company H.

At Antietam, at the bluff of rocks near Dunker church, while firing, I got my first wound, a bullet through my left shoulder, and on our way back, at the Pike I got my second wound, a bullet through my left arm. I was still able to travel, and got about half-way from the Pike to the battery when I got my third wound from the left flank of the enemy, a bullet in my right hip, which fetched me to the ground. I laid there between the lines probably two or three hours, until I recovered from the shock, and then got up and made my way painfully through the line of battle at the cornfield and down through the woods to the big spring, where I got my wounds dressed. When the Confederates shelled it I crossed the field over to the road at the woods and got into an ambulance, which took me to a house in the rear, out of range of the Confederate fire, where I laid until September 27th, and was then taken to Frederick City Hospital, where I remained until discharged, December 17th, 1862, unfitted for further duty, and this ended my military service.

John Heffner, Private, Company F.

After the battle of Antietam, Charles Crohers and myself buried five of our comrades in a hole made by taking out limestone in the woods near Dunker church. One was James Deerfield, another was Corbin; the other three I don't remember. We

also buried Benjamin Cunningham back on the field about half a mile from there. I helped to bury other dead soldiers for a day or two on Maryland Heights. We found a number of unburied bodies where General Miles had surrendered.

H. H. Gregg, Captain, Company H.

When mustered out with the Regiment in May, 1863, promptly re-entered the service as Captain in the 13th Pennsylvania Cavalry. In 1864 he was advanced to the rank of Major, and for meritorious conduct was brevetted successively as Major and Lieutenant-Colonel. On the application of Governor Curtin he was honorably discharged from service, on order of the Secretary of War, on April 5, 1865, and appointed Chief of State Transportation and Military Secretary of the Governor, which position he held also under Governor Geary until 1868. During his service with the 13th Cavalry Regiment he participated in a number of engagements, was twice made prisoner of war, and spent several months in Libby Prison, Richmond, and at Danville, Va., and Saulsbury, N. C.

William H. Simpson, Captain, Company F.

In 1861 he enlisted in the Petersburg company for three months as second lieutenant of Company "H," Pennsylvania Volunteers, under General Patterson. Re-entered as Captain, Company "F," 125th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and served with the regiment during its term of nine months. Was wounded at Antietam in the right shoulder, and at Chancellorsville slightly wounded in the face.

Stephen Aiken, Private, Company D.

"Was wounded at Antietam by a bullet in the face and neck, breaking the jaw bone and unfitting me for further service. I was three days and nights on the battlefield, and was then taken to Hagerstown, thence to Chambersburg, and then to the Cotton Factory Hospital, at Harrisburg, and was discharged March 13th, 1863, as unfit for service."

W. R. Strickler, Private, Company F.

"When our regiment was ordered into the woods at Dunker

church, our skirmishers had not advanced more than fifty yards when they were driven back and we opened fire. A brigade of Confederates came up through the woods, with another coming up outside at a "right-shoulder-shift," double-quick into line. Our regiment, having delivered its fire and being unsupported, had fallen back under orders, and I started down over the brow of the hill into the field, and was about one hundred yards from the church when the Confederates formed into line in front of the church. My gun was loaded, and I was in the act of firing when McCowen's battery came dashing up, nearly running over me, unlimbered and opened fire with grape and canister. As I stood and watched, the shots cut great gaps in the Confederate line, which they quickly closed up again, and meanwhile opened out with musketry. The bullets came too thick for me, and while getting out of range a "minnie" went through my left thigh, but I had the satisfaction of seeing the Confederates driven back. I was laid up in the hospital with my wound for three months."

FREDERICK W. GERHARD, PRIVATE, COMPANY D.

"At Fort Bernard we were drilled in the use of artillery, musket, pick and shovel. At Dunker church I did not hear the order to retreat, and fired off my gun and then started for the rear of our battery, which was then doing good work, supported by our comrades, who were re-forming in line behind it. I found on the field a better gun than mine and traded, and lying beside a dead Confederate was a leather case holding a knife, fork and spoon which I appropriated. A wounded 'Reb' asked me to help him to a shady place, but on getting him to his feet he was unable to walk, as part of his bowels were hanging out, and I was compelled to leave him."

DAVID R. DONNELY, PRIVATE, COMPANY B.

"I received a bullet in my left thigh, while in the front near the Dunker church. While disabled by my wound I was in the hospital at 16th and Filbert Streets, Philadelphia. In December I returned to my regiment, in Loudon Valley, and participated in all the remaining marches and perils, including the battle of Chancellorsville."

THOMAS L. ENGARD, PRIVATE, COMPANY C.

"Re-enlisted August, 1864, as corporal in Company B, 208th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and won distinction in the battle of Fort Steadman, March 25th, 1865. The field officer being absent, my captain assumed command of the regiment and put me in command of the skirmish line. Our standard-bearer was shot through the body, but I gave the word forward to my men, and our movement was followed by the entire line, resulting in the glorious victory and the capture of many times our number of prisoners. At Petersburg, April 2d, 1865, I got four gunshot wounds. Next day, with a sergeant also wounded, going through Petersburg, we got a Union flag and took it to the Staff House roof. A Union general, passing by, hailed us and inquired what we were doing, and we replied, "Old Glory must float." When the troops came up he said, "See what two wounded soldiers have done," and the cheering was deafening. We responded by waving our caps. The sergeant's tongue was half shot away, so he could n't cheer, but he stamped on that old tin roof and made as much noise as a dozen men. I was sent to City Point Hospital, thence to Alexandria Hospital. After the assassination of President Lincoln I was discharged from Fairfax Hospital, Va., and went home."

HENRY C. WARFEL, PRIVATE, COMPANY I.

"At the expiration of my term of service with the 125th Regiment I served in Company A, First Pennsylvania Cavalry Battalion. Was awarded a medal of honor by act of Congress for capturing a Confederate flag in the battle of Fann Crossroads, Va., April 5th, 1865. Was on the skirmish line at Lee's surrender, April 9th, 1865. Discharged at Bladensburg, Md., May 27th, 1865."

LEVI G. HECK, PRIVATE, COMPANY H.

"Mustered out May, 1863. Re-enlisted February 14th, 1864, in Company I, 21st Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, and was promoted to first lieutenant September 3d, by order of the Secretary of War, and assigned to the 127th Regiment, United States Colored Infantry, under General B. F. Tracy (since Secretary of the Navy). With this regiment I did duty at Richmond and Peters-

burg, participating in the capture of the latter city, April 2d, 1865. Was also at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, after which we were sent to Texas under General Sheridan to finish up the Rebellion, landing at Bragos, Santiago, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, in May, where we remained until finally discharged September 9th, 1865."

ANDREW GEIST, PRIVATE, COMPANY F.

"Discharged with the regiment, May, 1863. Re-enlisted December, 1863, on Third Heavy Artillery, on Fortress Monroe, and on April 1st, 1864, was transferred to field duty with the 188th Pennsylvania Volunteers. On June 3d, 1864, was wounded in right leg, at Cold Harbor, which laid me up for six months in the hospital. I then returned to my regiment, until June, 1865, when I contracted fever and was taken to Lee Hospital, Richmond, Va., for two months, and then rejoined the regiment and served until December 14th, 1865, when we were mustered out of service at City Point, Va., and discharged at Philadelphia, December 19th, 1865."

EDWARD L. RUSS, SERGEANT, COMPANY D.

"I was shot through the abdomen at Dunker church during the battle of Antietam, in September, 1862. While lying wounded a Confederate ran up, seemingly to bayonet and rob me, but, picking up an ambrotype picture, he asked, 'Is this yours?' I replied, 'Yes, that is my dear wife.' He at once placed it in my hand, gazed at me for a moment, and hastily rejoined his comrades among the storm of death-dealing missiles. Six of my comrades of Company 'D' risked their lives in saving me from the exposed position in which I lay. The surgeon pronounced my wound a mortal one. On the afternoon of the 21st I was taken to the Lyceum Hospital, at Hagerstown, in charge of Doctor George W. Nebinger, of Philadelphia, whose skill and untiring attention to wounded soldiers deserves honorable mention."

BRINTON GLUCK, PRIVATE, COMPANY K.

Says: "At Antietam three of my comrades were shot down by my side. I have very vivid recollections of seeing General

Mansfield fall wounded from his horse, not more than twenty feet from me. The enemy had just let loose shot and shell on us and we were ordered to lie down, and while in that position Mansfield rode up to the crest of the hill right on our front. Captain Gardiner detailed Kho and Burhammer and Edmanton, and one other comrade, who carried him to the rear on their muskets to the 10th Maine comrades, who carried him to the hospital."

JACOB GLUCK, PRIVATE, COMPANY K.

"In the battle of Antietam, when General Mansfield was shot whilst on his horse, one of the men detailed by Captain Gardiner to carry him to the rear was standing next to me in the ranks. During the battle our lieutenant and myself and three other comrades drew a brass cannon back from near Dunker church to the rear, about half a mile."

MICHAEL B. BRENNEMAN, PRIVATE, COMPANY C.

"At Antietam I was wounded and carried off the field by Comrades Lincoln and McDevitt to the Poffenberger barn. In about ten days our friends got J. E. Robb, J. R. Knode and myself removed to Huntingdon, where I remained five weeks before I was able to get home, and it was two months before I got about on crutches. In March I went to the Cotton Factory Hospital, at Harrisburg, and was discharged from service on April 6th, 1863, on account of disability."

W. S. HOAR, PRIVATE, COMPANY D.

"I was wounded at Antietam, September 17th, 1862; discharged for disability at Camp Convalescent, near Alexandria, Va., January 9th, 1863. Re-enlisted June 13th, 1864, at Cleveland, Ohio, Company 'B,' 177th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and with this regiment took part in Hood's defeat, at Nashville, Tenn. At Fort Fisher, N. C., also with the Twenty-third Army Corps, in opening Cape Fear River, and capture of Wilmington, N. C. Was again wounded at the capture of Fort Anderson, February 19th, 1864, and was sent to Marine Hospital, at Wilmington, N. C.; thence to David's Island Hospital, East River, N. Y., and finally discharged at Columbus, Ohio, July 6th, 1865."

EUGENE J. BOBLITS, CORPORAL, COMPANY H.

Born December 21, 1846, he was probably one of the youngest soldiers in the army. He was one of the color-guard at Antietam, and when that gallant color-bearer, Sergeant George A. Simpson, was killed, Boblits bore the colors until he was also prostrated by a bullet, which left him crippled for life.

SAMUEL S. HEDRICK, PRIVATE, COMPANY H.

Served with the regiment until wounded at the battle of Antietam, and later was discharged from the service, November 21st, 1862, on surgeon's certificate. Re-enlisted March 16th, 1864, in Company "B," 13th Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, and served until mustered out at Raleigh, N. C., July 14th, 1865.

JOSEPH C. GARNER, PRIVATE, COMPANY B.

Served with this regiment until wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 2d, 1863. Disabled by a bullet wound in his right knee; cared for at the field hospital until discharged with the regiment at Harrisburg, May 18th, 1863.

JOHN OSCAR MOORE, PRIVATE, COMPANY F.

"The South Mountain and Antietam march and battle, the unbroken fast, emptying canteen, sharp-shooters, suspense, advance on Dunker church, the bursting shell that did the blood-letting for me, the awful carnage, daring deeds of the boys, the solemn roll-call on that eventful evening with the ground thickly strewn with dead and dying, are memories that will never be effaced. Our return home and discharge will doubtless be told by others. In 1865 I was present at Lincoln's Inauguration, saw the Grand Review, Lincoln's funeral, and the execution of some of his assassins."

ELIAS A. ZEEK, PRIVATE, COMPANY C.

"At the battle of Antietam part of the bone of my right arm was shot away. I lay two weeks in the battlefield barn hospital, was then sent to the Walnut Street Hospital, Harrisburg, and in November was discharged for disability."

WALTER W. GREENLAND, SECOND SERGEANT, COMPANY C.

At the battle of Antietam, where the troops were falling back, and our gallant color-bearer, Sergeant George A. Simpson, was shot and fell dead with the flag in his hands and other comrades snatched the colors and were quickly wounded, Sergeant Greenland bravely secured the flag and surrendered it to his captain, who used it to rally the regiment. He rose to distinction in civil life, and on March 8th, 1892, was appointed Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania by Governor Pattison.

GEORGE SPRANKLE, PRIVATE, COMPANY C.

Was wounded at Antietam, but remained in the service until mustered out with his company, May 18th, 1863.

HILL P. WILSON, FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY B.

Re-enlisted and served as captain of Company "I," in Stevens' Regiment, in the defence of Nashville, Tenn. In 1865 he served under Captain Hamell in charge of United States military railroad until the close of the war. In 1868 he was serviceable to General Sheridan during his campaign against the Cheyenne warriors; in 1878, postmaster; 1879, bank president; in 1888, State Senator, and in 1891, receiver of public money of the United States Land Office, at Wakeeney, Kansas.

FRANK H. LANE, SECOND LIEUTENANT, COMPANY F.

"At Chancellorsville I received the thanks of General Geary for meritorious services. I was mustered out with the regiment at Harrisburg, on May 18th, 1863. Shortly afterwards, when the word reached Huntingdon that the Confederate army was coming into Pennsylvania and advancing to Mt. Union to hold or destroy the Pennsylvania Railroad, the alarm was sounded by the Court House bell. The old soldiers assembled and quickly organized, with Major John J. Lawrence in command, assisted by Captain Wallace and myself. Arriving at Mt. Union, we occupied the approach. By morning we were heavily reinforced by other troops. General McDowell by telegram directed Major Lawrence to command the post. I was assigned to duty as aide and scout. Captain Wallace, in command of some sharp-shooters,

proceeded down the valley on a reconnoissance. He advanced to Orbisenia, thence to Three Springs, thence to Fort Littleton, then to the side of the Cove Mountain near where the pike crosses the summit, near McConnellsburg, where he met the Confederate advance, numbering about 3000 soldiers, including cavalry, artillery and infantry. Word reached me at Fort Littleton that they were approaching McConnelsburg, and, mounting a fleet horse, I arrived just in time to see the Union cavalry moving to the rear and Captain Wallace and his sharp-shooters moving cautiously along the pike toward the summit of the mountain. Keeping well covered by timber and other obstructions, when the enemy's advance came around the summit and came well under range, they were received with volleys which so surprised and checked their movement that they did not advance beyond the town. They reported several of their men killed and wounded. Only one Union man was wounded."

Horace B. Kemp, Corporal, Company G.

Is not officially mentioned among the union martyrs of the regiment, but he served creditably at Antietam and Chancellorsville, and died shortly after his return home, from disease contracted in the service, aged 21 years.

"Madam Dumfries' shower baths free,
Was war-time hos-pi-tal-i-ty,
On beds of mud knee-deep we trod,
And pillowed our heads on rain-soaked sod."

RE-UNION

OF THE

125TH REGIMENT

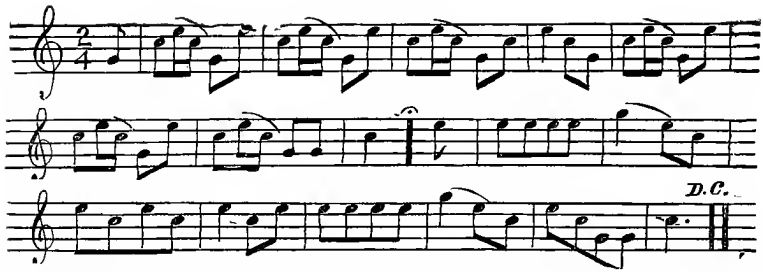
Pennsylvania Volunteers

AT

ANTIETAM

1888

REVEILLE.

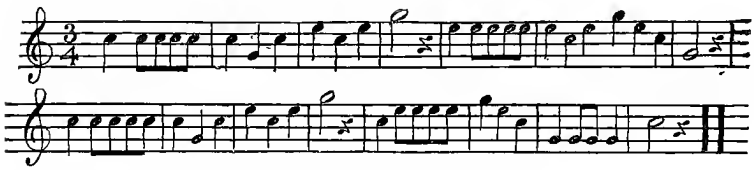


I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up, I tell you;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up at all.

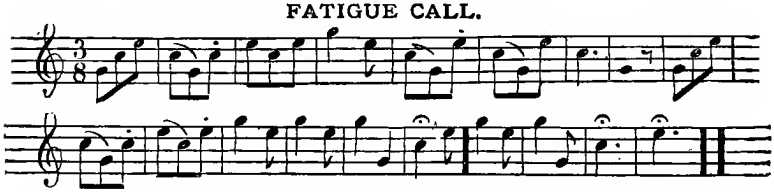
The Corporal's worse than the Private,
The Sergeant's worse than the Corporal,
The Lieutenant's worse than the Sergeant,
But the Captain's worst of all.

I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up this morning;
I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up to-day.

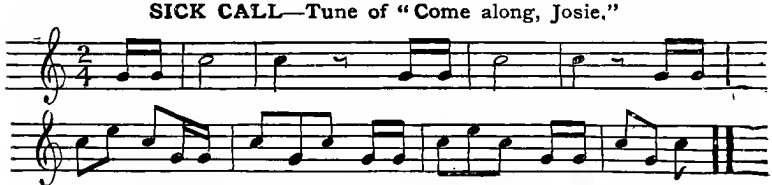
ASSEMBLY—"FALL IN!"



FATIGUE CALL.

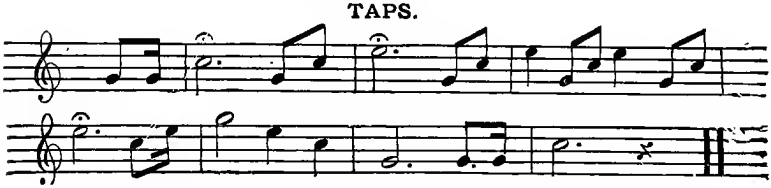


SICK CALL—Tune of "Come along, Josie."

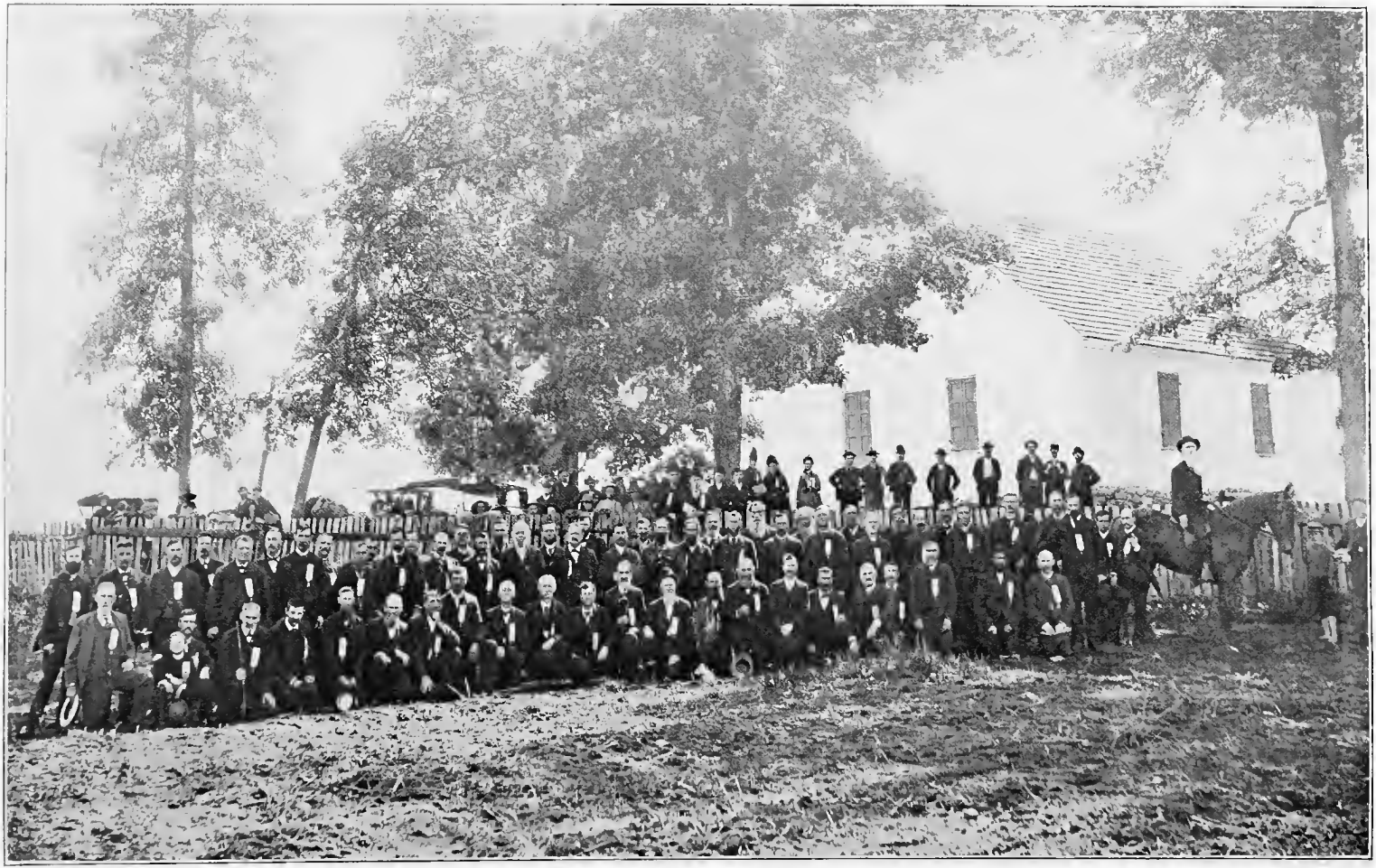


Dr. Thomas says, Dr. Thomas says,
Come and get your Quine—Quine—Quine—Quinine,
Come and get your Quinine,
Q—u—i—n—i—n—e!!!

TAPS.



Oh! these were Bugle Echoes! that inspired the Soldier Muse
With ready wit and humor to antidote the blues.



Reunion, 125th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, at Dunkard Church, Antietam, September 17, 1888.
(The survivors, 26 years after the battle.)

Reunion of the 125th Regiment, at the Dedication of the Monument at Antietam, September 17, 1904.
(The survivors, 42 years after the battle.)

REUNION OF THE 125th REGIMENT AT ANTIETAM, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904.

The reunion of the 125th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the ceremonies attending the unveiling and dedication of the monument erected by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in commemoration and in honor of the noble dead of the regiment, who so bravely gave their lives for their country on Antietam battlefield, was held near the Dunker church, on the battlefield, Saturday, September 17, 1904, at the hour of ten o'clock, A. M., and was presided over by Captain William W. Wallace, president of the Regimental Association. The following programme was carried out:

Calling Meeting to Order.
Prayer, ... Rev. Dr. T. Flood.
Remarks, ... President of Association.
Song, ... Miss Cora Eynon Hicks.
Unveiling of Monument, ... Miss Annie Simpson.
Address, ... Lieut. Thomas McCamant, Co. C.
Addresses, ... Other Members of Regiment.
Miscellaneous Business.
Song—"America," ..... Audience.
Benediction.

Captain William W. Wallace called the meeting to order promptly at ten o'clock at the monument, in a brief opening address, as follows:

Comrades of Fort Bernard, Picket Line of Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville and Cove Mountain: I am glad to meet and greet you again on this historic battlefield under happier conditions than confronted us on our first visit to this spot; as the senior surviving officer, and President of our Regimental Association, I am called to preside on this occasion, and as other comrades will address you in detail, I will occupy but a few minutes of your time in these opening remarks.

Forty-two years ago a patriotic band of citizen soldiers from Huntingdon and Blair counties, Pennsylvania (including about forty from Cambria county), in all about 700 men, who had left their farms and

other occupation in civil life, and with only four weeks' training, then comprised the fighting force of the One Hundred and twenty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, marched across this open field of carnage, exposed to a destructive fire from a concealed foe, and reached this extreme front position, far in advance of the regular line of battle. It is not my province as chairman to anticipate other speakers in narrating the tragic incidents and details of that thrilling encounter with the Confederates sheltered behind their barriers of rocks and trees and thickets, but it was soon evident that we were at a terrible disadvantage "out in the open," and that to push on against a larger force, they intrenched and we unsupported, was to incur risk of capture or annihilation, and it was wisely decided to retire to the rear of our batteries, which promptly opened at close range with such telling effect, that the Confederates speedily abandoned their purpose to advance, and took refuge again in their hiding places.

The sun went down that day on the "bloodiest one-day battlefield of the War." On our part it was a drawn battle, in which both sides lost heavily. We slept on our arms, expecting to renew and fight to a finish next day, but our brave foe had had enough, it seems, of Pennsylvania's greetings, and withdrew to the other side of the Potomac, leaving us in possession of the dearly bought field. Our total loss was 229 in killed and wounded (of whom 84 being slightly wounded but not disabled, were not reported officially).

It is to the precious memory of those gallant comrades who fell by our side on that eventful day in defence of our country, "its national integrity and unity," that this monument has been erected by a grateful Commonwealth to perpetuate through coming generations for all time, a recognition of their heroic devotion and sacrifice unto death, and a veneration for those brave and loyal sons of Pennsylvania, and we, their surviving comrades, are now assembled to dedicate it with appropriate ceremonies.

We have with us to-day the sister of our lamented color bearer, George A. Simpson, whose image is sculptured in granite and properly stands on this pedestal, and which Miss Annie Simpson will now unveil to your gaze.

And now Comrades! every thoughtful mind gives ready assent to the truth and force of Hamlet's utterance, that "there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," and it is eminently proper that we, American citizens and soldiers, "in all our ways should acknowledge Him, who doeth according to His will in the army of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth," who overrules evil for good in human affairs, and whose benign agency and control has been conspicuously manifest in behalf of our Nation from its origin down to the present hour.

Let us therefore lift up our thoughts devoutly to the author of our being, and the source of all power, while a comrade, now present, who received his first baptism of fire near this spot, who was then Orderly Sergeant of the Color Company, leads us in prayer. I allude to the Rev. Theodore L. Flood, D.D., of Meadville, Pa.

PRAYER BY DR. T. L. FLOOD.

O God, our Father and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we bow our spirits and worship Thee on this ground, consecrated by the blood of our comrades and friends, and where many of us faced death itself that we might perpetuate this nation. We give Thee thanks that we live to see this day—that we may come together to speak of the deeds of valor and of the noble men who fell in our regiment and in our great army on the day of battle more than forty years ago.

We thank Thee that Thou didst direct our fathers in the early days of our Nation's history, and that Thou didst give them wisdom and courage to lay the foundations of this Republic. We give Thee thanks for the wisdom and statesmanship of the great men who perpetuated this nation by their wise action in the halls of Congress, and in the Executive Mansion at Washington. And when we think of the battles that were fought in the Civil War, the defeats that were suffered and the victories won, we raise our hearts to Thee in thanksgiving for the victory achieved on this battlefield, and we thank Thee for the noble part our regiment was permitted to take in that conflict.

And, now, we return to Thee gratitude that so many brave men who fought here survive until this day. We beseech Thee to bless the widows and orphans of our comrades who fell in that battle. Bless all the comrades who remain, and may our gathering to-day be an inspiration of patriotic devotion to our country, and may we here at the altar of liberty, which has been an altar of sacrifice, consecrate ourselves anew to the preservation of this Republic and to the perpetuation of free institutions.

Inspire the men who shall speak on this occasion, and may we all carry to our homes an increased love for our country, and our country's flag.

Bless our army and navy, the President of the United States and his Cabinet and our National Congress. Bless the Governor of this Commonwealth and our State Legislature. Guide us all in the way of peace that we may never again be called to engage in civil strife, but that we may keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace.

These blessings we ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The battle hymn of the Republic was then sung by Miss Cora Eyon Hicks, of Altoona, and Mr. Frank M. Waring, of Tyrone, the comrades joining in the chorus.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

The Hon. Thomas McCamant, late lieutenant of Company "G," was then introduced and delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF LIEUTENANT THOMAS MCCAMANT, OF COMPANY G.

Comrades and Friends: Forty-two years have passed and gone since less than seven hundred men and boys, only forty days from their homes on the upper waters of the Juniata, in Blair and Huntingdon Counties, Pennsylvania, with an adjunct of sixty men, brought to them from the neighboring county of Cambria by our comrade and friend, Lieutenant Dunnegan, met and battled on the ground where we now stand, with a foe that was our equal in courage and valor.

Almost one and one-half years had elapsed since the commencement of the war between the States of the South and North, and bitterness which has since disappeared was then very nearly at its height.

Both North and South contended for the mastery with earnestness and obstinacy, and though we feel justified in calling the battle here fought a Federal success, it must be borne in mind that in previous engagements in the East between the armies of the North and the armies of the South, prestige of victory had generally been on the side of the South.

The Army of the Potomac, made up of troops recruited principally in States of the North, that had been encamped within the defences of Washington during the winter of 1861-1862, was, in April of the latter year, transferred to Fortress Monroe, and by degrees advanced to Fair Oaks, a point within five miles of the city of Richmond (the seat of government of the Southern Confederacy), when disaster befell it, and it subsequently met with a succession of defeats in what are known as the Seven Days' bat-

tles, that ended at Malvern Hill on July first; and it then retired to Harrison's Landing, on the James river.

The disaster at Fair Oaks and the subsequent Seven Days' battles around Richmond, followed by the retirement of the army to Harrison's Landing, caused a feeling of depression in the North, but the people of that section soon recovered hope, and saw that in order to crush the Rebellion in the Southern states and restore the Union, the armies in the field must be recruited to their maximum strength; and the governors of the several states that had espoused the Federal cause, knowing full well that their people were of the same mind with themselves and would sustain them in efforts made to strengthen our armies in the field, addressed a communication to President Lincoln on June 22d, asking him to call for additional troops to assist in bringing the Civil War to a close.

To this communication the President made reply on July 1st, and said he had decided to call into service an additional force of 300,000 men, and an order to this effect was issued the following day.

On July 7th, C. P. Buckingham, brigadier-general and assistant adjutant-general, sent a dispatch to Governor Curtin requesting him to raise in Pennsylvania, as soon as practicable, twenty-one new regiments of volunteer infantry, and on July 21st the Governor issued his proclamation calling for the said twenty-one new regiments of infantry.

Under this call of the President, of July 2d, 1862, and the proclamation of Governor Curtin, of July 21st, 1862, the 125th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers was raised, mainly in the counties of Blair and Huntingdon. Enlistments in the different companies were made purely out of patriotic motives, and, in less than two weeks' time, the regiment had in its ranks men from all walks in life; the representative citizen, the professional man, the man of business, the mechanic, the farmer, and the day laborer were found among its numbers. A few of the men of the regiment had seen service in the late war with Mexico, some had been members of local military organizations before the Civil War, others had been in the late three months' service, but the great majority of its members had no previous military experience.

The several companies rendezvoused at Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg, early in the month of August, and were mustered into

United States service daily from the 10th to the 16th of the month. On the latter date the regiment was organized and departed that night for Washington. It reached there at noon the next day, and reported to General Casey, in command at that point. Arms were stacked on Capitol Hill, where the regiment remained until the following morning, and then moved out Pennsylvania avenue to the Potomac river, crossed the same on the Long Bridge, and, after marching into the state of Virginia, a distance of perhaps seven miles, halted at Hunter's Chapel, where the artillery of Blenker's division lay encamped the preceding winter. The regiment was made a part of General Whipple's command, in charge of the defences of Washington, and the camp we established here was named Camp Welles, after Gideon Welles, then Secretary of the Navy.

We were the first of the new troops from Pennsylvania to come here, but other regiments arrived daily, and the camp was soon filled to overflowing. Drill and fatigue duties were constant and heavy. We continued in this camp until August 26th, when we moved to a new one, near Fort Barnard, where the same heavy duties were exacted of us, and where we remained until we started on the Maryland campaign, on September 6th.

The exigencies of the general Government were great at this time. This is shown by the official records of the War of the Rebellion. We find therein that on August 12th the President dispatched Governor Curtin as follows:

> It is very important for some regiments to arrive here at once. What lack you from us? What can we do to expedite matters? Answer.
>
> A. LINCOLN.

To this dispatch Governor Curtin replied the same day, as follows:

> Three regiments will be organized this morning, and leave as soon as transportation is ready. We have 13,000 men here, and will organize as rapidly as equipments and transportation can be provided. The regiments from Lancaster can go, and expect to hear from Philadelphia that same are ready there.
>
> A. G. CURTIN, *Governor.*

On August 18th, the second day after our regiment left Harrisburg, these same official records of the War of the Rebellion show that General Halleck telegraphed Brigadier-General Ketchum, stationed at Harrisburg, as follows:

> Confer with Governor Curtin, and urge upon him the importance of pushing forward troops without a moment's delay. The enemy is accumulating troops more rapidly than we are, and reinforcements must be sent us with all possible haste.
>
> H. W. HALLECK, *General-in-Chief.*

These times of exigency were accompanied and succeeded by days of gloom at Washington, which the résumé of events we now give will show, to wit: The forces of General Banks, McDowell and Fremont were consolidated in the month of July and made one command, known as the Army of Virginia, under the control of General Pope. During the same month Stonewall Jackson's division was detached from General Lee, and on August 9th met and defeated at Cedar Mountain the part of said Army of Virginia, subsequently denominated the Twelfth Army Corps, of which our regiment formed a part. On August 13th, General Longstreet's division was also detached from General Lee's army, and joined Stonewall Jackson on August 15th. On August 16th Harrison's Landing, on the James river, was evacuated by the Army of the Potomac, and the said army was transferred to Acquia Creek Landing and Alexandria. Previous to this, troops of General Burnside's command in North Carolina and seven regiments from General Hunter's command in South Carolina that had been brought to Fortress Monroe and Newport News were also transferred to Acquia Creek Landing, and about the same time a division commanded by General Cox, that had been operating in western Virginia, was brought to Washington. These troops, or the larger part of them, were at once sent to the relief of the Army of Virginia that was being confronted on the Rappahannock river by General Lee's Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. General Pope says his Army of Virginia battled with the enemy almost continuously from August 18th to August 26th. On August 27th the line of the Rappahannock river was abandoned, and the Army of Virginia moved to Gainesville, and that evening there was a hard fight at Kettle Run,

between Generals Hooker and Ewell. On August 28th, 29th and 30th, there was fighting all along the line at Groveton, and General Pope had to fall back to Centreville. Then General Lee sent Stonewall Jackson to the Little River turnpike, to turn the right flank of the Federal army, and this brought on the battle of Chantilly, where Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed, and caused that army to retire to the defences of Washington.

This succession of disasters was the cause of the gloom at Washington, to which we have previously referred. The situation existing at the time the army was retiring to the defences at Washington is best given by General McClellan, when he took command of it on September 2d, in language as follows:

> "The President and General Halleck came to my house, when the President informed me that Colonel Kelton had returned from the front; that our affairs were in bad condition; that the army was in full retreat upon the defences of Washington, the roads filled with stragglers, etc. He instructed me to take steps at once to stop and collect the stragglers; to place the works in a proper state of defence, and to go out to meet and take command of the army when it approached the vicinity of the works, then to place the troops in the best condition, committing everything to my hands."

The Confederate army, or Army of Northern Virginia, so called, was overjoyed with its many successes, so recently achieved, and its commander decided to move it towards the upper Potomac, but on arriving at Leesburg he found the Federals that had been at Winchester and subsequently at Martinsburg had withdrawn to Harper's Ferry. He then made up his mind to enter the state of Maryland with his army, to relieve her people from the thraldom in which the South supposed they were held by the North, and to secure supplies if not recruits. General Walker, in his article in the *Century Magazine* in the year 1886, gives the further designs of General Lee on going into Maryland to be the destruction of the aqueduct of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, at the mouth of the Monocacy, the capture of Harper's Ferry, a few days' rest at Hagerstown, supplying the army with shoes and clothing there, the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a march to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and the destruction of the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge over the Susquehanna river five miles west of that place; and that General Lee

then said to him that, with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in their possession and the Pennsylvania Railroad broken, the Great Lakes would be the only route left to the West, and he could then turn his attention to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. But part only of this programme was carried out, which subsequent events show.

General Lee crossed the Potomac river into Maryland at White's Ford on September 5th, with Stonewall Jackson's division in the lead. It is reported that when in the middle of the river he arose in his saddle, took off his hat, and the army joined in singing "Maryland," which at that time was the favorite song of the South. He moved to and occupied Frederick City with his army on September 6th, where he issued his well-known address, that had the opposite effect from what was intended. It did not arouse Marylanders and brought but few recruits to the Confederate army. This we learned when we reached the city one week later.

When it was known that the Confederate army had entered Maryland, the Federal army, or Army of the Potomac, also moved into that state, and on the evening of September 6th our regiment was assigned and ordered to report to the Twelfth Army Corps, then at Rockville, Maryland. Tents were at once struck, haversacks packed with what few rations we had on hand, and we moved rapidly towards Georgetown, where we crossed the Potomac and took a road leading to Rockville. This place we reached next morning. We reported to General A. S. Williams, then temporarily in command of said corps, and were assigned to the first brigade of the first division of the same. The division at that time was in command of General George H. Gordon, of Massachusetts, and the brigade in command of General S. W. Crawford, of Pennsylvania, but subsequently Colonel Joseph F. Knipe, of the 46th Pennsylvania Regiment. The brigade, after our assignment to it, was composed of the 10th Maine, 5th Connecticut, 28th New York, and 46th, 124th, 125th and 128th Regiments of Pennsylvania Volunteers.

General McClellan moved army headquarters to Rockville on September 7th, and, not knowing the designs of the enemy, on going into Maryland, he resolved to move forward cautiously, so as to cover both Washington and Baltimore, and also keep the troops well in hand, to be able to concentrate and follow in case

Pennsylvania was invaded. He divided the army into three columns, a right wing consisting of the First and Ninth Corps, in command of General Burnside, a centre consisting of the Second and Twelfth Corps, in command of General Sumner, and a left wing consisting of the Sixth Corps and Couch's division of the Fourth Corps, in command of General Franklin. In this order the army moved from Rockville, the initiative being taken by the right wing. Sykes' division of Regulars, of the Fifth Corps, and Morrell's division of the same corps, joined the army later on. The centre column, to which our regiment was attached, moved from Rockville on September 9th, and at this time the roads were so blocked with artillery wagons and the movement of troops that our supply train could not reach us, and we were obliged to live from that time until September 19th on green corn and green apples and what we could beg or buy. The first day's march brought us to Middle Brook, the second day to Damascus, and the third day to Ijamsville.

We crossed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at this place on the morning of September 13th and moved rapidly towards Frederick City. When we reached the Monocacy creek cannonading was heard, but when we crossed the creek and came to the city we learned the cannonading was caused by a skirmish between the rear-guard of the enemy and our cavalry advance, in the Catoctin hills; also that the enemy had left the city the preceding evening. We were received kindly by the citizens of the place, who soon showed us they were true to the Federal cause. They could not, however, supply our wants, for the reason that they had been stripped of provisions by the Confederate army. At this place, in the camp of the 27th Indiana Regiment, attached to the second brigade of the first division of our Twelfth Corps, was found a copy of General Lee's lost order, that gave General McClellan full information of the intentions of the enemy and of the proposed capture of Harper's Ferry, and on receiving this information he threw forward the right wing of the army to the Middletown Valley that afternoon, and prepared to follow with the balance of the army the next morning.

On the morning of September 14th General Cox's Kanawha division, temporarily attached to the Ninth Corps, moved from the borough of Middletown to the support of General Pleasanton's cavalry division, then at the foot of South Mountain. It reached

there at nine o'clock, and at once commenced to ascend the mountain. This division of General Cox was composed entirely of Ohio regiments, and had among its members several men who, in after years, became prominent in public life. One regiment alone (the 23d Ohio) had on its rolls the names of Rutherford B. Hayes and William McKinley, each of whom was then present and subsequently became President of the United States. In ascending the mountain the division moved by the left of the road known as the Old Sharpsburg or Braddock road, and encountered the Confederate division of D. H. Hill at Fox's Gap, and brought on the battle of South Mountain, in which other troops took a part.

The Twelfth Corps was ordered to move from Frederick City at nine o'clock that morning, and it, or part of it, at least, did move at that time, but was halted for two hours in the streets of the town to allow other commands to pass, and when we moved again it was by the Shookstown road to the Catoctin hills, among which we marched to screen ourselves from the enemy's view. Towards evening we came to a point where we could hear the roar of cannon and discharges of musketry, and notice that a battle was on. We were then ordered to move more rapidly, so as to reach the scene of action if possible. At dusk we crossed the Catoctin creek, that flows at the foot of the mountain, and soon thereafter passed ambulances full of wounded men. Later on we filed to the left to allow an ambulance to pass that contained the remains of General Reno, who was killed that evening. We continued this march until three o'clock of the morning of September 15th, when we halted in a field near the village of Bolivar, where the old Hagerstown road diverges to the right and the old Sharpsburg or Braddock road to the left. At break of day discovery was made that the enemy had fled during the night and left his dead and wounded on the field.

This morning General Mansfield took command of the Twelfth Corps, and all were pleased with his fatherly appearance and the interest he took in us. General Williams now took charge of our division, which up to this date had been commanded by General Gordon. We moved at ten A. M. on the Hagerstown road, past trees and ground torn and ploughed by the battle of the preceding day. Soon thereafter we received the news of the surrender of Harper's Ferry by General Miles, and later on we met a flag of truce accompanied by a guard of Confederates in search of the

body of General Garland, of North Carolina, who was killed the day before. We reached Boonesboro at four o'clock in the afternoon, and learned our cavalry had a skirmish there in the morning. Here we left the Hagerstown road, and, moving to the left, halted in a field near the town of Keedysville, on the heels of the enemy, that had taken position on the heights beyond the Antietam creek; and as our army approached the creek it was greeted by a heavy artillery fire from its western bank, to which Tidball's and Pettit's batteries of General Pleasanton's command replied.

On examination of the position taken, as aforesaid, General McClellan decided it was too late to make an attack that evening. On the morning of September 16th, he found the enemy still in position for battle, west of the Antietam creek, though the line had been shortened and changed during the preceding night. The forenoon, he says, was spent "in reconnoitring the new position taken by the enemy, examining the grounds, finding fords, clearing the approaches, and hurrying up the ammunition and supply trains, which had been delayed by the rapid marches of the troops over the few practicable approaches from Frederick."

He found out, through the reconnoissances he made, that the centre of the Confederate line opposed to him was along private roads and through a succession of fields extending towards the Antietam creek; that the left was at a crossroads on the Hagerstown turnpike, beyond the house of David R. Miller, with a protection of cavalry reaching to the Potomac at one of its sharp bends in this vicinity, and its right rested on the Snavely farm south of Sharpsburg, and that the distance from left to right was about three and one-half miles. He found out also that the Antietam creek near where the army was located was crossed by four stone bridges, the first or upper one on the road leading from Keedysville to Williamsport, the second one two and one-half miles below, on the Keedysville and Sharpsburg turnpike, the third one mile below the second, on the road leading to Rohrersville, known now as the Burnside bridge, and the fourth near the mouth of the Antietam creek, three miles below the third, on the Harper's Ferry road and he made the discovery that bridge number two was near his line and had to be defended by him, and that bridge number three was strongly defended by the enemy.

The Confederate line was admirably selected for defensive

purposes, and was partly in the shape of a curve. The steep banks of the Antietam creek and the sharp bends of the Potomac river afforded protection for the front and flanks of the army, whilst strips of woods and irregularities in the ground within the line concealed it from view. The Confederate forces were so arranged as to cover the Shepherdstown ford into Virginia and the town of Sharpsburg, where General Lee established his headquarters. In this strong position that he selected for his army he decided to fight the battle that events had forced on him, and which it was said he could not avoid without losing his prestige.

A further brief description of the ground where the left and centre of the Confederate army rested, and where the hard fighting took place the next morning, in which our regiment participated, is necessary to a proper understanding of the battle on this part of the field.

To the northwest front of a belt of timber known as the east woods, since cut down, was the house and orchard of David R. Miller. The Hagerstown turnpike, extending from Hagerstown to Sharpsburg, runs close to said house, and in a field some distance in front of the house there were then straw stacks. In the rear of the house there was at that time a small cornfield, and further back, with intervening ground full of irregularities, such as gullies, depressions and rocks, there was a woods known as Sam Poffenberger's woods. To the right of the irregular ground, looking towards the Miller house, was the north woods, near where the left of the Confederate line rested. To the left and south of the house of David R. Miller was a large cornfield that reached from the east woods to the Hagerstown turnpike; adjoining it on the left and south was a smaller field that was harrowed, and which also extended from the east woods to the Hagerstown turnpike, and adjoining the harrowed field on the left and south was a field that had been in clover, but was then partly ploughed, and it, too, extended to the Hagerstown turnpike. The turnpike runs in front of these three fields, and beyond it, where we now stand, there was another belt of timber, since cut down, known as the west woods. Towards the southeastern edge of the west woods, there stood and still stands, the historic Dunker church, that was whitewashed, and first taken to be a schoolhouse. To the right of the west woods in the direction of the Nicodemus farm, and near where the straw stacks, as aforesaid, were located, there

was a small woods to which no name was given. Through the east woods and skirting the southeastern edge of the harrowed field and the whole of the clover field that was partly ploughed ran the Smoketown road, that terminated at the Hagerstown turnpike opposite the Dunker church. South of said road, after it left the east woods, was the Mumma farm, and adjoining it, in the direction of the Antietam creek, was the Roulette farm. Southeast of the Dunker church, towards Sharpsburg, is the lane, now known as the "bloody lane," that leaves the Hagerstown turnpike and connects with other lanes, leading to different farmhouses, and some distance in front of this lane, further towards Sharpsburg, was the Piper house and farm.

The ground of which this rough description is given was destined on the morrow to be the scene of the most sanguinary single day's conflict of the Civil War.

We have previously stated that General McClellan had spent the forenoon of September 16th in reconnoitering, finding fords and hurrying up trains, but during part of this time there was a duel, that lasted forty minutes, between the Washington artillery of New Orleans, Louisiana, and the Federal batteries east of the Antietam creek, in which Major Arndt, of the First New York artillery, was mortally wounded.

Having by noon finished his reconnoissances, and ascertained the position of the Confederate forces opposed to him, the General planned and made ready for battle. He decided to attack the enemy's left with the corps of Hooker and Mansfield, supported by Sumner and Franklin, whilst General Burnside's corps attacked his right, and when these movements were successful the centre was to be attacked, with other troops at his command. Headquarters were established at the Pry house, east of the Antietam creek, and at two o'clock that afternoon Hooker was ordered to cross that creek at the upper bridge and a ford nearby, with the divisions of Ricketts, Meade and Doubleday, and attack, and endeavor to turn the enemy's left. He left at four o'clock, and, cautiously feeling his way, came upon the enemy in the east woods soon after sunset, and a sharp engagement between Meade's division of Pennsylvania Reserves and Hood's Confederate division, aided by two brigades of Stonewall Jackson's command, took place, that lasted until dark, and in which Colonel McNeill, of the Pennsyl-

vania Bucktails, was killed. When firing ceased, both sides laid down to rest near each other.

About the same time orders were given to Hooker to cross the Antietam and attack the enemy's left, General Sumner was ordered to have the corps of Mansfield follow Hooker during the night, and to hold his own corps in readiness to move in the morning.

At ten o'clock that night our regiment received orders to be ready to move on a moment's notice, but we did not get off for one and one-half hours later, and when we did move we followed the lead in person of our corps commander. We were ordered not to allow canteens to rattle, or to speak above a whisper. We marched about three miles in a circuitous direction, and crossed the Antietam creek at the same ford where part of Hooker's command crossed in the afternoon. After midnight we halted in a ploughed field near the house of George Line, about one mile in rear of the east woods, where Hooker had met the enemy. Here we found a hospital had been established, and soon after halting the body of Colonel McNeill was borne past us to the hospital, and at this hospital General Mansfield died at four o'clock the following afternoon. An infantry picket line was in our immediate front, and beyond it there was a vidette line.

With the first gray streaks of morning, of September 17th, battle in the east woods began between Hooker and Stonewall Jackson, the Pennsylvania Reserves, of Meade's division, opening the contest, which soon became general along the whole line. To the right of Meade was the division of Doubleday, partly astride the Hagerstown turnpike, and on Meade's left was the division of Ricketts, and for the possession of the east woods and large cornfield in front the contest was fierce and obstinate.

We moved to the front at early dawn, and were perhaps one hour in reaching the field of action, owing to numerous halts that were made. Our movement was made mainly in column by company closed *en masse,* and appeared to me to be in the shape of a letter Z.

Our brigade commander says his brigade was on the right of the line in this movement to the front. Stuart's Confederate light artillery shelled us from the right, and to our left we could see the barn on the Mumma farm on fire. When we came to Sam Poffenberger's woods we met wounded men of the Pennsylvania Reserves going to the rear. Here a strong request for assistance

came to our corps commander from Hooker, and here our regiment quickly deployed, in reverse order, and by direction of General Crawford moved towards the stacks on the farm of David R. Miller, then back again, and then towards the east woods, witnessing many sad sights.

Hooker had previously cleared the large cornfield of the enemy, and had pushed his columns on the right across the Hagerstown turnpike, towards the west woods, but was compelled to give way before superior numbers, whilst Ricketts, of his command, met a similar fate on the left, but still held position in the edge of the east woods. Stonewall Jackson had received assistance from D. H. Hill's and Ewell's divisions, and was also reinforced by Hood, who had been relieved the night before to give his men an opportunity to prepare something to eat. He (Ricketts) fought hard to hold possession of the woods, but the large cornfield was again occupied by the enemy.

As we approached the woods, troops of Duryea's brigade of Ricketts' division retired, and on open ground near the woods we received a volley of musketry from a small regiment therein, since ascertained to be the 5th Texas, that killed one of our men, and we are thought to be the reinforcement that Captain Ike M. Turner, of that regiment, mentions in his report of the battle. This is also believed to be the first loss sustained by the first division of the Twelfth Corps. The regiment still moved on, under fire, then fell back momentarily, and then again moved forward until it got a lodgment some distance back in the woods, and here we took position, says Colonel Knipe, of the 46th Pennsylvania Regiment, subsequently in command of our brigade. He also says the original intention was to have the 124th, 125th and 128th Pennsylvania Regiments of our brigade to first move to the front, but this plan was not carried out.

At this time we think Greene's division of our corps were making ready to move through the woods, and Goodrich's brigade of said division was detached and sent to the right to the assistance of General Patrick, of Hooker's command. About the same time the 124th Pennsylvania Regiment was detached and sent to the right, to the Hagerstown turnpike, past the house of David R. Miller.

When the corps got fairly in position, battling, which had been

severe, now became terrific, and for the next three hours a rich harvest of death was reaped on the right of the Federal line.

The several regiments of our brigade moved to the front of the east woods separately. The 46th Pennsylvania, 28th New York and 10th Maine led the way and were followed by the 125th and 128th Pennsylvania. The brigade commander (Colonel Knipe) says the three leading regiments opened fire on the enemy at the cornfield, about two hundred and fifty yards in their front. Our regiment moved rapidly to their support, but after nearing the positions they had taken we were halted, and the 128th Pennsylvania immediately filed to our right and partly through our line, and occupied ground on the right of the 46th Pennsylvania. Here Major Wanner, of that regiment, says General Mansfield ordered deployment to be made, but before the order could be carried into effect their colonel was killed and lieutenant-colonel wounded, and there was much confusion and excitement, and that the enemy was concealed in the cornfield, sixty or seventy yards in their front. They appeared to us to be losing heavily from a foe that was under cover, and the recollection of our men is that at this time General Mansfield rode forward to reconnoitre and was mortally wounded by a sharp-shooter. This was about seven o'clock in the morning, and practically at the commencement of the engagement on the part of the first brigade of the first division of the Twelfth Corps.

The greater portion of the east woods was west of the Smoketown road, and in this western portion, on a knoll, then wooded and partly rocky, Colonel Croasdale, of the 128th Pennsylvania Regiment, was killed, and in front of this knoll, it may be to the right or left, we say General Mansfield received his mortal wound.

Major John M. Gould, late adjutant of the 10th Maine Regiment, placed a marker east of the Smoketown road, on the spot, he says, where General Mansfield was wounded, and the State of Connecticut, in the year 1900, erected a monument on the eastern edge of said road, designating practically the point marked by Major Gould as the place where the wounding occurred, and it is one hundred and forty yards or more to the left rear of what we thoroughly believe to be the true location. His account of the wounding given in his history of the 1st, 10th and 29th Maine Regiments and in his pamphlet on "General Mansfield at Antie-

tam" differs materially from ours in fixing the place he does where the wounding occurred, and in giving the 10th Maine Regiment credit for first assisting the General after he was wounded. We say that very soon after the General rode to the front to reconnoitre he came back, and some distance from our line it was noticed by Captain Gardner, of Company "K," of our regiment, that there was something wrong with him, and he at once ordered Sergeant John Caho and Private Samuel Edmundson, of his company, to go to his assistance, and as they did so Private E. S. Rudy, of Company "H," joined them; also two other men not of our regiment. They saw the General was seriously wounded, and at once helped him from his horse, then reversed their muskets, placed him on the same and carried him to a tree a short distance in the rear, where a surgeon appeared and where he was delivered to a second party, believed to be of the 10th Maine Regiment, who carried him still further to the rear in a blanket, and placed him in an ambulance that conveyed him to the farmhouse of George Line, from whence we started to the front at break of day. This statement practically corresponds with one made to me by Captain T. J. Hamilton, late of the 28th Pennsylvania Regiment, when on this field in October, 1894. He said at the time of the occurrence he was temporarily detached from his regiment and witnessed the same. Our colonel's report of the battle, made five days after it took place, when all facts were fresh in memory, states that our men carried the general off the field on muskets until a blanket was procured, whilst the report of Lieutenant-Colonel Fillebrown, of the 10th Maine Regiment, does not mention or refer to so important a matter as the fatal wounding of our corps commander. General Joseph F. Knipe, when on the field with me, on May 29th, 1897, said, without hesitation, after looking at the spot marked by Major Gould, that it was much too far to the left and rear, and that the wounding occurred in front of the leading regiments of the brigade. I was again on the field on May 16th, 1901, with Captain E. L. Witman, who was an aide on the staff of General Crawford, but detailed for duty with General Mansfield on the day of the battle. He went over the ground, examined different locations, pointed out the knoll on which Colonel Croasdale, of the 128th Regiment, was killed, and then said that he saw Croasdale killed, and was in the act of delivering a message from Mansfield to Crawford, when

the former was wounded; that on his immediate return he found men with new uniforms carrying the general to the rear on muskets; that he at once reported the wounding to Crawford, who ordered him to get the General to a safe place, and on hurrying back he found another party of men carrying him still further to the rear in a blanket and placing him in an ambulance on the Smoketown road; that it was west of said road, near the mound where Colonel Croasdale had been killed, that he saw the first party assisting the General to the rear and that he was certain the wounding occurred further to the front, and nearer the large cornfield than the spot marked by Major Gould. The location we fix is practically the same that Daniel Mumma, proprietor of a livery stable in Sharpsburg, pointed out to me on September 18th, 1888, and said it was shown him three days after the battle by the surgeon who ministered to the General when he was wounded.

After the wounding of General Mansfield our regiment moved to the rear and halted for a time, then quickly obliqued to the left front of the woods on the edge of the harrowed field south of the large cornfield, where we found a few of the 90th Pennsylvania Regiment, and Colonel A. J. Sellers, of that regiment, says they were the last of Hooker's men to leave the east woods. In their front was an iron gun battery, supposed to be Edgel's First New Hampshire Battery, that was exchanging shots with a Confederate battery on the limestone ledge near the Dunker church, where the Maryland monument now stands. At this time Greene's division of our corps had driven the Confederates from the woods, and other troops of the corps had cleared the cornfield of the enemy. Here our regiment, that had been in reverse order, righted itself, and moved quickly through the harrowed field and field partly ploughed, to the Smoketown road, passing many dead and wounded and capturing prisoners who had sought refuge behind rocky knolls. As we approached the road Monroe's First Rhode Island Battery came up and, taking position on rising ground in our front, silenced the Confederate battery near the church and paid attention to other batteries further distant. This battery we were ordered to support, and exceedingly severe was the enemy's fire at this point, especially at mounted officers. To protect ourselves, we lay on our faces, and persuaded our colonel and lieutenant-colonel to dismount, and scarcely had the latter done so when he was disabled by the explosion of a shell. General Hooker

now rode up to us and asked if any troops were in the west woods in our front, and was told none but Confederates. Whilst he and our colonel were talking, his horse was hit by a ball, to which his attention was called, and he quickly rode away. He may then have been wounded himself, for in his report of the battle he says he was not aware he had been wounded, and had to be lifted from his saddle through weakness caused by loss of blood. This was after he rode to the rear and before General Sumner arrived on the field.

When the fire of the battery we supported slackened, an officer, to us unknown, ordered the regiment into the west woods, and as we moved forward some Confederate troops retired and sought refuge in hollowed ground to our right. We were the first Federal regiment to enter those woods. At their eastern edge we halted, and Company "B" was detached and ordered to the church to see if a foe was concealed there, but found only wounded Confederates. Company "G" was also detached and thrown forward as a line of skirmishers. The other companies of the regiment followed the skirmishers to an elevation of ground near an outcropping of rocks. This was our advance position in the woods as a regiment, and is close to a straight line from the right of the point where our monument is located. The skirmishers were again sent forward and penetrated the woods without serious resistance, until they reached their northwestern edge, near where straw stacks stood and where a captured Confederate said a hospital had been established. Here the skirmish line was fired upon and one man was wounded. This line is the body of troops General Early speaks of in his report of the battle, when he says "a body of the enemy, perhaps only skirmishers, had gotten into the woods to the left and was firing upon our men." Our skirmish line then retired to the main portion of the regiment, that had fallen back from the position previously taken, and the company at the church rejoined us. The enemy that had fired on the skirmishers followed them in force, and on nearing the position of the regiment made a strong attack on it, but this attack, as well as three other separate assaults, were successfully resisted, but with heavy loss to ourselves. We had previously made the discovery that we were distant from other troops of our corps, and entirely without support on our flanks, and assistance was called for. Soon thereafter General Sumner rode forward and took in the

situation at a glance. He rode rapidly back, and then General Gorman, of Sedgwick's division, reported that his brigade was coming up but was some distance back. Shortly afterwards the 34th New York Regiment, of said brigade, came up on the double-quick, and taking position to our left and rear, commenced firing at the flanking column on the left; but the two regiments were not sufficiently strong to contend long with the heavy force hurled against them, and were obliged to retire behind the batteries stationed in the field in the rear that was partly ploughed, after a contest that lasted from twenty minutes to one-half hour, the greater portion of which time the 125th Pennsylvania Regiment was alone. The enemy followed our retreat, delivering a withering fire at both regiments, and at other troops of Sedgwick's division that were then arriving on the field, until halted by the batteries. This force of the enemy, we are informed, consisted of Kershaw's brigade, supported by Walker's division and Early's brigade. It was driven back principally by the fire of the batteries, and then Sedgwick's division advanced, but when it reached the woods they were again a sheet of flame. The enemy had been reinforced and caused Sedgwick to give way, though not without heavy loss to themselves as well as to Sedgwick. The advance made by the enemy extended on our right to the point where the second brigade of our division had been battling, and General Crawford was wounded in the thigh in rallying some troops here. On the left it reached General Greene's division of our corps, moving from the Mumma farm, but was repelled by it, and it subsequently pushed forward to the Dunker church and got position in the woods there, which it held until near the time Franklin's corps came on the field.

French and Richardson, of Sumner's corps, reached the field after Sedgwick, and bearing to the left of General Greene, of our corps, engaged D. H. Hill in the sanguinary struggle on the Roulette farm and at the bloody lane, and in which assistance was rendered by General Franklin, who came up from Pleasant Valley about noon. This struggle lasted for three and one-half hours. Subsequently Hill was reinforced by R. H. Anderson's division, and against these two forces French and Richardson fought at the Piper house, and near here General Richardson was mortally wounded, also the Confederate General, G. B. Anderson.

Soon after Franklin arrived, Captain Monroe, whose battery

we supported before we entered the west woods, rode up to our colonel and appealed to us to save his guns, that were then on our left front, and said that his horses had been shot and the guns were about to be captured. To the command forward we moved on the double-quick, drove the enemy back, rescued the guns, and received the thanks not only of the commander of the battery, but also of General Franklin.

The contest during the balance of the day was transferred further to the centre and to the left, though a heavy artillery fire was kept up on the right, that lasted until after dark. I shall simply give a general description of the same, but others will no doubt give fuller and more minute descriptions.

North of the Dunker church Stuart attempted a flank movement on the Federal line, but was driven back by an artillery fire from thirty batteries directed upon him by Doubleday. About the same time Pleasanton crossed the Antietam creek at bridge number two, with a force of cavalry and light artillery, and formed a flank support for Richardson at the Piper house, and later he repelled a threatened attack on Hancock, who took command of Richardson's division after he was mortally wounded.

Soon after Pleasanton crossed the creek a battalion of regulars followed and moved to his assistance. This movement was also followed by four other battalions, that made their way up the hill where the National Cemetery is now located, and drove off sharpshooters, and rendered valuable service otherwise.

The charge on the left, that carried Antietam bridge number three, was made by Burnside at one o'clock in the afternoon, and at great cost of life. Other troops followed the ones that charged the bridge, and the outskirts of Sharpsburg were reached, but the strong division of A. P. Hill that had come up from Harper's Ferry was now encountered, and a bitter contest followed, in which General Rodman and other valuable officers were killed. Some ground was lost here, but it was subsequently recovered and the Federal line restored.

Night came on soon afterwards, and Antietam, generally admitted to be the bloodiest and most severe of all the single day's battles of the Civil War, was over.

Both armies rested where they fought, and the contest was not renewed the next day.

The following night the Confederate army crossed the Poto-

mac river into Virginia at the Shepherdstown ford, and left behind them their unburied dead and many wounded. They had been terribly punished, and General Longstreet said that they were in no condition to wait long for a renewal of the attack from McClellan.

The battle can be properly called a Federal victory. It did much towards stimulating the recruiting at the North, and President Lincoln followed it by issuing his Emancipation Proclamation.

From 23,000 to 30,000 men went down in that one day's contest, and evidences of the severity of the engagement were many all over the field. On the right, the large cornfield, the fields around and in front of the house of David R. Miller, and beyond the Hagerstown turnpike in the direction of the Nicodemus farm, and the small strip of woods northwest of the west woods, were covered with the dead. In the west woods, the field partly ploughed, the harrowed field, and everywhere around the Dunker church, the dead were so thickly strewn in places that it required care to step without treading on a dead body, and mingled with them were many dead horses and broken artillery wagons. The Mumma farm, the Roulette farm and the Piper farm presented similar scenes, and at the bloody lane the dead lay three and four deep. The left of the line also had its full proportion of dead and wounded.

General Hooker, in his report of the battle, says it was never his fortune to witness a more bloody, dismal battlefield. William F. Fox, in his work on "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," says: "Antietam was the bloodiest battle. More men were killed in one day than any other one day of the war," and Richard Meade Bache, in his life of General Meade, says of Antietam: "It was a terribly bloody day, the bloodiest single day of any in the annals of the Civil War." General Hood, in his volume styled "Advance and Retreat," published at New Orleans, La., in the year 1880, says: "This most deadly conflict raged till our last round of ammunition was expended. The 1st Texas Regiment lost in the cornfield full two-thirds of its number, and whole ranks of brave men, whose deeds were unrecorded save in the hearts of loved ones at home, were mowed down in heaps, to the right and left. Never before was I so continuously troubled with fear that my horse would further injure some wounded fellow-soldier, lying

helpless on the ground . . . With the close of this bloody day ceased the hardest fought battle of the war," and General Longstreet, in his book styled "From Manassas to Appomattox," says "the field lying along the Antietam and including in its scope the little town of Sharpsburg, was destined to pass into history as the scene of the bloodiest single day's fighting of the war, and the 17th of September was to become memorable as the greatest carnage in the campaign between the North and the South."

Our regimental losses were sustained principally in the west woods, and in the field in the rear that was partly ploughed, and through which we fell back when we were obliged to retire from the woods. Here our color-guard went down and our colors were rescued by different comrades, and finally carried by Captain Wallace, of the color company, who placed them in a decayed stump in the rear of our batteries, and around them we rallied.

We had 54 men either killed instantly or who died of their wounds soon after the engagement, 91 seriously wounded, some of whom afterwards died, and 84 slightly wounded, and these losses were all sustained in one month and one day after the regiment was organized.

In reports of battle we were complimented specially by our division commander, General Crawford, and generally by our corps commander, General Williams, for our conduct on the field, but we only claim for ourselves that we strove to do our duty, and not that we rendered superior service.

Our numbers have become less than they were forty-two years ago. Time has wrought havoc in our ranks. Some were lost in battle after Antietam, and others were carried away and are still carried away by disease. We realize that we are on the border line of old age, and after ten years more shall have passed away but few of us will be left to tell the story of Antietam on the part of the 125th Pennsylvania Regiment, but the monument that the good old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has provided for us, and which we dedicate to-day, will remain where it now stands, to teach the lesson of patriotism to future generations, and to show relatives and friends where we fought for the preservation of the Union on a field that history records as the most stubbornly contested of all the single-day engagements of the late Civil War.

In conclusion, my comrades and friends, let us all feel that we have reason to thank God that we are now a reunited nation,

although it did require four years of bloody strife to bring this about; and let us all hope and trust that never again will there be a war among ourselves, but forever hereafter we shall have but one country and one flag, and that country shall be our common country, the United States of America, and that flag the Stars and Stripes of our native land.

Hon. J. D. Hicks, of Altoona, Pa., late of Company "K," made the following address:

Mr. Chairman and Friends: I cannot refrain on this historic occasion from quoting the language of poetry and say in honor of our fallen comrades:

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest,
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
Here Honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To deck the turf that wraps their clay.

How true these words of the poet are of our dear departed dead. This entire nation rises to-day and is of one accord in doing honor to the brave and heroic men who gave their lives for the perpetuation of our union and the preservation and glory of its flag. Around this church on this great battlefield there clusters and lingers in the minds of the survivors the never-to-be-forgotten shock and turmoil of the battle. At the peep of day, ere the sun had cast a ray over the towering Blue Ridge, Hooker's men opened the fight, and with cheers that will ring down the corridors of time and achieving results that will ever shine on the pages of history, they stood up man to man until our brothers of the south with shattered ranks were compelled to give way. At this juncture of the fierce contest, shortly after the sun was up and while the fog yet hung over the woods, Mansfield's men were deployed from close column by regiment into line of battle to actively pursue a fleeing foe. The men in gray soon rallied from the first terrific, overwhelming and deadly onslaught and met Mansfield's brave boys, of which we were a part, with a leaden storm that cost us many precious lives, and that bore down many comrades with ghastly wounds; among the fatally wounded in our immediate front was our gallant veteran general, who in pointing the way to victory was attesting his courage and love of country by showing us the enemy as they lay concealed in the wood and cornfield, within his view and along the Smoketown road. Ordinarily a battle would lag upon the death of such a leader as General Mansfield, but the enthusiasm and determination that had taken hold of the boys in blue on that morning did not falter at his fall, and with fresh impetus—as if to avenge the death of one so brave and fearless—the line moved irresistibly forward. The charge through the wood and cornfield and open ground, leading to the

Hagerstown pike was over three-quarters of a mile, and when we were halted for re-formation we were in full view of the historic church around which we are now assembled. Moving forward again with no enemy in sight, we were moved in such a manner as to indicate that we were to ferret the whereabouts of the enemy. It was here and over yonder ledge, to which they had gone for shelter and rest from our withering fire we found them. By direction of Colonel Higgins, brave Captain McKeage, of Company G, with his skirmishers, and the sharp-shooters of the regiment uncovered their hiding place. With an eagle eye one of their commanders saw our exposed flanks, and by a movement that enveloped our entire regiment and especially our left flank, we were in a circle and exposed to a deadly cross fire, out of which there seemed but slight hope of a successful retreat. Captain Wallace, seeing the danger to which we were exposed, warned the men to be firm. Company B was thrown out on a line east of this church, moving over the ground now occupied by our monument, as a protection to our left, and if possible stop the flanking column. It was a formidable, and what proved to be an impossible task, and within view of this spot over 150 of our regiment lay either dead or writhing in pain from the effect of the enemy's bullets. Our color-bearer, the gallant Simpson, whose form surmounts our beautiful monument, with our bright new flag in hand fell, and gave his precious life to his country. Adjutant Johnson and more than fifty others made a like sacrifice. Our noble artillerymen who had unlimbered their guns to our left and rear, begged us to open ranks and permit them to have a share of the work of the day. Captain Wallace after our flag had fallen five times from as many color-bearers, seized our colors and directed the rally of the regiment in the rear of the battery. The work of the battery in the repulse of the exulting foe cannot be described. The dead of our brave enemy attest the fearful sacrifice they made in driving us from the advanced position we had taken.

With us after our retirement from the church, the principal work of the day was over, except to remain in position. The noble gunners, as before said, fearfully decimated the ranks of the enemy and the Sunken road to our left where our comrades of the One Hundred and Thirtieth were doing duty, was converted into the "Bloody Lane." As we saw that awful suffering, carnage and death enacted at that tragic spot, within a few yards of where we now stand, we realized as never before the "horrors of war." In the afternoon we saw and heard the movements of Burnside's men as they crossed the creek and occupied the heights on the extreme left of the battlefield. Thus the history of the day is briefly and clearly told from the standpoint of a volunteer soldier.

History records that 87,000 men were on the field under General McClellan, of whom about 57,000 were engaged in the battle. Of this number 12,460 were wounded, killed or missing, and 2,019 were killed, while at least an equal number was killed and wounded on the other side and an equal number, or thereabouts, engaged. Of the brave comrades of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers that went with us that day into the battle and crossed these fair fields to the spot that

we now consecrate, fifty-four were killed and died of wounds, and 175 were wounded, making a total loss of 229 of a possible 700 that entered the battle in the morning. To commemorate the bravery of these men and to point posterity to the sacrifices made, the great Commonwealth, of which we are citizens, has reared this beautiful and enduring shaft. Words will not properly portray, nor can pen indite a proper memorial to the brave young hearts whose life blood was shed in and around this historic spot.

If this is the story of the day of but one of the many regiments that participated in this great contest we may well ask, what is the story of the night after the battle was over. Let us pause for a moment and think of the roll-call when the shades of evening had gathered; when the missing ones were known. Where were they? was the question asked by the surviving comrades as those present answered here. Who could tell the story of the missing comrades? Each of us had an experience of his own, each of us had seen a comrade probably fall, or being carried off, and each then and there undertook to search for a missing one, and amid the gloom of that night, back of the field and amid the wounded and the dying, where the surgeons were at work, each of us received from some one a message for the loved ones at home, each of us had a letter to write, each had a home of his own with which to communicate and assure father, mother and friends of our safety. Each had a message to write to the friends of those who had fallen. With these thoughts in our hearts and messages in our minds the early hours of the following morning found us in our ranks, lying on our arms in the line of battle, expecting to be awakened by the shrill call of the bugle, or the roll of the drum to renew the contest.

This is not the time or place to dwell further upon this great contest. The thought as well as the facts linger in memory's dream, and, as each unfold the scroll, and read from our minds hastily, the deeds of valor of our comrades who here gave their lives, and of this great action that was fraught with so much that was potent for the weal or woe of our great country, we have reason to be proud of the result and are thankful to a kind Providence for the preservation of our great nation, and the honor and glory of its people, and we rejoice in the fact that our country is to-day as was intended by our fathers, in deed and in fact and in truth, one country, under one flag, and that is the flag that was followed by the boys in blue on this tragic field to substantial victory. "Old Glory," the flag we love so well, the emblem of freedom, equal rights and national unity.

The Rev. Theodore L. Flood, D.D., late lieutenant of Company "C," followed with the following remarks:

Mr. President and Comrades: This is historic ground. Forty years ago to-day we were in a bloody battle on the soil where we are now gathered. Some of our number fell in the embrace of death. The bodies

of most of them were carried to their homes for honorable burial—a few were buried in the Antietam Cemetery among the unknown dead. A large number in our regiment were wounded. Inscribed on this monument is this statement "Two hundred and twenty-nine men killed and wounded in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment on that day." This inscription alone speaks volumes concerning the fierceness of the conflict and the deadly struggle in which our regiment was engaged.

It is an historic coincidence that our color-bearer, George Simpson, whose statue is the top piece of this monument, was shot in the temple and fell dead while carrying the flag of our regiment. He was the second man from me in line of battle, and his brother, J Randolph Simpson, Esq., of Huntingdon, Pa., was shot through the breast and carried off the field. He is among us to-day, alive but not well. And the sister of these two men has unveiled the monument from the statue of her brother to-day after forty years have passed.

What reminiscences are suggested to memory as we turn our thoughts backward to the days when we marched to this field and fought in that battle under General McClellan. The scenes all about us after these forty years have passed speak of peace. The sod on the fields is green. Some of the woods have been felled, but the remaining trees show no signs of the awful rain of shot and shell that plowed through the branches and the trunks of the trees that stood here on that awful day. As we look abroad on these hillsides and in this valley, one would suppose that no such bloody conflict had ever taken place on this soil, but history will tell another story,—how the Union army met the Confederate army in the bloodiest open field battle of the Civil War—one in which there were more soldiers killed and wounded in one day than in any other one battle of the war. And here at the Dunkard Church where we fought and where this monument stands to the honor of the memory of our fallen comrades was one of the bloodiest angles in that awful battle. We can only say, peace to the ashes of our dead, and may the blessings of God be upon the widows and the orphans of the men who died here for a united nation and a free people.

Mr. Morris Davis, of Altoona, Pa., who was a member of Company "D," read the following poem:

ANTIETAM AFTER FORTY-TWO YEARS.

Antietam: Gentle peaceful stream,
  Upon thy banks so fair,
What memories, to the mind will turn
  Of one who lingers there.

He hears again, or seems to hear,
  The cannon's rumbling wheel,
The rolling drum, the clanking spear,
  And the bugle's stirring peal.

He sees again, or seems to see,
  Along thy wooded crest,
The southern hosts, with General Lee,
  As on their arms they rest.

Jackson and Longstreet, Hill and Hood,
  With legions clad in gray,
Along the hills and in the wood,
  Their battle lines array.

Then, as he faces to the east,
  There rises to his view
Another host, equal at least,
  With legions clad in blue.

The old commander, "Little Mac,"
  To place and power restored,
With thousands eager at his back,
  To measure sword with sword.

Over the gray, the southern cross,
  Floats on the morning air,
Above the blue the breezes toss
  "Old Glory," bright and fair.

And men are here, on either side,
  Some wearing blue, some gray,
Who touching elbows met the tide
  In many a former fray.

But now they meet in mortal strife,
  No longer comrades true;
A brother seeks a brother's life,
  As though no ties they knew.

Spirit of Washington, restrain
  The rash vindictive hand
That would in madness, rend in twain
  Thy blood-bought native land.

Now Hooker, far out on the right,
  Already known to fame,
Himself a host, opens the fight,
  With lustre to his name.

Franklin, in the centre of the field,
  His men with Jackson vie,
And though they know not how to yield,
  They do know how to die.

While here upon this rugged ground,
  Twelfth corps men rush and lurch;
Mansfield receives a mortal wound,
  Near the famous Dunkard church.

Here Barlow, having well bestowed,
  A storm of leaden rain,
Has changed the name of Sunken Road
  To that of "The Bloody Lane."

"Oh, Maryland, My Maryland,"
  From thy devoted sod,
What valiant men are called to stand
  This day, before their God?

Down on the left, where Burnsides' knights
  Have waited mid-day sun,
They storm the bridge and scale the heights,
  Before the day is done.

And since that day this arch of stone
  Is known as "Burnside's Bridge";
Now may the heights beyond be known
  By the name of "Rodman's Ridge."

For here, before the close of day,
  Brave General Rodman fell,
And bled his gallant life away
  For the cause he loved so well.

But night has fallen on the scene,
  And now with bated breath
Each warrior mourns with anguish keen
  For comrades cold in death.

May the great God, who rules above,
  And guides the affairs of men,
Forbid, in his infinite love
  Such fratricide again.

The entire audience joined in singing "America."

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
    Of thee I sing!
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
    Let freedom ring.

Our Father's God to thee
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing—
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

The Rev. E. A. Zeek pronounced the benediction.

The following members of the regiment were present: Surgeon F. B. Davison.

Company A—O. G. Smith, John S. Dell, Thomas W. Hurd, John Crowell, J. W. Grazier, J. P. Wolf.

Company B—W. D. Fouse, Ephraim Gerst, James Geiser, James J. Houck, B. F. Wolfkill, Joseph Sias.

Company C—Captain W. W. Wallace, J. R. Simpson, J. H. Friday, D. P. Henderson, Z. G. Cresswell, Porter A. Robb, Dr. W. B. Brenneman, Alex Denny, John White, Rev. E. A. Zeek, James A. Green, George W. Friedley, Rev. Dr. T. L. Flood, M. S. Lytle, George Ehman, H. A. Huffman.

Company D—W. T. Miller, F. W. Gearhart, S. D. Aiken, R. M. Davis, E. L. Russ.

Company E—Levi Leedom, H. M. Wilt.

Company F—J. F. N. Householder, M. L. Protzman, F. H. Lane, Jacob Morgan, James A. Mitchell.

Company G—Thomas McCamant, George R. Curtiss, Joseph H. Reed, Thomas J. Charles, H. H. Hewitt, Henry C. Taylor, William H. McClelland, D. F. Philips.

Company H—James T. Foster, R. L. Hunter, William Davis.

Company I—H. C. Warfel, Isaac Woomer, J. G. Coder, S. S. Coder, Frank Corbin.

Company K—E. R. Dunnegan, J. D. Hicks, William P. Speilman, John Coho.

During the exercises and while the Hon. J. D. Hicks was delivering his address Governor Pennypacker and staff drove up to the monument and tarried awhile and shook hands with the survivors and their friends. At the order of regimental business Captain Wallace was re-elected president, Thomas McCamant vice-president, J. R. Simpson treasurer and J. D. Hicks and W. T. Miller secretaries.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

Confederate Avenue, West of Dunker Church.

A Color Sergeant with his regimental flag partly unfurled to the breeze, with eagerness written in every line of his manly face and lithe body, with hand on the sword at his side, ready to spring forward at the command to lead his comrades anywhere and everywhere they are ordered to go, well typifies the hero color-bearer of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Infantry who lost his life in this battle on the very spot marked by this grand monument.

This statue is a portrait statue of Color Sergeant George A. Simpson and well illustrates the possibility of securing in enduring granite, faithful portraiture and detail of uniform and accoutrement. Stanley Edwards was selected as the artist to execute this portrait statue.

The pedestal supporting this statue is built of four stones, two bases, die and cap. Rough quarry faced effects are shown in its composition and very happily combined, with a touch here and there of fine hammered surfaces. This command was also of the Twelfth Corps and therefore the band of five pointed stars cut on the upper portion of the die stone is not only very appropriate, but very ornamental.

A large five-pointed star, occupying the entire face of the left hand face of the die is also cut into the surface of the granite.

On the front panel of the die is a large bronze inscription panel, as follows:

125TH
PENNSYLVANIA
VOLUNTEERS
INFANTRY
1ST BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION
12TH CORPS

RECRUITED IN BLAIR
HUNTINGTON AND CAMBRIA
COUNTIES PENNA

On the right hand panel, a bronze panel bearing the following inscription:

MOVED AT EARLY DAWN FROM BIVOUAC
ON FARM OF GEORGE LINE TO EAST WOODS
NEAR POINT WHERE GEN. J. F. MANSFIELD
WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED FROM THERE TO
SUPPORT MONROE'S FIRST RHODE ISLAND
BATTERY ON SMOKETOWN ROAD THEN TO
WOODS THAT STOOD HERE SEPTEMBER 17
1862. WAS THE FIRST UNION REGIMENT

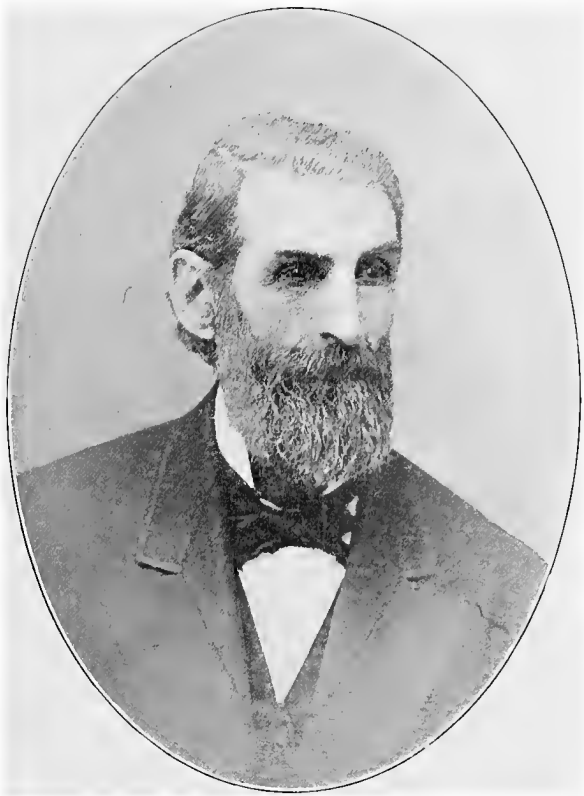
THEREIN BEING FAR ADVANCED AND WITHOUT SUFFICIENT SUPPORT IT WAS OUTFLANKED BY THE ENEMY AND RETIRED BEHIND BATTERIES IN FIELD IN REAR AND SUBSEQUENTLY SAVED THE GUNS OF MONROE'S BATTERY FROM CAPTURE. REMAINED IN LINE UNTIL CLOSE OF BATTLE MONUMENT IS NEAR THE LEFT OF ITS MAIN LINE OF BATTLE

LOSS AT ANTIETAM

KILLED AND DIED OF WOUNDS	54
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED	91
SLIGHTLY WOUNDED AND NOT REPORTED	84
	229

The cap stone has a battlement effect on its rough surfaces, suggestive of the ancient battle towers, that is very rugged and dignified, and on the front face of the plinth stone may be seen the record of the death of Color Sergeant George A. Simpson of this regiment. The square of the lower base is 6 feet, the height 9 feet, the total height, including staff of colors, 19′-4″.

PORTRAITS OF COMRADES



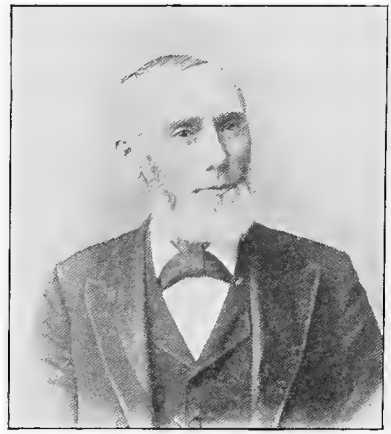
CAPTAIN FRANK M. BELL,
Company A, 125th Regiment, P. V.
Died March 10, 1901.
(See pages 34, 132, 175, 295.)

WILLIAM H. SIMPSON,

Captain Co. F, 125th Regiment, P. V. Wounded at Antietam and Chancellorsville.

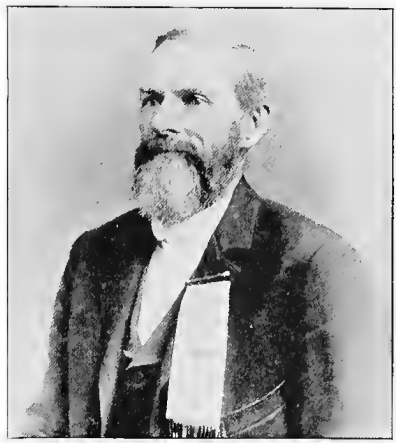
(See pages 36, 202, and 311.)

CAPTAIN JOHN MACKEAGE,
Company G, 125th Regiment, P. V.
Died February 12, 1874.
(See pages 36, 91, 137, 175, 314.)



Rev. E. A. Zeek, Co. C.
Wounded at Antietam.
(See page 207.)

Mordecai Gahagan, Co. C.



GEORGE SPRANKLE, CO. C.
Wounded at Antietam.
(See page 208.)

JOHN H. FRIDAY, CO. C.

ASBURY DERLAND, CO. C.

Promoted Quartermaster of 125th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and served as Quartermaster, Department of West Virginia, until the close of the war in 1865. Died October 9th, 1897.

WALTER W. GREENLAND,

Sergeant Company C, 125th Regiment, P. V., and Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania during Governor Pattison's administration. (Deceased.)

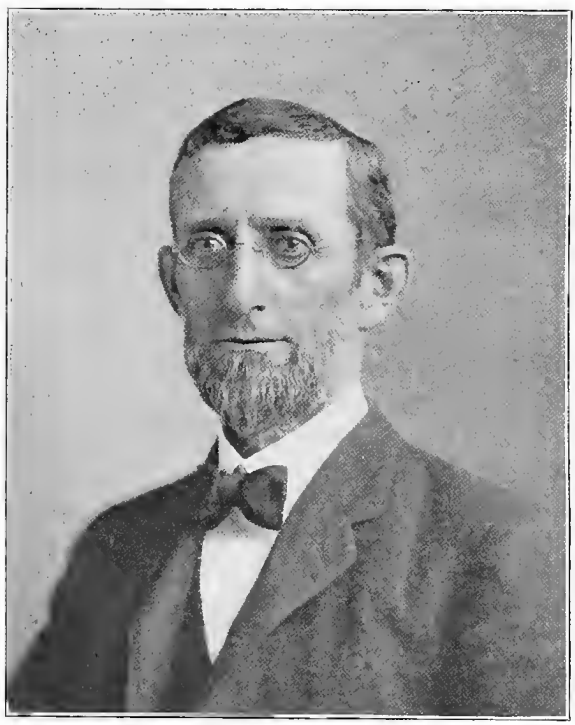
(See page 208.)

HENRY C. WARFEL, CO. I.

Re-enlisted, and awarded Medal of Honor by Congress for capturing Confederate Flag.

(See page 204.)

Jos. M. Becker, Co. F,
Sergeant-Major of 125th Regiment, P. V.



J. RANDOLPH SIMPSON,
Sergeant Company C, 125th Regiment, P. V. Seriously wounded at Antietam, September 17, 1862.
(See pages 168, 178, 302.)

J. Fletcher Conrad,
Corporal, Company C, 125th Regiment, P. V.
Promoted Hospital Steward.
(See pages 5, 198, 295, and 302.)

Alfred C. Irvine, Co. G.

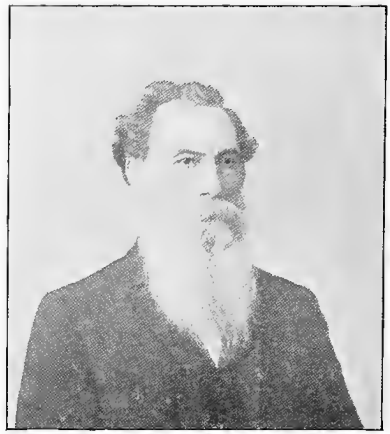
Corporal Thomas M. Barr, Co. G.

George R. Curtis, Co. G.

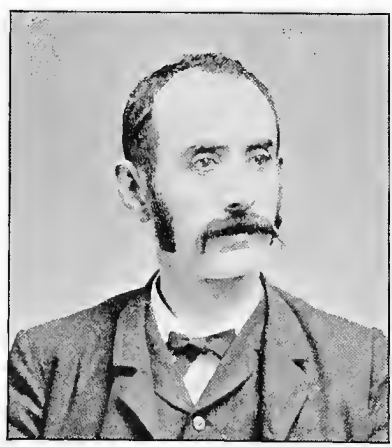
J. Calvin Russ, Co. G.

JOHN MATTHEWS, CO. K.

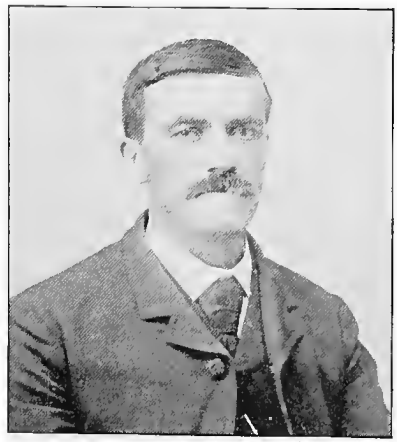
LIEUT. J. F. N. HOUSEHOLDER, CO. F.



1ST LIEUT. FRANKLIN H. LANE, CO. F.
(See pages 201 and 208.)



EDWARD L. RUSS, SERGEANT, CO. D.
Wounded at Antietam.
(See page 205.)



DAVID KYLER, CO. F.

JAMES A. MITCHELL,
Private Co. F, 125th Regt., Pa. Vol., and Co. H, 5th Pa. Cavalry.

ROBERT COZZENS,
Company F, 125th Regiment, P. V.

THOMAS M. WRIGHT, CO. F.

ELIJAH C. DUNMIRE, CO. C.

Died Sept. 24, 1862, at Georgetown Hospital, D. C., from camp fever. On his death-bed, in the delirium of fever, he prayed for the preservation of our country, and added, "O Lord, bless our enemies, and cause the evil they intend to be overruled for our good."

DR. GEORGE B. DUNMIRE, CO. A.

He became practicing physician in Philadelphia, and died Oct. 21, 1905, aged 68 years.

JOHN S. MCCARTHY,
Company H, 125th Regiment, P. V. Killed at Antietam
September 17, 1862.

DAVID R. DONNELLY, CO. B.
Wounded at Antietam.
(See page 203.)

THOMAS S. WHITTAKER,
Private Co. C. 125th P. V., 1st Lieut. Co. M, 20th Cav. (Whittaker).

HENRY H. GREGG,

Captain Co. H, 125th Regiment, P. V. and Lieut.-Col. of 13th Pa. Cavalry.

(See page 202, and 317.)

1ST. LIEUT. E. R. DUNNEGAN, CO. K.

Complimented by Gen. Geary for gallantry in action. Was recommended for promotion as Captain in a new regiment. Died June 14, 1906.
(See page 37.)

DAVID P. HENDERSON, CORPORAL CO. C.
(See page 192.)

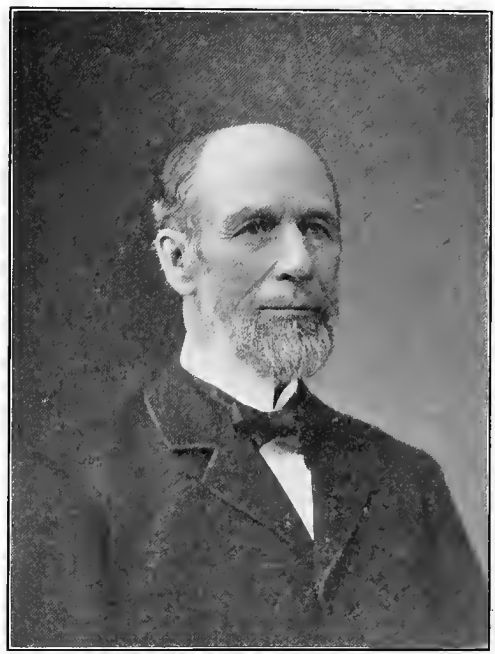
GEO. G. WYLAND, CO. C.
Ruptured at Harper's Ferry.
(Deceased.)

WILLIAM S. HOAR, CO. D.
Wounded at Antietam.
(See page 206.)

DR. M. B. BRENNEMAN, CO. C.
Wounded at Antietam.
(See page 206.)

J. Oscar Moore, Co. F.

(See page 207.)



DR. F. B. DAVISON,
Asst. Surgeon 125th Regiment P. V.

H. F. Schoemaker Co. F.

Alfred Fulton, Co. F.

ANDREW GEIST, CO. F.
(See page 205.)

CORP. WM. J. HAMPSON, CO. F.

WILLIAM T. MILLER,
Company D, 125th Regiment, P. V

1ST SERG. HILL P. WILSON, CO. B.,
Captain of Co. I, Stevens' Regiment, at Nashville, Tenn.
(See page 208.)

NATHAN H. GORSUCH, CO. H.

JAMES H. DAVIS, CO. H

LEVI G. HECK, CO. H.
(See page 204.)

HENRY M. PARDONNER, CO. H.

PATRICK SHANNON, CO. I.

ROSTER

OF THE

125TH REGIMENT

Pennsylvania Volunteers

(INFANTRY)

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT, P. V.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Jacob Higgins.....	Colonel	Aug. 16, '62	Mustered out with regiment May 18th, 1863.
Jacob Szink.....	Lt. Col.	Aug. 14, '62	Promoted from Capt. Co. D, Aug. 16, '62—mustered out with regiment May 18, 1863.
John J. Lawrence.	Major	Aug. 15, '62	Promoted from Capt. Co. F, Aug. 16, '62—mustered out with regiment May 18, 1863.
Robert M. Johnston	Adj't.	Aug. 16, '62	Died Sept. 19 of wound received at Antietam, Md. September 17th, 1862.
John G. Cain.....	Adj't.	Aug. 16, '62	Promoted from 2nd Lt. Co. E. Sept. 20, '62—mustered out with Regiment May 18, 1863.
William C. Bayley.	Q. M.	Aug. 16, '62	Discharged April 15, 1863. For promotion to Brigade commission.
Asbury Derland ..	Q. M.	Aug. 11, '62	Promoted from Corporal Co. C, Nov. 7, '62—mustered out with regiment May 18, 1863.
Lewis C. Cummings	Surgeon	Sept. 23, '62	Mustered out with regiment May 18, 1863.
John Feay	Asst. Surgn	Aug. 16, '62	Discharged by special order Oct. 9, 1862.
Frs. B. Davidson ..	Asst. Surgn	Aug. 16, '62	Discharged by special order, November 24, 1862.
Augustus Davis ...	Asst. Surgn	Dec. 10, '62	Mustered out with regiment May 18, 1863.
Lafayette F. Butler,	Asst. Surgn	Feb. 11, '63	Mustered out with regiment May 18, 1863.
John D. Stewart..	Chaplain	Aug. 16, '62	Mustered out with regiment May 18, 1863.
Joseph M. Becker.	Sr. Maj.	Aug. 12, '62	Promoted from private Co. F Aug. 16, '62—mustered out with regiment May 18, 1863

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
David Feay.....	Q. M. S.	Aug. 10, '62	Promoted from private Co. B Aug. 18, '62—mustered out with regiment May 18, 1863.
Henry L. Irvine...	Com. Sr.	Aug. 13, '62	Promoted from private Co. G March 15, '63—mustered out with regiment May 18, 1863.
Samuel G. Baker..	Com. Sr.	Aug. 10, '62	Died at Stafford C. H., Va. March 14, 1863.
John F. Conrad...	Hos. St.	Aug. 11, '62	Promoted from Corporal Co. C Aug. 20, '62—mustered out with regiment May 18, 1863.

COMPANY A.

Mustered into service Aug. 10, 1862. Mustered out May 18, 1863.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Francis M. Bell...	Capt.	Aug. 10, '62	
Jesse S. Stewart..	1st Lt.		Killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3rd, 1863.
Wilbur F. Martin..	1st Lt.		Wd. at Antietam, Md. Sept. 17, '62
David G. Ganoe...	2nd. Lt.		Promoted from 1st Sergt. May 4, '63.
Alfred Abbott....	1st Sergt.		Pr. Fr. Cor. to Sgt. Jan. 28 '63—to 1st Sgt. May 4, '63.
Oliver G. Smith...	Sergt.		
Chas. Merriman...	Sergt.		
Wm. B. Meredith.	Sergt.		
William Funk.....	Sergt.		Pro. Fr. Corporal May 4, '63.
William Miller.....	Corp.		
C. F. Kirkpatrick..	Corp.		
Wm. H. H. Berry..	Corp.		
J. W. Hendershot..	Corp.		
Henry B. Duck....	Corp.		
Geo. C. Davison...	Corp.		
H. I. Boughamer..	Corp.		
John W. Grazier...	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal May 4, '63.

Note:—Those who, for any cause, were mustered out before the end of the term, are indicated by the dates given and causes named; all who are not so marked served out their full term and were mustered out with the regiment May, 1863.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Willlam C. Kean ..	Corp.	Aug. 10, '62	Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate Dec. 24, 1862.
Amon G. Edwards	Corp.		Died at Chambersburg, Pa., Oct. 9th, 1862, of wounds received at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Andrew Woomer ..	Corp.		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62—buried in Nat'l. Cemetery, Grave No. 3669 Penna. Section.
David S. Johnson..	Mus.		
Stephen V. Haslett	Mus.		
Jacob Ayers..	Private		
Jos. W. Ake.....	Private		
Baker, Isaac F. ...	Private		
Beatty, Jos. W. K..	Private		
Bennett, Alexander	Private		
Beyer, Ezra C.....	Private		
Bowls, Jas. B.....	Private		
Bressler, Lindley H	Private		Died at Alexandria, Va., Dec. 17th, 1862.
Beamer, Thos. W..	Private		Died at Stafford C. H., Va., March 18, 1863.
Crane, Andrew P..	Private		
Crocker, Henry H..	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Crone, Wm.....	Private		
Crowl, John.....	Private		
Cunningham, D. T.	Private		
Clodius, Chas.	Private		Died of wounds received at Chancellorsville, May 3, '63.
Coy, John.....	Private		Discharged Jan. 24, '63 for wounds rec'd. at Antietam Sept. 17th, 1862.
Crissman, Austin..	Private		Died Sept. 20, 1862, of wounds rec'd. at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Deahle, Henry....	Private		
Dell, John.....	Private		
Dunmire, Geo. B...	Private		
Dickson, David F..	Private		
Eakins, David W..	Private		
Esterline, Jno. M...	Private		Captured at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Funk, George.....	Private	Aug. 10, '62	Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Garman, Philip....	Private		
Green, William....	Private		
Hart, Jonathan....	Private		
Hicks, Daniel	Private		
Heard, Thos. W...	Private		
Hook, Sam'l.....	Private		
Housman, Jas.....			
Hunter, Thos.....	Private		Absent in hospital at muster out.
Herman, Moses....	Private		
Huff, Chas.	Private		Discharged Jan. 26, '63 for wounds rec'd. at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Hunter, Jas. H....	Private		Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
Henchey, Sam'l A..	Private		Died at Harper's Ferry Oct. 20, 1862.
Isenberg, John W..	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62.
Jones, Daniel.....	Private		Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate Dec. 10, 1862.
Keatley, Calvin F..	Private		
Keatley, John H...	Private		
Kinsel, John M....	Private		
Kerr, Robt.....	Private		
Kinsel, Erastus....	Private		Died Apr. 7, '63 of wounds rec'd. at Antietam, Sept, 17, '62.
Laporte, Adolph M.	Private		
Lego, Wm. F.	Private		
Merriman, Wm. F..	Private		
Myers, Thomas....	Private		
Myers, John.....	Private		
Miles, George.....	Private		
M'Ilvane, Henry C.	Private		
M'Avoy, Michael ..	Private		
M'Quillen, A. W....	Private		
M'Quillen, Wm. ...	Private		
M'Carney, Geo. S..	Private		
M'Coy, John	Private		
M'Gill, Thos. T. ...	Private		
McFarland, John A	Private		Died at Stafford C. H Feb. 8, '63.
Osborn, David P...	Private		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Orr, Geo. W.....	Private	Aug. 10, '62	
Robinson, Jas.	Private		
Rosberry, Jas.....	Private		
Rosberry, John T..	Private		
Sharrer, Geo. W. ..	Private		
Sloan, John.....	Private		
Smith, Thos.....	Private		
Sturtsman, Henry.	Private		
Stevens, David M..	Private		
Shaw, Daniel.....	Private		Died Sept. 28, 1882, of wounds rec. at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Templeton, John R.	Private		
Thomas, Geo. W...	Private		
Thomas, Jerry B...	Private		
Vaughn, Henry....	Private		Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate Dec. 10, 1862.
Vaughn, George ..	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62—discharged on Surgeon's certificate April 1, 1863.
Vanscoyoc, Abr'm.	Private		Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate March 15, 1863.
Watson, Jerry....	Private		
Wilson, Jos. P.....	Private		Absent, sick, at muster out.
Wolf, Isaac P.....	Private		
Wesley, Chas.....	Private		
Wolf, Theawalt...	Private		Died at Smoketown, Md. Jan. 25, '63 of wounds rec'd. at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

COMPANY B.

Mustered into service Aug. 10, 1862. Mustered out May 18, 1863
(Exceptions indicated.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Ulysses L. Huyett.	Capt.	Aug. 11, '62	
Joseph R. Higgins.	1st. Lt.	Aug. 11, '62	
G. Schollenberger..	2nd. Lt.	Aug. 11, '62	
Hill P. Wilson.....	1st. Sergt.	Aug. 11, '62	
Jas. Houck.....	Sergt.		Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, '63.
James Schollar	Sergt.		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Ephraim Gerst....	Sergt.		
Jas. D. Allender...	Sergt.		Promoted from Corporal Oct. 1st, '62.
Sam'l. G. Baker....	Sergt.		Died at Stafford C. H. Mar. 19, '63.
Joseph Sias.....	Corp.		
James Geiser.....	Corp.	Aug. 11, '62	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
Robert Feay.....	Corp.		
Robert McFalls....	Corp.		
Jas. C. Carey.....	Corp.		
F. M. McKienan...	Corp.	Aug. 11, '62	
Daniel P. Irvine...	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Sept. 21.
Elijah Estep.....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Feb. 4.
John D. Patterson.	Corp.		Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate Jan. 26, 1863.
J. A. B. M'Kamey.	Mus.	(Aug. 11)	
Calvin C. Hewitt..	Mus.	(Aug. 11)	
Amhizer, Daniel...	Private		
Aurandt, Jacob F..	Private		Killed at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
Blake, William B..	Private		Wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, '63.
Brantner, James S.	Private		
Brunnell, Wm.	Private		Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, '63.
Brunnell, Theo. N..	Private		
Brumbaugh, J. C...	Private		
Butts, Wm. G.....	Private		
Brantner, Jno. H..	Private		Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate Dec. 9, 1862.
Carles, Henry D...	Private		
Cooper, Jas. M.....	Private		
Cooper, Theodore N	Private		Died at Fairfax Sta. Jan. 3, 1863.
Daugherty, Vic. V.	Private	(Aug. 12)	
DeHaven, Wesley.	Private		
Donnelly, David R.	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1863.
Eicholtz, Alfred...	Private		
Ewing, Levi M.....	Private		Died at Hagerstown, Md., Sept. 21, '62, of wounds received at Antietam, Sept. 17.
Fouse, Wm. D.....	Private		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Feay, David.....	Private	Aug. 10, '62	Pro. to Q. M. Sergt. Aug. 18, 1862.
Garner, Jos. C.....	Private		Wounded at Chancellorsville May 2, '63.
Geiser, Tillman....	Private		
Heller, Edw. W....	Private		
Houck, Geo. A.....	Private		
Huyett, Miles C....	Private		
Lang, Jos. H.....	Private		
Lang, William....	Private		
Lower, Henry G...	Private		
Love, John D.....	Private		Wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, '63.
Lucas, John H.....	Private		
Lucas, Abraham..	Private		
Lucas, Gabriel....	Private		Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate Dec. 9, 1862.
Metz, Thos. G.....	Private		
Metz, Thornton B..	Private		
Mock, John E.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
M'Coy, Wm.	Private		
M'Gonegal, Geo. W.	Private		Wd. and mis. in action at Antietam Sept. 17, '62
M'Manamy, John..	Private		
M'Manamy, Wilson	Private		
M'Michaels, John..	Private		
Nicodemus, Jno. H.	Private		
Powell, Milton P...	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1863.
Phillips, Ralph....	Private		Deserted Aug. 12, 1862.
Reiger, August....	Private		
Rhodes, George H.	Private		Captured at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
Rhodes, Wm. H...	Private		
Richards, John....	Private		Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, '63.
Riley, William N...	Private		
Shaffer, Sam'l. B...	Private		
Shinefelt, John C...	Private		
Sloneker, Lemu'l. A	Private		
Stuart, Asbury H. .	Private		
Stuart, Madison W.	Private		
Sparr, Samuel.....	Private		
Simms, Andrew W.	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62 and discharged on Surgeon's Certificate Dec. 24, '62.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Straithoof, Jacob..	Private	Aug. 10, '62	Died Dec. 30, 1862, at Fort Schuyler, New York. Buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, L. I., grave 583.
Straithoof, Johnson	Private		Died Feb. 15, 1863, at Washington, buried in Mil. Asylum Cemetery, D. C.
Tresse, Wm.....	Private		
Tresse, Harry.....	Private		
Trout, Alexander..	Private		
Tresse, David.....	Private		Died at Maryland Heights, Oct. 26, '62.
Teats, John A.....	Private		Died at Frederick, Md. Nov. 30, 1862, of wounds received at Antietam Sep. 17, 1862. Buried in Antietam Nat. Cemetery, grave 4043, Penna. Section.
Withers, Henry...	Private		
Walters, Jos.....	Private		
Westbrook, Wm...	Private		
Winters, George...	Private		Wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, '63.
Whitehead, John..	Private		
Wolford, Edw.....	Private		
Wolfkill, Benj. F...	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Yerger, Geo. W....	Private		

COMPANY C.

Mustered into service Aug. 11, 1862. Mustered out May 18, 1863.
(Exceptions indicated.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Wm. W. Wallace..	Capt.	Aug. 16, '62	
Wm. B. Ziegler....	1st. Lt.	(Aug. 16)	Resigned Feb. 25, 1863.
L. Frank Watson..	1st. Lt.		Promoted fr. Sergt. Feb. 7, 1863.
Wm. F. McPherran	2nd. Lt.	(Aug. 16)	Died Feb. 6, 1863.
Theodore L. Flood.	2nd. Lt.		Promoted Fr. 1st. Sergt. Feb. 7, 1863.
John D. Isett.....	1st. Sergt.		Promoted from Sergt. Feb. 7, 1863.
W. W. Greenland..	Sergt.	(Aug. 14)	

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
J. R. M'Murtrie...	Sergt.	(Aug. 13)	Promoted from Corporal Sept. 18, '62.
Chas. E. Campbell.	Sergt.		Promoted from Corporal Feb. 7, 1863.
Henry A. Hoffman.	Sergt.		Promoted from Corporal Feb. 26, '63.
John R. Simpson..	Sergt.		Discharged April 3, 1863, for wounds received at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
George A. Simpson.	Sergt.		Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862, buried in National Cemetery, grave No. 3953, Penna. Section.
Thomas C. Fisher..	Corp.	(Aug. 13)	
Z. G. Cresswell....	Corp.		
Miles Zentmyer...	Corp.	(Aug. 13)	Promoted to Corporal Sept. 17, 1862.
James E. Wilson..	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Nov. 7, 1862.
David P.Henderson	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Oct. 30, 1862.
Robert C. Morrow.	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Feb. 7. 1863.
John R. Isenberg..	Corp.		
Asbury Derland...	Corp.		Promoted to Quartermaster Nov. 7, '62.
Thomas J. Gregg..	Corp.		Pr. to 2nd. Lt. Co. F. 70th reg. P. V. Nov. 20, 1862.
Albert C. Snyder..	Corp.		Transferred to U. S. telegraph Corps Jan. 3, 1863.
John F. Conrad...	Corp.		Promoted to Hospital Steward Aug. 20, '62.
Benj. F. Williams..	Corp.		Died Nov. 13, 1862, of wds. rec'd. at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Geo. W. Friedley..	Mus.	(Aug. 14)	
Africa, Geo. H.....	Private	(Aug. 13)	Died at Rockville, Md. Oct. 26, 1862.
Benner, Thomas M.	Private		
Baker, Wm.....	Private		
Brenneman, J. C...	Private		
Brenneman, M. L. .	Private		
Brenneman, M. B. .	Private		Discharged April 6th, '63 for wounds received at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
Brenneman, G. W.	Private		Died Nov. 10, 1862.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Canan, Henry	Private		
Carmon, John.....	Private		
Carmon, Henry C.	Private	(Aug. 13)	
Conrad, Benson W.	Private		Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate Aug. 29, 1862.
Decker, Harry P..	Private		
Denny, Alexander.	Private		
Dewalt, John A....	Private		
Decker, Nicholas..	Private		Died Oct. 11, 1862, of wounds rec'd. at Antietam, Md.
Dunmire, Elijah C.	Private		Died at Georgetown, D. C., Sept. 24, 1862.
Ehman, George ...	Private		
Enyeart, Thomas L.	Private	(Aug. 13)	
Fockler, J. Lee....	Private		
Funk, James.....	Private	(Aug. 13)	
Friday, John H....	Private	(Aug. 13)	
Green, James M....	Private		
Graber, Adam.....	Private		
Garland, David W.	Private		
Gahagan, Mordicai.	Private		
Goodman, Jos.	Private	(Aug. 13)	
Haslett, Jas.	Private		
Heckadorne, H. B..	Private		
Hearn, Jacob.....	Private		
Hart, Frederick...	Private	(Aug. 13)	
Hoffman, John....	Private		
Hawn, Henry	Private		Discharged Nov. 15, 1862, for wounds rec'd. at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Harvey, Parker C..	Private		Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate Dec. 13, 1862.
Hoffman, Uriah D.	Private	(Aug. 13)	Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62.
Hood, Henry.....	Private		Died Nov. 10, 1862.
Isenberg, Nich.....	Private		
Isenberg, Sam'l. V.	Private		
Isenberg, Geo. W..	Private		Died at Maryland Hgts. Md., Oct. 25, '62.
Knode, Joshua R..	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept 17, '62.
Kopelin, Wm. O...	Private		
Knode, Albert A...	Private		Died at Maryland Hts., Oct. 25, '62.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Kuhn, David.....	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Lytle, Milton S....	Private		
Lincoln, J. George.	Private		
Leffard, John R....	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Leffard, Enoch I. ..	Private		
Low, John A.....	Private		
Myers, Eli H.....	Private		
M'Coy, Wm. R.....	Private		
M'Pherran, Alfred.	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
M'Divett, C. James	Private	(Aug. 13)	
M'Coy, John S....	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Parker, David H...	Private		
Patton, Jos.....	Private		
Peterson, Wm. H..	Private	(Aug. 13)	
Robb, Porter A....	Private		
Robb, Wm. W.....	Private		
Raugh, Sellers	Private		
Reed, Chas. H.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Robb, J. Easton...	Private		Discharged Mar. 22, '62 for wounds rec'd. Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
Reed, Samuel.....	Private		Died at Fairfax Sta., Jan. 17, 1863.
Simpson, Alex. C...	Private		
Snyder, David C...	Private		
Snyder, John P....	Private		
Sprankle, Jeremiah	Private		
Sprankle, George ..	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Spyker, Daniel....	Private		
Stewart, John G....	Private		
Swope, Jas. C. M...	Private	(Aug. 13)	
Stewart, Jas. A.....	Private		
White, David.....	Private		
White, John.....	Private	(Aug. 13)	
Whittaker, Thos. S.	Private		
Wyland, Geo.....	Private	(Aug. 13)	
Williams, John H..	Private	(Aug. 13)	
Zeek, Elias A.....	Private		Discharged Nov. 21, '62, for wounds rec'd. at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.

COMPANY D.

Mustered into service Aug. 13th, 1862. Mustered out May 18, 1863.

(Exceptions Indicated.)

NAME.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Jacob Szink.....	Capt.	(Aug. 14)	Promoted to Lt. Col. Aug. 16, 1862.
Christ R. Hostetter	Capt.	(Aug. 14)	Pro. fr. 1st. Lt. Aug. 16, 1862—disch. Mar. 17, 1863, for wounds rec'd. at Antietam, Sept. 17. '62.
Alex W. Marshall..	Capt.	(Aug. 14)	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62. Promoted from 1st. Lt. March 17, '63.
Thos. E. Campbell.	1st. Lt.		Pr. fr. 1st. Sgt. to 2nd. Lt. Mar. 17, '63, and to 1st. Lt. Apr. 19, 1863.
Peter S. Treese....	2nd. Lt.	(Aug. 14)	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62—Com. 1st. Lt. Mar. 17, '63. Discharged on Surgeon's Certificate Apr. 17, '63.
G. W. Hawksworth	2nd. Lt.		Pr. fr. Sergt. to 1st Sergt. Mar. 17, '63 and to 2nd. Lt. Apr. 19, '63.
James H. Attick...	1st. Sgt.		Promoted from Sergt. April 19, 1863.
Edwin Hammond.	Sergt.		
Isaac E. Brown....	Sergt.		Promoted from Corporal April 19, '63.
William Burley....	Sergt.		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62—pr. from Corporal March 19, '63.
James C. Treese...	Sergt.		Pro. fr. Priv. to Corp. to Sgt. Apr. 19.
Edward L. Russ...	Sergt.		Discharged Nov. 13, '62, for wounds rec'd. at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
David A. Burtnett.	Corp.		
George A. Burtram	Corp.		
Mordecai, McMahon	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Aug. 25, 1862.
Alfred Bomgardner	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Nov. 16, 1862.
James G. Kerr.....	Corp.		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62. Promoted to Corporal Jan. 21, 1862.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
William Springer..	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Jan. 14, 1863.
Morris Davis.....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal April 29, 1863.
John M. Dougherty	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal April 29, 1863.
Robert Try.....	Corp.		Dischgd. on Surg. Certificate Nov. 13, '62.
John A. Kelley....	Corp.		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
W. A. Brumbaugh.	Mus.		
Augustus Boyden..	Mus.		
Aiken, Stephen....	Private		Discharged April 13, '63, for wounds rec'd. at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Boyer, Albert.....	Private		
Burley, Levi.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Blake, Samuel.....	Private		
Brumbaugh, Jacob	Private		
Blake, Wilbur E...	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Bowen, Francis....	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17. 1862.
Baker, John.....	Private		
Brubaker, Geo.....	Private		Dischgd. on Surg. Cer. March 5th, '63.
Burley, Emanuel..	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Brown, John A....	Private		Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62.
Cochran, Robt.....	Private		
Conley, Jas. W....	Private		Died at Harper's Ferry Jan. 21, '63.
Dasher, John.....	Private		
Davis, Able.....	Private		Dischgd. on Surg. Cer. Mar. 23, 1863.
Davis, John E.....	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Davis, Leonard....	Private		Died at Acquia Creek, Va., April 21, 1863.
Evans, Andrew....	Private		
Finney, Andrew W.	Private		Died Nov. 10. 1862.
Green, Samuel.....	Private		
Glass, John R.....	Private		
Gearhart, Fred W..	Private		
Howell, John C....	Private		
Higgins, John.....	Private		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Haney, Patrick Sr..	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Haney, Patrick Jr..	Private		
Hoar, Wm. S.....	Private		Discharged Jan. 25, '63, for wounds rec'd. at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Homan, Thomas...	Private		Died at Fairfax Sta., Jan. 15, 1863.
Irvin, Geo. M.....	Private		
Kissell, John G.....	Private		
Keagey, John.....	Private		
Keresey, John.....	Private		
Lingenfelter, Josiah	Private		
Laub, Wm. A. B...	Private		
Long, Samuel A....	Private		
Madison, John.....	Private		
Myers, William H..	Private		
Minehart, Lewis...	Private		
Miller, Andrew....	Private		
Myers, Andrew....	Private		
Myers, Jos.....	Private		
Marshall, Win'd. S.	Private		
Miller, Wm. T.....	Private		
Markley, Isaac....	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept 17, 1862.
Mahon, John.....	Private		Not on muster out roll.
M'Closkey, David A	Private		
M'Closkey, Geo. A.	Private		
M'Laughlin, Jos. S.	Private		Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.
Osswalt, David W..	Private		Killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
Owens, Matthew...	Private		
Painter, Jacob.....	Private		
Patton, Edward...	Private		
Parsons, Chas. A...	Private		
Richmond, S. S....	Private		
Rhinehart, Rice...	Private		
Richmond, Albert E	Private		
Robertson, Jos.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62. Discharged on Sur. Cer, Apr. 23, 1863.
Rollin, John.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Sur. Cer. Feb. 3. 1863.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Rose, John.....	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Shaffer, Jos.....	Private		
Schlag, Adolph....	Private		
Sharier, Philip.....	Private		
Steel, Samuel.....	Private		
Stackhouse, Henry	Private		
Stewart, Andrew..	Private		Wounded and missing in action at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
Szink, Henry C....	Private		
Stoner, Chas. A....	Private		Died Dec. 13, 1862.
Urich, John.....	Private		
Walton, John.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Woods, Thomas...	Private		
West, William	Private		
Williamson, S. H...	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Md. Sept. 17, '62. Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 28, '63.

COMPANY E.

Mustered into service Aug. 13, 1862. Mustered out May 18, 1863.

(Exceptions Indicated.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
William McGraw..	Capt.	(Aug. 16)	
Samuel A. Kephart	1st. Lt.	(Aug. 16)	
John G. Cain.....	2nd. Lt.	(Aug. 16)	Promoted to Adjutant Sept. 20, 1862.
John H. Robertson	2nd. Lt.	(Aug. 15)	Promoted from 1st. Sergeant Sept. 20, '62.
John Bryan.....	1st. Sgt.	(Aug. 15)	Promoted from Sergt. Sept. 20, 1862.
William Nosker....	Sergt.		Captured at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
George W. Perkins.	Sergt.		
Williams Rounds..	Sergt.		
James Gardner....	Sergt.		Promoted from Corporal Sept. 20, '62.
Peter Stroup.....	Corp.	(Aug. 15)	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862, and at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
James Matthews...	Corp.		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
William McClure...	Corp.		
Charles Butler.....	Corp.		
Adam Rough.....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Sept. 26, 1862.
George S. Beers....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Sept. 16, 1862.
Daniel Deihl.....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Feb. 26, 1863.
William McGinnes.	Corp.		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 25, 1863.
Geo. Hoopengarner	Corp.		Deserted Sept. 16, '62.
John Scullin.....	Mus.		
Charles H. Suder..	Mus.		
Benton, Emanuel M	Private		
Buck, William.....	Private		Absent, sick at muster out.
Bottorf, David....	Private		
Burtnet, John.....	Private		
Brindle, Geo. W...	Private		
Butler, David.....	Private	(Aug. 15)	
Benton, John.....	Private	(Aug. 15)	Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62—captured at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
Beigle, John A.....	Private	(Aug. 15)	
Benton, Jesse L....	Private	(Aug. 15)	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—discharged on Sur. Cer. Jan. 30, 1863.
Baker, Franklin S..	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Burge, Adam.....	Private		Died Sept. 30, 1862, of wounds received at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—Bur. in Military Asylum Cemetery, D. C.
Carnell, David.....	Private		
Dunlap, Essington.	Private		
Dasher, James.....	Private		
Dell, Peter.....	Private		
Dunn, Patrick.....	Private		
Dunlap, John.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Dively, Gabriel....	Private	(Aug. 15)	
Dodson, Andrew...	Private	(Aug. 15)	
Earlenbaugh, A....	Private		
Gardner, Robt.....	Private		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Ginter, John.....	Private		
Gesler, Lewis H...	Private		
Gallagher, John....	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. April 22, '63.
Harklerode, A. H..	Private		
Harklerode, David.	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Hanly, David.....	Private		
Heverly, Wm. P...	Private		
Heverly, William..	Private		
Hoover, Geo. W....	Private	(Aug. 20)	
Hale, Henry.....	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Dec. 10, 1862.
Kephart, Jacob....	Private		
Kough, John S.....	Private		
Long, Daniel.....	Private		
Leighty, George...	Private		
Langham, Solomon	Private		
Leedom, Levi.....	Private		
Lambright, J.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862. Discharged on Surg. Cer. Jan. 30, '63.
Lier, John.....	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62—bur. in Nat'l Cemetery, grave No. 3634, Penna Section.
Millward, Luke....	Private		
Miller, Stanley.....	Private		
Mauk, Geo. W.....	Private		Died at Washington Jan. 23, '63—bur. in Military Asylum Cemetery, D. C.
M'Coy, Dennis.....	Private		
Noll, Henry S.....	Private		
Osburn, Wm. R....	Private		
Phagans, James...	Private		
Pressell, Samuel...	Private	(Aug. 15)	
Rhodes, John.....	Private		
Roach, Thomas....	Private		Deserted Aug. 16, '62.
Stanley, Joseph B..	Private		Absent at muster out.
Swisher, Daniel....	Private		
Strayer, John.....	Private		
Summers, Geo.....	Private		
Summers, Wm.....	Private		
Snyder, George Jr..	Private		
Stiffler, Sylvanus L.	Private		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Smith, David.....	Private		
Shoff, David.....	Private		
Snyder, Geo. Sr....	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. April 2, 1863.
Troxell, Abraham..	Private		Died at Harper's Ferry Nov. 9, '62—bur. in Nat'l. Cem. Winchester lot 25.
Wright, Thomas...	Private		
Weyandt, Samuel..	Private		
Wheeler, William..	Private		
Wagoner, John....	Private	(Aug. 15)	
Wilt, Henry H.....	Private		

COMPANY F.

Mustered into service Aug. 12, 1862. Mustered out May 18, 1863.

(Exceptions Indicated.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
John J. Lawrence..	Capt.	(Aug. 15)	Promoted to Major Aug. 16, 1862.
Wm. H. Simpson..	Capt.		Pr. fr. 1st. Lt. Aug. 16, '62—wd. at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
William C.Wagoner	1st. Lt.		Dischd. Feb. 9, '63, for wounds rec'd. at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
Franklin H. Lane..	1st. Lt.		Pr. fr. 1st. Sergt. to 2nd. Lt. Aug. 16, '62—to 1st. Lt. Feb. 9, 1863.
J.F.N. Householder	2nd. Lt.		Pr. from Sergt. to 1st. Sergt. Aug. 16, '62——to 2nd. Lt. Feb. 9, 1863.
Albert B. Flood....	1st. Sgt.		Pr. from Sergt. Feb. 9, 1863,
George A. Black...	Sergt.		
Jas. B. Geissinger..	Sergt.		
Valentine Brown..	Sergt.		
David Hazard.....	Sergt.		Promoted from private Feb. 9, 1863.
John G. Corbin....	Corp.		
Thomas Blake.....	Corp.		
Wm. J. Hampton..	Corp.		
Joseph B. Farrer...	Corp.		
Wm. Homan.....	Corp.		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Hampton C. Watson	Corp.		
Alrich, Paul.....	Corp.		
John H. Boring....	Corp.		
John L. Williams..	Mus.		
Barton, Thomas...	Private		
Boyes, George.....	Private		
Brown, Jacob.....	Private		
Brown, Wm. L.....	Private		
Bryan, Charles....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Bryant, James.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Bupp, Solomon....	Private		
Becker, Joseph M.	Private		Promoted to Sergt. Major Aug. 16, '62.
Cannon, John.....	Private		
Carothers, Charles.	Private		
Corbin, Charles....	Private		
Cozzens, Robert...	Private		
Cypher, Thomas...	Private		
Cunningham, Benj.	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Dering, Valentine..	Private		
Fulton, Alfred.....	Private		
Friedley, Wm.....	Private		Died Nov. 9, 1862.
Geist, Andrew.....	Private		
Graham, William..	Private		
Hall, James.....	Private		
Hamer, Moses.....	Private		
Harvey, Frank....	Private		
Haugh, Wm. H....	Private		Captured at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
Heffner, John, 2nd.	Private		
Hudson, William C.	Private		
Hazard, John.....	Private		
Hayes, Thos. L....	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 27, '63.
Heffner, John, 1st..	Private		Died at Washington, D. C., March 5th, '63.
Isenberg, Samuel..	Private		
Isenberg, David...	Private		Died at Fairfax Sta. Jan. 4, '63—bur. in Harmony Burial Grounds, D. C.
Kelly, Wm. T.	Private		
Kyler, David.....	Private		
Lane, William.....	Private		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Lewis, David D....	Private		
Lewis, John D.....	Private		Captured at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
Mitchell, Jas. A....	Private		
Moore, James.....	Private		
Moore, John O.....	Private		
Moore, Joseph.....	Private		
Morgan, Jacob.....	Private		
Myers, William....	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Mar. 23, 1863.
M'Clure, Andrew A.	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Mar. 26, 1863.
M'Cracken, Jos....	Private		Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—bur. Nat. Cem., No. 3608, Penna Section.
Neff, William.....	Private		
Owens, Richards...	Private		Captured at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
Price, Joshua E....	Private		
Protzman, Martin L	Private		
Reed, William E...	Private		
Richards, Thos. J..	Private		
Riland, Alfred A...	Private		
Stall, Thomas.....	Private		
Snyder, J. Howard.	Private		
Saxton, Henry C...	Private		
Shearer, Calvin B..	Private		
Shoemaker, H. F...	Private		
Shriner, John.....	Private		
Shriner, Thomas...	Private		
States, William....	Private		
Strickler, Wm. R...	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Syling, Lewis.....	Private		
Switzer, Elias H...	Private		Discharged Jan. 5, '63, for wounds rec'd at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
Swoope, David....	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 3, 1863.
Shorthill, David R.	Private		Discharged March 8, '63, for wounds rec'd at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Snyder, Oliver W..	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. April 1, 1863.
Trout, Brinkley....	Private		
Tyhurst, Alfred....	Private		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Wagoner, Geo. J...	Private	(Aug. 14)	
Watkins, Nathaniel	Private		
Witter, Josiah.....	Private		
Wright, Thomas...	Private		
West, Allen.....	Private		Transferred to 14th. Regt. Ind. Vols. Oct. 1st, 1862.
Walker, William C.	Private		Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Walheater, John H.	Private		Died at Fairfax Sta. Dec. 30th, 1862.
Walker, Robt. D...	Private		Died at Washington, D. C., May 1st, '63.
Young, John B.....	Private		
Young, Thomas...	Private		

COMPANY G.

Mustered into Service Aug. 13, 1862. Mustered out May 18, 1863.
(Exceptions indicated.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
John M'Keage.....	Capt.		
Samuel A. Andrews	1st. Lt.		
Thos. M'Camant...	2nd. Lt.		
Augustus Baton...	1st. Sergt.		Promoted from Sergt. Jan. 1, 1863.
John Swires.....	Sergt.		
George H. Vaughn.	Sergt.		
John Hellwig.....	Sergt.		
James Rodgers....	Sergt.		Promoted from Corporal Mar. 1, 1863.
David E. M'Cahan.	Sergt.		Discharged Feb. 13, 1863, for wounds rec'd at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
James R. Robison.	Corp.		
Moses Garland.....	Corp.		
Joseph Carroll.....	Corp.		
Thomas M. Barr...	Corp.		
Horace Kemp,.....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Feb. 17, 1863.
Alexander Boggs..	Corp.		
John G. Christian..	Corp.		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Reese Williams....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Mar. 26, 1863.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
James H. Gibboney	Corp.		Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—bur. in Nat. Cem., No. 3664, Penna. Section.
John Miller.....	Mus.		
Thomas Lloyd.....	Mus.		
Andrews, David...	Private		
Barr, Theodore....	Private		Captured at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
Burns, Thomas....	Private		
Black, David M....	Private		
Bollinger, Henry L.	Private		
Buterbaugh, Sam'l.	Private		
Beamer, Albert....	Private		Discharged Dec. 8, '62, for wounds rec'd at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Cameron, Wm. S...	Private		
Canan, William H..	Private		
Closson, Josiah S...	Private		
Curtis, George R...	Private		
Christy, Livingston	Private		
Clarke, Robert....	Private		
Charles, Thomas...	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862. Discharged on Surg. Cer. Dec. 24, 1862.
David, John.....	Private		
Dunn, James.....	Private		
Dannals, Chas. R...	Private		
Dasher, Samuel D..	Private		
Fulton, Samuel A..	Private		
Gibboney, Benj. F.	Private		
Holler, James M...	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Hewit, Henry.....	Private		
Hicks, Philemon N.	Private		
Hewit, William....	Private		
Hammers, James J.	Private		
Hall, John..	Private		Deserted Aug. 17, 1862.
Irvine, Alfred C....	Private		
Isett, Aaron B.....	Private		
Irvine, Henry L....	Private		Promoted to Com. Sgt. Mar. 15, 1863.
Jones, Thaddeus...	Private		
Johnston, Franklin	Private		
Johnston, James R.	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Johnson, Dav. R. P.	Private		Dischgd. Dec. 8, 1862 for wounds received at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
London, George W.	Private		
London, James G..	Private		
Leet, Callohan, M..	Private		
Lovett, John.....	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 3, 1863.
Long, James.....	Private		Died at Frederick, Md. Feb. 5, '63—bur. in Mt. Olivet Cemetery.
Miller, Thomas....	Private		
Maus, John H.....	Private		
Metzler, Jos. F.....	Private		
Martin, William...	Private		
Martin, Henry.....	Private		
Morrow, Jas.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
M'Rea, William J..	Private		
M'Kee, Thomas G..	Private		
M'Cord, Henry....	Private		
M'Ginnis, James...	Private		
M'Clelland, Thos...	Private		
M'Clelland, Hugh T	Private		
M'Clelland, Wm. H.	Private		
M'Clelland, Adol...	Private		Dischgd. on Surg. Cer. Oct. 11, 1862.
Ounkest, Martin...	Private		
Ounkest, Daniel...	Private		
Price, Joseph C....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Phillips, Benj. F...	Private		
Phillips, David Jr..	Private		
Prounkard, J. E....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 11, 1863.
Piper, Jos. H.....	Private		Died at Harper's Ferry Oct. 28, 1862, buried in Nat. Cem. Winchester, lot 25.
Robison, Albert...	Private		
Ruggles, Benj. F...	Private		
Reed, Jos. H.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Reffner, Jos.....	Private		
Russ, Calvin.....	Private		
Riddle, James D...	Private		Died Sept. 26, '62, of wounds rec'd at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service	Remarks.
Snyder, Wm. H....	Private		
Stuff, Valentine....	Private		
Scott, James P.....	Private		
Sellers, David M...	Private		
Sanders, John.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Sharar H. Bascom.	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Tippery, Mayberry	Private		
Taylor, Henry C...	Private		
Taylor, Samuel....	Private		Absent in Hospital at muster out.
Thompson, R. D...	Private		
Williams, David P.	Private		

COMPANY H.

Mustered into service Aug. 14, 1862. Mustered out May 18, 1863.

(Exceptions indicated.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service	Remarks.
Henry H. Gregg...	Capt.	(Aug. 16)	
John Flenner.....	1st. Lt.	(Aug. 16)	
Samuel F. Stewart.	2nd. Lt.	(Aug. 16)	Resigned Jan. 24, 1863.
James T. Foster...	2nd. Lt.		Promoted from Sergt. Feb. 24, 1863.
George F. Painter..	1st. Sgt.		Promoted from Sergt. March 1, 1863.
Jesse E. March....	Sergt.		
Abner P. Lane.....	Sergt.		Promoted from Corporal March 1, 1863.
Wm. L. DeGrant..	Sergt.		Promoted from Corporal Mar. 1, 1863.
Wm. H. Flenner...	Sergt.		
John W. Lytle.....	Sergt.		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 21, 1863.
Robert Wilson....	Corp.		
William M. Davis..	Corp.		
Henry C. Logan...	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Sept. 21, 1862.
Lewis Gahagan....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal October 21, '62.
David Shaffer.....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Nov. 21, 1862.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Joseph Cox.....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Mar. 1, 1862.
Allison H. Crum...	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Mar. 1st, 1863.
James A. Couch....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Mar. 1, 1863.
Samuel Hetrick....	Corp.		Dischgd. on Surg. Cer. Feb. 14, 1863.
Peter Carton.....	Corp.		Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62—buried in Nat. Cem., grave No. 3746 Penna. Sec.
Sylvanus W. Gettys	Mus.		
Taylor, Myton.....	Mus.		
Ayers, Wesley C....	Private		
Aurand, John M....	Private		
Ayres, Jeremiah L.	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 8, 1863.
Buchanan, Robt. J.	Private		
Bell, Alexander....	Private		
Bell, Anderson....	Private		
Bell, Jas. A.....	Private		
Bailey, Samuel C...	Private		Absent sick at muster out.
Boblitz, Eugene...	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Dec. 9, 1862.
Brindle, Cyrus.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Nov. 21, 1862.
Baird, David	Private		Discharged on Surg, Cer. Dec. 10, '62.
Berkstresser, J. H..	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Dec. 10, '62.
Burkholder, Geo...	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Jan. 13, 1863.
Crouse, Valentine..	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Davis, James H....	Private		
Decker, Levi.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Dec. 13, 1862.
Decker, John W....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Mar. 16, '63.

Name	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Dierfield, James H.	Private		Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62—bur. in Nat. Cem., grave No. 3610 Penna. Section.
Eckley, Jacob A...	Private		
Fink, Solomon.....	Private		Died April 22, 1863
Gorsuch, Nathan H.	Private		Absent, sick at muster out.
Garner, Michael...	Private		
Gregg, David F....	Private		Discharged on Surgeon Cer. Apr. 2, '63.
Heck, Levi G.....	Private		
Hammond, Martin.	Private		
Hetrick, John.....	Private		
Harker, Andrew...	Private		
Howard, Thos. H..	Private		
Harris, William....	Private		
Hetrick, Samuel S..	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Nov. 21, 1862.
Harper, Jonathan L.	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Dec. 10, 1862.
Hunter, Robt. L...	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Apr. 1, 1863.
Hertle, John.....	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Apr. 22, 1863.
Hoover, Jos. W....	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Hess, Samuel.....	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62—bur. in Nat. Cem., grave No. 3609, Penna. Section.
Hight, Jackson....	Private		Deserted Nov. 14, 1862.
Johnson, David H.	Private		
Knode, Peter.....	Private		
Kenyon, Alfred W.	Private		
Keefer, John.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Long, Elijah.....	Private		
Miller, Abijah B....	Private		
Miller, Peter R.....	Private		
Morrison, John B..	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
M'Carthy, John S..	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
O'Donnell, Const'e.	Private		
O'Donnell, Michael	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Pardoner, Henry..	Private		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service	Remarks.
Piper, Martin M....	Private		
Patterson, John M.	Private		
Parker, William J..	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Mar. 15, '63.
Quarry, John P....	Private		
Rorabaugh, Martin	Private		
Rudy, Eminger S..	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 3, 1863.
Sloan, James D....	Private		
Slack, John R.....	Private		
Silknitter, Solomon	Private		
Shawley, David....	Private		
Spangler, Jerry....	Private		
Steel, Jacob.....	Private		
Snyder, James G...	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Dec. 5, 1862.
Shawley, Daniel...	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Nov. 29, '62.
Spanogle, George B.	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Dec. 10, '62.
Wilson, Henry.....	Private		
Wingate, Wm. B...	Private		
Wingate, Alex. B..	Private		
Waldsmith, Jno. W	Private		
Wilson, John.....	Private		

COMPANY I.

Mustered into service Aug. 13, 1862. Mustered out May 18, 1863.
(Exceptions indicated.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service	Remarks.
Wm. F. Thomas...	Capt.		
George Thomas....	1st. Lt.		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
John D. Fee.....	2nd. Lt.		
William Bodley....	1st. Sgt.		
Robert H. Myers...	Sergt.		
David P. Kinkead	Private		
William Pope.....	Sergt.		Promoted from Private Jan. 1, '63.
Geo. W. Hall.....	Sergt.		Promoted from Private April 10, '63.
Thomas L. Hall....	Sergt.		Wounded at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Apr. 10, '63.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Alfred McAllister..	Sergt.		Died at Huntingdon, Pa., Oct. 25, 1862, of wounds received at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
John H. Sower....	Corp.		
John D. Coder	Corp.		
D. Porter Couch...	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1863.
Samuel Houck.....	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal Jan. 1, 1863.
George A. Mitchell.	Corp.		
James B. Harris...	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal March 20, 1863.
Daniel Kauffman..	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal April 4, 1863.
Andrew Harbison..	Corp.		Promoted to Corporal April 10, 1863.
Wm. A. Keister....	Corp.		Discharged on Surg. Cer. March 20, 1863.
Isaiah Foster.....	Corp.		Discharged on Surg. Cer. April 4, 1863.
Edward H. Wirt...	Corp.		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862—buried in National Cemetery, grave No. 3972, Penna. Section.
James H. Lightner.	Mus.		
Robison, Gill.....	Mus.		Absent at muster out.
Allison, Samuel S..	Private		
Anderson, W.....	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 3, 1863.
Baker, Reuben T..	Private		
Bradley, Thomas..	Private		
Brode, Abraham...	Private		
Baker, F. Alfred...	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Birge, Wm. H.....	Private		Died at Harper's Ferry Nov. 6, 1862.
Barnet, David.....	Private		Deserted Dec. 31, 1862.
Corbin, Benjamin F.	Private		
Coder, Sam'l. C....	Private		
Clark, Thomas A...	Private		
Corbin, Henry L...	Private		
Coder, Simon	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Dec. 9, 1862.
Clark, Thomas H...	Private		Killed at Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, '62—buried in Nat. Cem., grave 3784, Penna. Section.

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Corbin, William W.	Private		Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Deviney, David A..	Private	(Aug. 16)	
David, Benjamin..	Private		Died at Pleasant Valley, Md., Oct. 29, 1862.
Guardlock, Conrad	Private	(Aug. 16)	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862. Discharged on Surg. Cer. Dec. 9, 1862.
Gray, Daniel.....	Private		
Hoffman, Jas. L...	Private		
Hawn, Merits.....	Private		
Heffright, Martin..	Private		
Harvey, John F....	Private		
Hall, Albert.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Hoover, Robt.....	Private		
Hanawalt, Wm. H.	Private		
Houck, William...	Private		
Howard, John.....	Private		
Householder, G. W.	Private	(Aug. 16)	Died Sept. 18, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
Hays, William M...	Private		Died Oct. 31 at Frederick, Md., of wounds rec'd at Antietam, Sept. 17, '62.
Harken, Sam'l B...	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62—and died of his wounds at Coffee Run, Pa., Nov. 16, '62.
Jamison, Benjamin	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—absent in hospital at muster out.
Martin, William...	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Miller, Frederick...	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Mick, Solomon....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Dec. 15, 1862.
M'Laughlin, W. H.	Private		
Nee, Henry.....	Private		
Powell, Henry H...	Private		
Ready, John.....	Private		
Roupe, Theodore..	Private		Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Roupe, William...	Private		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Ripple, George....	Private		
Steel, William W...	Private		
Sankey, Thomas J.	Private		
Seebeck, John.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Smith, Christopher	Private		
Shannon, Patrick..	Private		
Scott John W.....	Private		Killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.
Shaffer, Isaiah.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 19, 1863.
Snyder, Joseph....	Private		Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Wolfkill, Daniel D.	Private		
Woomer, Isaac....	Private		
Warfel, Adam.....	Private		
Warfel, Henry C...	Private		

COMPANY K.

Mustered into service Aug. 14, 1862. Mustered out May 18, 1863.
(Exceptions Indicated.)

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service	Remarks.
Joseph W. Gardner	Capt.	(Aug. 16)	
Edw. R. Dunegan..	1st. Lt.	(Aug. 16)	
Daniel J Traves....	2nd. Lt.	(Aug. 16)	
Henry B. Huff.....	1st. Sgt.		Promoted from Private Aug. 16, 1862.
Joseph H. Bryan..	Sergt.		
William Graw.....	Sergt.		
Hugh G. Krise.....	Sergt.	(Aug. 16)	
John Kahoe.....	Sergt.	(Aug. 13)	
William J. Bradley	Corp.		
Frank Beatty.....	Corp.		
George W. Russell.	Corp.		
John Commerford .	Corp.		Pr. to Corp. Aug. 16—wd. at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Britten E. Cluck...	Corp.		
Henry M. Shots....	Corp.		
John A. M'Intyre..	Corp.		Pr. to Corp. Aug. 16. '62—capt'd at Chancellorsville May 3, '63,
Bernard J.M'Feeley	Corp.	(Aug. 16)	

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service	Remarks.
Caleb Tipton.....	Mus.		Promoted to Musician Aug. 16, 1862.
Akers, Wilson L....	Private		
Able, John H.....	Private		
Arbel, Thomas G...	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Beatty, Jacob.....	Private		
Burkheimer, M....	Private		
Brunt, William....	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Bender, Simon....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Bierman, Fredk....	Private		
Beal, John S.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 9, 1863.
Beal, William.....	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—Discharged on Surg. Cer. Mar. 7, 1863.
Bell, Joseph H.....	Private		Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 23, 1863.
Bender, James.....	Private	(Aug. 16)	Discharged on Surg. Cer. Feb. 23, 1863.
Boartman, A. H...	Private	(Aug. 16)	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, '62—died of his wounds at Harrisburg Oct. 13, '62—bur. in Mount Kalmia Cemetery.
Cluck, Jacob.....	Private		
Collier, Elias B.....	Private		
Cook, Henry H.....	Private		
Crook, Peter.....	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Callaghan, Andrew	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Conway, John A...	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Cratin, Joshua.....	Private	(Aug. 16)	Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
Dillon, Charles....	Private	(Aug. 16)	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—absent in hospital at muster out.
Donahue, Patrick..	Private		
Ehrnfelt, Jacob M..	Private		
Edmonson,Sam'l B.	Private		
Elder, Henry R....	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Engles, Robt. P....	Private		Died at Washington, April 28, 1863.
Finney, Francis...	Private		
Farrell, James.....	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Grey, Geo. W.....	Private	(Aug. 16)	

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Gates, Henry A....	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Hoffman, Frederick	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Hall, Edmund.....	Private		
Hicks, Josiah D....	Private		
Hobart, Barth'w...	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Inlow, Francis.....	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Jones, George W...	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Kearney, Patrick F.	Private	(Aug. 16)	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
King, James.....	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Lee, Martin.....	Private		
Loudon, Geo. M....	Private		Died at Harper's Ferry Dec. 25, 1862.
Matthews, John...	Private		
Myers, William....	Private		Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, '62.
Mauer, Joseph.....	Private		
Mabus, Leonard...	Private		Died near Maryland Heights Oct. 5, 1862.
M'Lune, Geo.....	Private		
M'Mullen, John E..	Private	(Aug. 16)	
M'Cleary, Samuel..	Private	(Aug. 16)	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
M'Gough, Chas. ...	Private	(Aug. 16)	
M'Gough, Silas A. .	Private	(Aug. 16)	
M'Guire, Hiram...	Private	(Aug. 16)	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
M'Dermitt, M. A.	Private	(Aug. 16)	Died Oct. 17, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Antietam Sept 17, 1862.
M'Dermitt, Louis C.	Private	(Aug. 16)	Died Oct. 18, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Noel, Michael J....	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Orr, Aaron F.....	Private		
Rodamon, John...	Private		
Rhodes, Jacob.....	Private		
Rhodes, Abraham.	Private		Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.
Rhodes, Isaac.....	Private		
Ramaley, Wm. R..	Private		
Robinson, James H	Private		
Reinhart, Joseph..	Private		
Richard, George...	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Speilman, Wm. P..	Private		
String, William....	Private		

Name.	Rank.	Date of Muster into service.	Remarks.
Sueger, Hugh.....	Private		
Smith, Robert.....	Private	(Aug. 16)	Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862—absent in hospital at muster out.
Shafer, Jacob.....	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Trought, Frederick	Private		
Tierney, Francis P.	Private	(Aug. 16)	
Weakfield, Thomas	Private		
Ward, Frederick C.	Private		Died Sept. 19, 1862, of wounds rec'd at Antietam Sept. 17, '62—bur. in Nat. Cem., grave No. 3749, Penna. Section.
Wright, William L.	Private		Deserted Aug. 16, 1862.
Yerger, Henry.....	Private		

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM

(Extracts from his Memorial Day Poem.)

* * * * * * * *

From Southern vales, and Northern hills,
  Where cotton grows, or nods the pine,
Where hums the wheel of busy toil,
  Or rice swamps stretch, or mosses twine,
Swung, from the hearth-stone to the field,
  The "Lads in Blue" and "Boys in Gray";
Rushed where gathering thousands formed
  In battle's dread and stern array.

* * * * * * * *

  Proud steeds were prancing o'er the plain,
Drums beat, swords clashed on swords, and life-blood freely gushed.
  The air was filled with leaden rain;
"On! comrades, on!" the ringing cry,
  Men bravely fight—men bravely die,

* * * * * * * *

Defiant cries along the line,
  In answer to the wild hurrah,—
How greedy Death pours out life's wine,
  The richest vintage earth e'er saw.
High o'er the thunder-storm of war proud banners wave:
Fierce speeds the deadly hail, and glory gilds the grave.
  How bitter the strife,
  That maddens each life,
  Where brave men ne'er quail,
  And nerves never fail.
Honor, and glory, and Country to save.

* * * * * * * *

There, "Stars and Bar" surge grimly back,
  Here, "Stars and Stripes" are waving fair;
Anguish rests on yon gory track,—
  Here, strains of music fill the air.
Ring loud the bells! the work is done.
  Ring loud! and from the field of war
Flash the glad news—the battle's won—
  To every hamlet near and far,

And so, with quick, electric thrill
  Throbbed fast the news o'er pulsing wires,
And grief seemed swallowed up, and lost,
  When joy-bells rang from all the spires.

* * * * * * * *

But comrades! when the bells are mute,
  And reason comes, and feeling flow,
Ah me! we hear between the lulls,
  The separate wail of every woe.
And tho' the end may trebly pay,
  And Fate may count it little cost,
'Tis cruel comfort yet, I trow,
  To Rachel weeping o'er her lost.
To North and South the message ran,
  And East and West was onward borne,
And many heads were high in pride,
  And many too, were bowed to mourn.
For the spirit of War rode abroad o'er the plain,
  And brother met brother to clasp hands o'er the slain;
The faint groans of the dying were mingled with prayer,
  And the shouts of the victor with shrieks of despair.
Now years have flown, and Peace has come;
  No longer hostile banners wave:
Yet hearts must turn to dust again,
  Ere we forget our fallen brave.
And time has touched the grieving soul,
  Who mourned the ones that here had bled:
And North and South hold kindred ties,
  The Nation, and the Nation's dead!
Dread silence of death is on valley and hill
  The voices of victor and vanquished are still,
Long years have gone by since the armies were seen,
  The soldiers are sleeping—their graves now are green.
The "Banner of Stars" shakes its folds to the breeze,
  Holds dominion on land—floats over the seas:

APPENDIX

A NARRATIVE OF IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE WAR

(IN THE ORDER OF THEIR OCCURRENCE)

FROM

THE FIRING ON THE FLAG AT FORT SUMTER, APRIL 12, 1861

TO

THE SURRENDER (LEE TO GRANT), AT APPOMATTOX, APRIL 9, 1865, AND GEN. JOHNSON TO GEN. SHERMAN, APRIL 29, 1865

AND THE

CONFEDERATE ARMY PAROLED AND DISBANDED, APRIL 29, 1865

APPENDIX.

The attempt of South Carolina to secede from the Union was suppressed by President Jackson, in 1832; but it was only delayed for a ripe opportunity, and this seemingly presented itself in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency on Nov. 6th, 1860, the news of which was received at Charleston, S. C. with "cheers for a Southern Confederacy on Nov. 7th," followed by an attempt to seize the arms in Fort Moultrie on Nov. 9th, and the resignation of the Senators from South Carolina on Nov. 11th. The Georgia Legislature voted $1,000,000 to arm the State, Nov. 18. a great Secession meeting was held at Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 1st, Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury resigned from the Cabinet, and Louisiana voted $500,000 to arm the State on Dec. 10th, South Carolina unanimously adopted a Secession ordinance in Convention Dec. 20th, and refused to make any promises to President Buchanan to respect the Federal laws.

Major Anderson, a brave and loyal United States officer left Fort Moultrie and took possession of Fort Sumter with 111 men on Dec. 26th, and South Carolina seized Government property in Charleston, and took possession of Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie on Dec. 28th.

John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, resigned Dec. 29th because the President refused to order Major Anderson back to Fort Moultrie. Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, resigned on Jan. 8th, on the sailing of the *Star of the West,* with supplies for Fort Sumter, which was fired upon by the river batteries in Charleston Harbor and driven back.

Jan. 9th, Mississippi seceded by a vote of 84 to 15.

Jan. 10th, Florida seceded by a vote of 62 to 7.

Jan. 11th Alabama seceded by a vote of 61 to 39.

Jan. 11th, Louisiana seized Forts Philip and Jackson, and Pike and Macomb, and the United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge.

Jan. 13th, Florida seized Pensacola navy yard and Fort Barancas. Lieutenant Slemmer refused to surrender Fort Pickens, and thus saved it for the Union.

Jan. 16th, Colonel Hayne demanded of the President the surrender of Fort Sumter, which was refused.

Jan. 18th, Virginia appropriated $1,000,000 for State defence.

Jan. 19th, Georgia seceded by a vote of 208 to 89.

Jan. 21st, Jefferson Davis resigned from the United States Senate.

Jan. 26, Louisiana seceded by a vote of 113 to 17.

Feb. 1st, Texas seceded by a vote of 166 to 7.

Feb. 9th, the Confederate Government organized at Montgomery, Ala., and elected Jefferson Davis and Alexander H. Stephens provisional President and Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy.

The electoral vote of February 13th gave Abraham Lincoln 180, Stephen A. Douglas 12, John C. Breckenridge 72, and John Bell 39. These four candidates representing the various views of Union Men on the issue then pending.

Abraham Lincoln, who thus became President of the United States, was like Moses and Washington, a Providential leader raised up for a special emergency and fitted to bear an enormous responsibility and a burden of anxiety, such as would have overwhelmed any ordinary man, and yet how patiently, kindly, conscienciously, bravely and skilfully he fulfilled his splendid mission, and carried it to a successful issue.

Mr. Lincoln was born Feb. 12th, 1809, in a lowly cabin in Kentucky. His parents were poor, and he was raised in poverty, worked hard for his living splitting rails and doing other farm work. Later he was employed in a village store, and subsequently became a surveyor. At the age of 19 he was six feet four inches in height and very strong and muscular; his only books were the Bible, Æsop's Fables, history of the United States, life of Washington, and an English grammar, which he borrowed. In 1832 he was a captain in the Black Hawk War, in his 23rd year. From his 25th to 33rd year, he was in the Illinois Legislature, followed later by one term in Congress. He began the practice of law in 1837, and took an active part in political controversy. While in the Illinois Legislature he put himself on record against slavery in the following words: "The Institution of Slavery is founded in injustice and bad policy," and at a later date, declared that "This Government cannot endure permanently half slavery, and half free." While in Congress he presented a resolution for the gradual abolition of slavery with compensation to the owners, which showed a moderation and fair mindedness towards slave holders that it would have been well for them to have heeded, but the South refused all propositions of compromise. In 1858, Mr. Lincoln's debate with Senator Douglas on the slavery issue, showed him possessed of such consummate wisdom and tact and conservative statesmanship, that he towered above all other public men in the National councils, and he received the Republican nomination, was elected, and inaugurated President of the United States on March 4th, 1861.

The South at once commenced active hostilities; on March 5th General Beauregard took command of the troops at Charleston S. C., and on April 7th ordered all intercourse with Fort Sumter to cease; on April 8th, President Lincoln notified South Carolina that Fort Sumter would be provisioned by force if necessary, and the steamer *Atlantic* sailed from New York with troops and supplies. On April 11th Beauregard demanded the surrender of Fort Sumter which Major Anderson refused to do. April 12th Beauregard commenced the bombardment of Fort Sumter, which, after a brave defence for two days, was evacuated, under a flag of truce, the Major and his men being allowed to retain their arms and carry the flag with them, but this overt act of the South in firing upon the American flag stirred up the latent spirit of loyalty in the North, and practically united all loyal men in a determination to put down the rebellion and maintain the Union and the supremacy of the National Government at all hazards.

April 15th, President Lincoln issued a Proclamation commanding all persons in arms against the Government to disperse within twenty days; and also called for 75,000 volunteers.

April 16th, Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, and Missouri refused to furnish troops under the President's proclamation and then the Confederate Government called for 32,000 men, and Jefferson Davis issued a proclamation offering Letters of Marque and Reprisal to all who wished to engage in privateering; thus the Nation entered upon the great Civil War of four years, from 1861 to 1865, in which 2,000,000 Union Men were enrolled to uphold the Government and preserve the Union, of whom 400,000 were slain in battle, or died of disease; and 300,000 returned maimed or crippled for life, and $5,000,000,000 were expended before the Southern forces were vanquished and surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox. What it cost the South in the loss of lives and property, including the slaves freed, by the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, which was issued by him as a war measure Sept. 22, 1862, can probably never be accurately estimated, but the great totality of misery and destruction resulting to both sides, presents a salutary object lesson against war for the adjustment of human ills, and the Nation or People who resort to war must be well assured that their cause is just and righteous, and then, only, when all peaceable means of adjustment have failed.

President Lincoln was spared to see his Emancipation Proclamation ratified by Congress and become the law of the land; 120,000 of the freed slaves were enrolled as Union soldiers and did good service under skilled leaders. He lived to witness the overthrow of rebellion, the downfall of the Southern Confederacy, by the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, insuring the safety of the Union, and then died by the hand of an assassin at Washington, on April 14th, 1865. He died a glorious Martyr in the cause of Liberty and righteousness, and his name will be forever enshrined with that of Washington in the veneration and affectionate regard of his countrymen. This brief tribute to him may be fitly closed with two of his famous utterances which indicate forcibly his reverence and high sense of duty, his firm determination and forgiving spirit. In his second Inaugural address delivered only forty days before his assassination, he said, "If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through the appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue, until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said: The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

"With malice towards none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all Nations."

Another, delivered at Gettysburg at the dedication of a Monument to the memory of the Union patriots who fell on that bloody battlefield, has become a classic which challenges the admiration of all students of literature. "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether the Nation, or any Nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, or long remember, what we say here, but they can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this Nation under God shall have a new birth of Freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

We will now return to a recital, chronologically, of the principal events that occurred after the firing on Fort Sumter, on April 12th, 1861:

April 17th, Virginia seceded by a vote of 60 to 53, and placed obstructions in the channel at Norfolk to prevent the sailing of United States war vessels from that place.

April 19, President Lincoln declared the ports of South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas in a state of blockade.

April 27th, all the United officers were requested to take the oath of allegiance.

May 3rd, President Lincoln called for 42,000 volunteers or recruits for three years, 22,000 for the regular army, and 18,000 seamen.

May 4th, General McClellan was placed in command of the Department of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

May 5th, General Butler with the 6th Mass. and 8th New York regiments, took possession of the Relay House, Md.

May 24th, 13,000 troops crossed the Potomac and occupied Alexandria, where Colonel Ellsworth was shot by Jackson, who was also instantly killed.

June 10th, at battle of Big Bethel, three regiments of Union troops were defeated; Union loss, Major Winthrop and sixteen men killed, and forty-one wounded.

July 2nd, General Patterson defeated the Confederates at Falling Water, Va. Union loss, three killed and ten wounded.

July 5th, battle of Carthage, Mo. After a protracted contest, Colonel Sigel with 1500 Union troops retreated to Springfield. Union loss, three killed, 31 wounded.

July 11th, the senators from Virginia, North Carolina, Texas, Arkansas, and Nicholson, of Tennessee, were expelled from the United States Senate.

July 12th, at battle of Rich Mountain, Colonel Rosecrans defeated the Confederates, capturing 800 prisoners, besides 150 killed and wounded on Confederate side. Union loss, 11 killed, and 35 wounded.

July 13th, battle of Carrick's Ford, Va. Confederates defeated, and their General, Garnett, killed. Union loss, two killed, and ten wounded.

July 13th, battle of Scareytown, Va. The Union forces under Colonel Lowe were defeated. Union loss, nine killed, and 40 wounded.

July 15th, skirmish at Bunker Hill, Va. An attack by Rebel cavalry under Colonel Stewart was repulsed.

July 18th, battle of Blackburn Ford, Va., resulting in General Tyler, commanding the Union forces, withdrawing to Centreville. Union loss, 19 killed, and 64 wounded.

July 21st, battle of Bull Run opened favorably for the Union troops under General McDowell, but the arrival of General Johnston with large reinforcement caused a disorderly retreat towards Washington. Union loss, 481 killed, 104 wounded, 1216 missing; Confederate loss 209 killed, 1483 wounded.

July 22nd, General McClellan placed in command of the Army of the Potomac.

July 25th, General Rosecrans took command of the Army of West Virginia.

Aug. 2nd, General Lyon defeated the Confederates at Dug Springs, Mo. Union loss, 8 killed, 30 wounded.

Aug. 10th, battle of Wilson Creek, Mo. Union troops 5000, Confederates 10,000; after a hard fight of six hours General Lyon was killed, and the Union troops under Colonel Sigel and Major Sturges retired to Springfield, but the enemy did not pursue. Union loss, 223 killed, 1012 wounded and missing. Confederate loss, 265 killed, and 800 wounded.

Aug. 12th, President Lincoln appointed Sept. 30th a fast day.

Aug. 29th, Fort Hatteras surrendered to the Union forces. Confederate loss, 49 killed, 51 wounded, 691 prisoners.

Sept. 4th, the Confederates attempted to cross the Potomac at Great Falls, but were repulsed.

Sept. 10th, battle of Carnifex Ferry. General Rosecrans with 4500 troops attacked the Confederates under Floyd, who retreated during the night, destroying the bridge to prevent pursuit. Union loss, 15 killed, and 70 wounded.

Sept. 12th, fight at Cheat Mountain, and Colonel J. A. Washington, proprietor Mt. Vernon, killed. Union loss, 9 killed, 12 wounded.

Sept. 17th, battle of Blue Mills, Mo., Rebels retreated. Union loss, 12 killed, and 85 wounded.

Sept. 20, battle of Lexington, Mo. Colonel Mulligan with 2460 Union troops was attacked by a much larger force; after a gallant defence of four days was compelled to surrender. Union loss, 39 killed, and 120 wounded.

Oct. 21st, battle of Balls Bluff; Colonel Baker with 1900 Union troops being unsupported by reinforcements as planned, had to contend with a superior force, and after a hard fight in which Colonel Baker was killed, the Federals retreated. Union loss, 223 killed, 266 wounded, and 455 prisoners.

Oct. 21st, battle of Wild Cat, Ky. General Zollicoffer with 6000 Confederates was repulsed by General Schepff. Union loss, 4 killed, 21 wounded.

Oct. 29th, the Second Naval outfit of 80 vessels and 15,000 men sailed from Fortress Monroe under Commodore Dupont, General Sherman Commanding the land forces.

Nov. 7th, battle of Belmont; General Grant with 2800 troops drove the enemy out, destroyed their camp, and captured a quantity of arms, but was compelled to retreat on the arrival of reinforcements. Union loss 84 killed, 288 wounded, 235 missing.

Nov. 27th, General McClellan directed the observance of the Sabbath in all the companies of the United States Army.

Dec. 5th, Official Report of the Union forces show at this date 640,537 volunteers, 20,334 regulars, 22,000 seamen.

Dec. 17th, fight at Munfordville, Ky. a drawn battle. Union loss, 10 killed and 17 wounded.

Dec. 18th, General Pope captured 1300 rebels, 1000 stand of arms, horses and wagons at Milford, Mo.

Dec. 20th, battle of Drainsville, Va. General McCall defeated the Confederates. Union loss, 7 killed, and 61 wounded.

Jan. 4th, 1862. General Milroy defeated Confederates at Huntersville, Va., and captured $80,000 worth of stores.

Jan. 10th, Colonel Garfield defeated the Confederates under Humphrey Marshall at Prestonburg, Ky.

Jan. 19th, battle of Mill Spring, Ky. Confederates defeated, their General, Zollicoffer, killed. Union loss 39 killed, and 127 wounded.

Feb. 6th, Fort Henry surrendered to Commodore Foote.

Feb. 8th, General Burnside captured the six forts on Roanoke Island and destroyed the Confederate fleet, taking 2500 prisoners, and a large quantity of ammunition.

Feb. 16th, Fort Donelson was unconditionally surrendered to General Grant by General Buckner, with 12,000 to 15,000 prisoners, 40 cannons, and a large amount of stores. Union loss, 321 killed, 1046 wounded.

Feb. 22nd, Jefferson Davis inaugurated President, and A. H. Stephens Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy.

March 6th to 8th, battle of Pea Ridge resulted in the defeat of the Confederates by General Curtis. Union loss 212 killed, and 926 wounded.

March 8th, the Rebel steamers, *Merrimac, Jamestown* and *Yorktown* attacked the United States fleet at Hampton Roads, and destroyed the *Cumberland* and *Congress.* Union loss, 201 killed, and 108 wounded.

March 9th, the *Monitor* attacked the *Merrimac,* and she was compelled to seek protection of the Rebel battery at Sewall's Point, and never renewed the contest.

March 14th, General Burnside captured Newberne, N. C., with a large quantity of ammunition and stores. Union loss, 91 killed, and 466 wounded.

April 6th and 7th, battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, Confederate Generals Johnston and Beauregard attacked General Grant. Rebels finally defeated, and retreated to Corinth. Union loss, 1641 killed, 7721 wounded, 3956 missing, General Johnston was killed.

April 8th, Island No. 10 was captured with 5000 prisoners, 100 siege guns, 24 pieces of field artillery, 5000 small arms, 2000 hogshead of sugar, and a large quantity of ammunition, etc. The Union forces did not lose a man.

April 12th, General Mitchell captured 2000 Confederates at Chattanooga.

April 19th, General Reno with 2000 Union troops defeated the Confederates at Camden, N. C. Union loss, 14 killed, and 99 wounded.

April 25th, Commodore Farragut took possession of New Orleans, and secured Forts Jackson and St. Philip, 13 gunboats including the ram *Manassas,* and iron-clad *Louisiana.*

May 5th, battle of Williamsburg, Va. Generals Hancock and Hooker defeated the Confederates, who retreated in the night towards Richmond. Union loss, 200 killed, and 700 wounded.

May 7th, battle at West Point, Va. Generals Franklin and Sedgwick with 20,000 troops were attacked by the Confederate General Lee, who was defeated. Union loss, 300 killed and wounded.

May 10th, the Union forces took possession of Norfolk, Va., destroyed the iron-clad *Merrimac,* and secured a large quantity of ammunition, etc.

May 12th, Natchez, Miss. surrendered to Commodore Farragut.

May 25th, General Banks was defeated at Winchester, Va. and retreated across the Potomac.

May 27th, Confederates defeated at Hanover C. H., Va.

May 30th, Rebels evacuated and Union troops occupied Corinth.

May 31st, battle of Fair Oaks, Va. Confederates under General Johnston attacked the left wing of the Union Army, which was driven back, but renewed the fight next day, and repulsed the Rebels. Confederate loss, 6134. Union loss, 890 killed, and 4844 wounded.

June 6th, Naval engagement, seven Rebel gunboats destroyed, and Memphis surrendered.

June 26th, General Pope assigned to the command of the Army of Virginia.

June 26th, Rebels atacked McClellan's right wing at Mechanicsville, the day closed with battle undecided.

June 27th, battle renewed, Federals driven back.

June 28th, fighting all day between the Federal right wing and the Confederate left wing, Rebels were repulsed, and the Federal force fell back in good order.

June 29th, battle renewed at Peach Orchard, Confederates attacking, but were driven back, and again attacked at Savage Station, battle continuing until nine o'clock at night.

June 30th, battle renewed at White Oak Swamp, with heavy loss on both sides, General McClellan retreats towards James River. General Heintzelman's corps subsequently charged, and routed the Confederates, capturing 2000 prisoners.

July 1st, battle of Malvern Hill, and last of the Richmond battles. The Confederates were repulsed at every point, the Union loss in the six days' fighting before Richmond and 1561 killed, 7701 wounded, and 5958 missing, mainly prisoners; the Confederates lost 19,000, but the result as a whole, was a serious check to the Union arms.

July 1st, President Lincoln called for 300,000 volunteers.

Aug. 10th, battle of Cedar Mountain; General Jackson attacked General Banks, who held his position at a heavy loss of 450 killed, 660 wounded, and 290 prisoners; the enemy fell back, and did not renew the fight; Confederate loss 1276.

Aug. 16th, General McClellan evacuated Harrison's Landing.

Aug. 26th, General Ewell drove the Union troops from Manassas and pushed towards Alexandria.

Aug. 27th, General Pope fell back towards Warrenton, and, when joined by General Hooker, met Ewell at Kettle Run, and defeated him.

Aug. 29th, battle of Gainsville or Groveton, Va.; commenced at 10.00 A. M., and continued until 6.00 P. M., when the Confederates retired.

Aug. 30th, battle of Richmond, Ky. The Union troops under General Manson were defeated. Union loss, 200 killed, and 700 wounded, and 2000 prisoners.

Aug. 30th, second battle of Bull Run, the Federal forces under General Pope were defeated and fell back to Centreville. Union loss, 15,000; Confederate loss, 10,000.

Sept. 1st, fight at Chantilly, Va. The Union troops under Generals Hooker, Reno, and Kearney, after a fierce and short conflict, compelled the enemy to retire, leaving their killed and wounded on the field.

Sept. 7th, General McClellan took command of the Army of the Potomac.

Sept. 14th, battle of South Mountain; the fight was severe and the loss heavy on both sides; the Confederates retreated towards the Potomac. Union loss, General Reno, and 443 men killed, and 1806 wounded.

Sept. 15th, Harper's Ferry surrendered with 8000 men, to the Confederates.

Sept. 17th, battle of Antietam (or Sharpsburg) was the bloodiest one day's fight of the war. The two armies each numbered nearly

100,000 men, the Confederates retreated during the night, leaving 3500 prisoners, 39 flags, and 13 guns. Union loss, 2010 killed, 9416 wounded, and 1043 missing. Confederate loss, 13,687 killed and wounded (making a total of 26,156).

Sept. 18th, Confederates evacuated Harper's Ferry, leaving their sick and wounded behind.

Sept. 22nd, President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, freeing the slaves.

Oct. 3rd and 4th, battle of Corinth, Miss. Confederates were defeated with heavy loss. Union loss, 315 killed, 1802 wounded.

Oct. 8th, battle of Perryville, Ky. General Buell was attacked by Confederate Generals Jackson and Tirrell. After a heavy loss on both sides, the Confederates retreated. Union loss, over 300 killed and wounded.

Nov. 3rd, the Union troops occupied Snicker's Gap, Upperville, Thoroughfare Gap, Ashby's Gap, and Piedmont, Va.

Nov. 5th, General McClellan was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac and General Burnsides succeeded him.

Nov. 16th, President Lincoln enjoined upon the United States Army the orderly observance of the Sabbath.

Nov. 28th, battle of Cane Hill, Ark. General Blunt with 1000 Union troops defeated the Confederates who retreated to Van Buren, with heavy loss.

Dec. 7th, the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark. Generals Blunt and Herron commanding the Union troops, defeated the Confederates, who retreated in the night, leaving their dead and wounded. Union loss, 495 killed, and 500 wounded.

Dec. 7th, the Rebel General Morgan captured four regiments of Union troops at Hartsville, Tenn.

Dec. 13th, battle of Fredericksburg, Va. The Confederate works were attacked in their intrenchments by Generals Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin, but they were repulsed with a heavy loss. Union loss, 1284 killed, 9600 wounded, and 1769 missing or prisoners. Confederate loss, 595 killed, 4074 wounded, and 653 missing or prisoners.

Dec. 27th, General Sherman made an attack on Vicksburg, but failed for want of co-operation which could not reach him, and he was driven back.

Dec. 31st, battle of Murfreesboro (or Stone River). General Rosecrans with 45,000 Union troops was attacked, and his right wing driven back, with a loss of 26 guns; but the Confederates were repulsed and the ground regained. Union loss, in three days' fighting, 600 killed, 1500 wounded, and 1000 missing.

Jan. 10th, 1863, battle at Arkansas Post. The Mississippi squadron under Admiral Porter and land force under General McClernand captured this place with 7000 prisoners, and a large quantity of ammunition. Union loss, 200 killed and wounded.

Jan. 28th, General Hooker succeeded General Burnside in the command of the army of the Potomac.

March 5th, General Coburn with five regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, was attacked by a superior force of Confederates under General Van Dorn, and was defeated with a heavy loss, 120 killed, and 1206 taken prisoners.

April 27th to May 5th, battle of Chancellorsville.

The Union Army under General Hooker commenced marching April 27th, crossed the Rappahannock and Rapidan and got in position at Chancellorsville about ten miles west of Fredericksburg. After skirmishing on Friday and Saturday, May 1st and 2nd, the main battle was fought Saturday evening and Sunday, May 2nd and 3rd. A successful flank attack by General Jackson routed the 11th corps and disarranged General Hooker's plans, resulting in the defeat of the Federal Army, and its withdrawal from the field on May 5th. The Union loss was 17,287 killed, wounded and prisoners. The Confederate loss was 13,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, but in the death of "Stonewall Jackson" from a wound received in this battle, the Confederate cause sustained a loss from which it never recovered.

May 14th, battle of Jackson, Miss. May 23rd, assault on Vicksburg.

June 9th, a severe cavalry fight occurred at Fleetwood, Va. between the Union cavalry under General Pleasanton, and the Confederate cavalry under General Stuart, ending in heavy losses on both sides. Union loss, 907, Confederate loss, 485.

June 15th, battle at Winchester, General Milroy was attacked by the Confederate General Ewell, and after a severe engagement the Union troops retreated to Harper's Ferry and thence to Maryland Heights, and Hancock. Ewell captured 4000 prisoners, 25 cannon, and 11 flags, then crossed the Potomac to Hagerstown and Sharpsburg, and sent a cavalry brigade under General Jenkins towards Chambersburg.

June 21st, General Pleasanton with cavalry and infantry attacked General Stuart's cavalry brigade at Upperville, and drove him back to Ashby's Gap.

June 23rd, to June 27th, the cavalry under General Imboden (Confederate) ordered on General Ewell's left were due as far north as McConnellsburg, but halted at Hancock (*from Longstreet's book*). The Confederates stopped two days at Chambersburg, Pa.

June 28, General Lee issued orders for the march on Harrisburg, General Ewell then occupying Carlisle. The failure of the Imboden cavalry on his left caused General Ewell to send General Geo. H. Stewart through McConnellsburg to guard that flank. (*Longstreet.*)

June 27th, General Geo. G. Meade took command of the Army of the Potomac, in place of General Hooker, who resigned because General Hallock refused him the use of troops at Harper's Ferry, with which to strike the Confederate line of communication. (*General Longstreet since says their trains were exposed from Chambersburg to the Potomac, without cavalry to report trouble.*)

July 1st, battle of Gettysburg. General John F. Reynolds, commander of the right wing of the Union Army (1st, 3rd, and 11th corps) advanced to the support of General Buford's cavalry, which had met Heth's division

at 10.00 o'clock A. M. and been forced back to Willoughby Run, and was killed in the severe engagement that followed. General Doubleday's division arriving, and the Confederates likewise being reinforced, a general engagement followed. General Howard of the 11th Corps, had occupied Cemetery Hill, and sent two divisions (Barlow and Schurz) to support Doubleday. At 2.45 P. M. the Union forces were compelled to withdraw to Cemetery Hill, followed by the Confederates through the streets of Gettysburg at 4.00 P. M. General Hancock having arrived on the field at 3.00 o'clock P. M. assumed command, and, assisted by General Howard, formed a new line.

July 2nd, at 12.00 o'clock noon, a skirmish between the 3rd Maine and the 10th Alabama, reinforced by the 11th Confederate Regiment, resulted in the withdrawal of our skirmishers to the main line at 3.00 P. M. The combat opened by the Confederate artillery upon the Union left, followed by an advance of Hood's troops towards "Little Round Top," the "Battle was on" and the fighting desperate and bloody. General Hood fell seriously hurt, and General Law succeeded him in command; on the Union side, General Sickles was badly wounded and lost a leg; General Hancock reported sixty per cent. of his men lost; the battle of this day ended by the recall of the Confederates at sundown, and the result was a heavy loss on both sides, but the Union loss exceeded that of the Confederate.

July 3rd, the Confederate General Geo. E. Pickett with 15,000 troops, made a daring assault on the Union line across an open space a mile in width, and suffered so disastrously from the artillery and rifles of the Union forces, that the slaughter was unparalleled in the annals of the war.

July 4th, General Lee issued orders for the retreat of the Confederate Army and this ended the Battle of Gettysburg.

Union forces engaged, 99,131; Union loss, 23,049, killed and wounded.

Confederate forces engaged, 75,568; Confederate loss 21,637, killed and wounded.

July 4th, Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant, which gave the control of the Mississippi to the Gulf.

July 13th, General Kilpatrick's cavalry came upon the rear of the Confederates and captured General Pettigrew and 200 prisoners. Pettigrew was mortally wounded, and died in a few days.

July 18th, assaults on Fort Wagner. July 27th, Rebel cavalry leader, John Morgan, captured.

Sept. 29th, General Frazee, with 2000 Confederate troops, surrendered to General Burnside at Cumberland Gap, Tenn.

Sept. 20th, Chickamauga Campaign.

Oct. 19th, General Grant took command of the departments of Tennessee, Cumberland and Ohio, with General Thomas in command of the Cumberland, and General Sherman in command of the Tennessee. The points on Lookout Mountain commanding the river were recaptured by General Hooker, on October 29th. On November 24th, Sherman marched up the Tennessee and crossed it, and captured the east

end of Missionary Ridge. General Thomas formerly held the centre and Hooker drove the enemy from Lookout Summit, and on Nov. 25th, the enemy were completely routed. Union loss 4000 killed, wounded and missing; Confederate loss, 6000 prisoners, 42 cannon, 600 guns, besides thousands in killed and wounded.

1864, Feb. 20th, battle of Olistee, Florida.

April 20th, Plymouth, N. C. captured.

May 15th, battle of Resaca, Ga.

June 2nd, battle of Cold Harbor, Va.

June 5th, battle of Piedmont, Va.

June 11th, Sherman reached Kenesaw.

June 19th, Rebel ram *Alabama* sank by the *Kearsarge*.

July 22nd, Major General McPherson killed.

July 28th, fighting ends at Atlanta, Ga.

July 30th, Chambersburg invaded and burned by the Confederates.

Aug. 5th, Mobile forts attacked.

Aug. 6th, ram *Tennessee* captured.

Aug 31st, battle of Jonesboro, Ga.

Sept. 4th Rebel General Morgan killed.

Sept. 22nd, battle of Fisher's Hill, Va.

Sept. 28th, Fort Harrison, Va. captured.

Oct. 20th, Rebel steamer *Florida* captured.

Oct. 27th, ram *Albemarle* destroyed.

Nov. 14th, General Sherman marched to the sea.

Dec. 21st, Savannah captured.

Dec. 24th, Fort Fisher stormed.

1865, Feb. 11th, Charleston, S. C. evacuated.

Feb. 17th, Columbia, S. C. burned.

April 1st, battle of Five Forks.

April 9th, General Lee surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox.

April 14, President Lincoln assassinated.

April 26th, Confederate General Johnston surrendered to General Sherman.

May 10th, Confederate President Jefferson Davis captured.

July 29th, Confederate soldiers paroled to their homes.